



CHICAGO A PORTRAIT



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CHICAGO
A PORTRAIT



CHICAGO'S BIRTHPLACE, A CENTURY LATER

CHICAGO

A PORTRAIT

By
HENRY JUSTIN SMITH



Illustrated by
E. H. SUYDAM



THE CENTURY CO.
New York *London*

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I GLIMPSE OF A BIRTHPLACE	3
II FROM THE WATERSIDE	9
III A "CAP'N" AND HIS DOMAIN	23
IV TRANSFORMATION OF A RIVER	34
V STREET OF BAZAARS; THE "LOOP"	46
VI AT THE SIGN OF CERES	63
VII HABITAT OF A DARK RACE	76
VIII "OXFORD IN CHICAGO"	91
IX THE LIFE-STORY OF SUBURBS	105
X BIRTH ERA OF PARKS	116
XI "THE YARDS" OF TO-DAY	130
XII SHORT ESSAY ON A LONG STREET	142
XIII WEST SIDE EXCURSION	154
XIV JOURNEY TO THE BORDER—AND BACK	167
XV HOW THE "OASES" CAME	179
XVI CAPTURE OF THE FORESTS	192
XVII SUBURBIA	202
XVIII DOWN THE SHORE TO "UPTOWN"	213
XIX TEN-MINUTE TRIP FROM NEW TO OLD	225

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX	BOOKS AND "BUG SQUARE"	236
XXI	ASPECTS OF THE "GOLD COAST"	246
XXII	VENERABLE LINCOLN PARK	258
XXIII	UNIVERSITY IN "TOWERTOWN"	271
XXIV	STORY OF A PRODIGIOUS "FRONT YARD"	281
XXV	THE FORTY-SIX PUBLIC LIBRARIES	292
XXVI	AT THE SIGN OF THE BRONZE LIONS	303
XXVII	A WHOLE CITY OF MUSICIANS	317
XXVIII	FOUNTAINS; STATUES; FISH	333
XXIX	THE MARBLE MUSEUM	344
XXX	THE DOMAIN OF COMING WONDERS	357
XXXI	"HE"—THE CITY	368
	INDEX	379

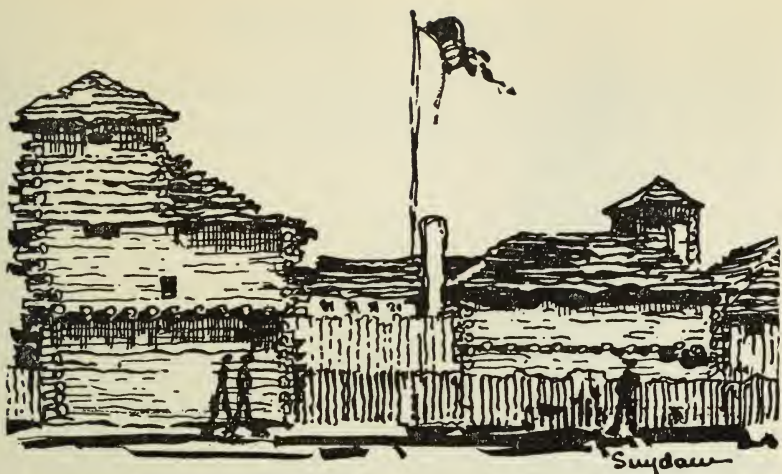
ILLUSTRATIONS

CHICAGO'S BIRTHPLACE, A CENTURY LATER . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
THE BOULEVARD SWEEPS NORTHWARD	4
THE TRIBUNE AND WRIGLEY BUILDINGS	13
THE WATER-TOWER AND ITS NEIGHBORS	33
A BRIDGE FOR EVERY STREET	48
THE DAILY NEWS BUILDING	52
STATE STREET	61
THE RIALTO; THE OLD MASONIC TEMPLE	69
LA SALLE STREET: CAÑON OF WEALTH	76
QUINCY STREET; THE FEDERAL BUILDING	80
THE CHAPEL, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO	97
JUST ONE OF MANY RAILWAY TERMINALS	113
FROM ART PALACE TO INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM	128
A CORNER OF THE STOCKYARDS	132
THE HEART OF CHINATOWN	141
MAXWELL STREET MARKET	161
UNION STATION FROM THE RIVER	176
A LOWER CURVE OF THE RIVER	180

Illustrations

	FACING PAGE
"BEHIND THE BOARD OF TRADE"	189
ON THE RIM OF THE LOOP	212
"NEAR NORTH SIDE" VISTA	221
MEMORIAL TO AN ARCHBISHOP	228
A COURT THAT RECALLS ITALY	237
NORTHWARD TOWARD LINCOLN PARK	265
CITY CAMPUS, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY	272
BALCONY OF A SKY-HIGH CLUB	289
LITTLE STREET OF SHADOWS	293
ENTRANCE OF THE ART INSTITUTE	300
HOME OF THE CIVIC OPERA	321
GATEWAY TO SOLDIER FIELD	336
A GLIMPSE OF THE FIELD MUSEUM	352
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS" REVEALS ITSELF	361
MICHIGAN AVENUE PEAKS	369

Chicago: A Portrait



Chapter I

GLIMPSE OF A BIRTHPLACE

I

FROM the north window of a sky-scraper club, one looks down upon the birthplace of Chicago.

What now lies there is a boulevard spanning a gray-blue river. The crossing is by a bridge which is one of the busiest, though not the tallest, in the world. Past its heavy pillars, with their bas-reliefs, the boulevard runs on, inaccurately north. In the foreground stand sky-scrapers, like the halves of an enormous gateway. Between these, and on and on, passing structures high and low, the street, a sleek ribbon, rises, narrows, rounds a slight bend, and disappears. Far below the point of observation two continuous rows of motor-cars glide like thin caterpillars, northward and southward.

Here just below are cement, stone, walled river banks, a disciplined river. All is masonry, straight lines, un-

Chicago: A Portrait

yielding surfaces. There are commerce, progress, and speed. There is not a vestige of the primitive; not a trace of those first days.

2

The birthplace of Chicago!

For an imaginative onlooker, the boulevard, the wharves, the mighty tiers of windows, the towers roll up like canvas scenery, and give way to another picture.

A little troop of American soldiers has marched, with many a day's tramp and many a bivouac, around and up the shore of the lake, as far as its junction with the river. The men set to work, with groans and grumblings, building a fort out of logs. Their feet sink in mud. They sleep tenting on wet sand. From some distance they must haul the felled trunks of trees; these they nail together. There must be blockhouses, barracks, a magazine. They are short of supplies. The river water isn't fit to drink.

Across the stream there is nothing but more of the dubious soil, groves of trees, three or four cabins. Northeastward, the land, flat and grim, falls away to the crumbling rim of the lake. Westward, the river divides into forks. There are glimpses of distant woods. There are Indian tepees, an occasional corn-field—then the horizonless plain. The lonely little troop labors on. The fort is up. It stands just here below, a few hundred feet from the river mouth. It is a mere sentinel-post in a wilderness.

This picture gives way to a second:

Nine years have passed. There is a war, trouble with the Indians, orders have come to evacuate. All those in the fort—officers, men, wives, children—form a long procession



THE BOULEVARD SWEEPS NORTHWARD

Glimpse of a Birthplace

of covered wagons, horsemen, and a few on foot. They stream out along the river bank, just here below, beginning the long journey to safety. They reach the trail that borders the lake, and turn southward. Treachery is all about. The departure is watched by sullen Indians, who perhaps know that the fate of many of these proud whites is death. For before the column has gained two miles of progress among the sand-slopes, the attack from savage riders will have come, and the massacre of 1812 will be a fact.

Another scene:

The fort, burned on the day of slaughter, is rebuilt. Log houses and a few frame huts have clustered around it. The time is twenty years later. Now the spot where the murky river trickles into the lake is a port. It has no real harbor, but it has arrivals. Schooners that have managed the long and tricky voyage around the Great Lakes from Buffalo, or the shorter crossing from Michigan, lie outside, discharging cargo and passengers. The latter must be lightered in by means of small boats or canoes. The little river, the same that moves enchained here below, is busy with oarsmen and paddlers, with processions of families and their belongings. They are stout-hearted Easterners, young folks from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New York. The hillside farms of those States got too small for them. They dreamed of prairies, and have found the reality. They have come to a jumping-off place; a village whose peculiar Indian-sounding name has become rather celebrated back East; a frontier town full of adventure. It proves to be rougher, colder, uglier than they expected. Its huts ride crazily upon lots composed of sand and clay. The men in its streets wear fur caps, leggings or maybe moccasins; beings half savage in costume

Chicago: A Portrait

and wholly savage in face lounge watchfully in front of the log hotels. Wolves, even bears, are not far away. It is dangerous; but it is delightful.

The people from the ships are not all. To this ragged settlement are coming pioneers in covered wagons, in buggies, in ox-carts, on horseback. Young farmers and their wives are coming; and even young girls, wearing poke-bonnets, are seen peering from behind the wagon curtains. There is a hammering and bustling and chattering and trading. The lake wind is whistling between clapboards.

Let about twenty more years pass; and now the scene is:

A river mouth at last turned into a comfortable harbor. On each side of the entrance stand factories. Beyond them, lakeward, extends a pier, tipped by a lighthouse. Into the harbor sail schooners and brigs, or a steamer of early pattern puffs its way to a dock. The wharves are now thick along the deepened and straightened banks of that wayward early river. And on the old military reservation, on this very spot under one's eyes, there are warehouses, shops, and a drawbridge. Brick buildings, of three or four stories, front regular city streets. The cabins are nearly all gone. Across the river, on the northern shore, the houses are sparse, but there are the outlines of more city; there are even church spires. And the citizens who have built homes over there enjoy lawns and groves covering acres.

But here below is the center of the city which so many dreamed of and a few were sure of; a city of close to forty thousand, with four railroads running into it, and products freighted down to it from the upper lakes, and wealth pouring into it from the immense prairies to the west. It is, after many woes, a city growing to leadership in the midst of a

Glimpse of a Birthplace

group of States abounding in coal veins and iron veins, in sprouting grains, in flocks of live stock; a city that looks no longer eastward, except for the arrival of trains, or of vessels whose coming is signaled by fluttering flags, but that depends on its neighbors and is expected by them to distribute their wealth. It is a city that seems precariously founded upon the glacial deposits in an old lake bed, but has, below all that, a shallow bowl of rock upon which, some day, immense buildings shall rise. And from the city, winding southwestward, continuing the river, runs a canal, the vision seen by early explorers, the link with the Mississippi; a vision that only later generations may realize.

3

Let these pictures of the past disappear, and the new Chicago resume its place.

The old Chicago is gone. Its relics, such as they are, repose in a museum. One shall find there a few appurtenances of the primeval houses, a fire-engine pitifully obsolete, writings and printings of men long since dead, collections of photographs, and many other reminders. Without these no one could reconstruct "ancient" Chicago, for there remains not a stick or stone standing of any structure built a century ago. Paris and London have cathedrals, palaces, even dwellings, presenting walls or spires almost exactly as they were in medieval times. Chicago has nothing that has stood even four or five generations.

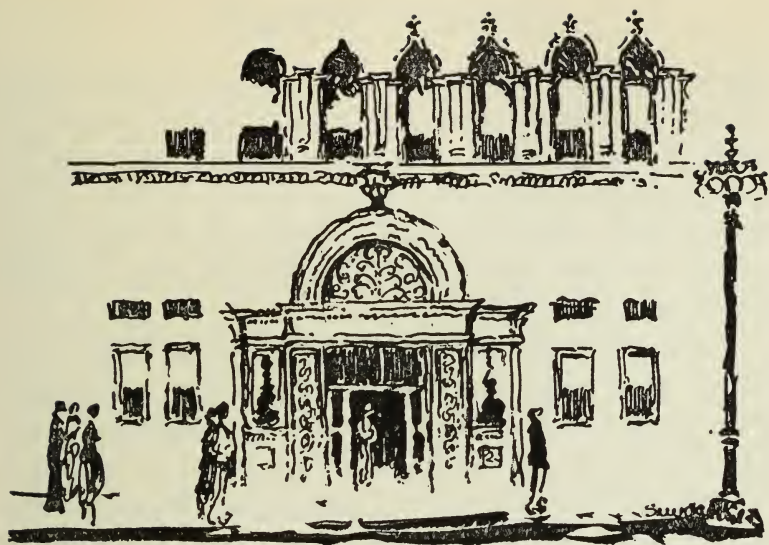
As amazing as its growth has been its destructiveness. The stones composing winsome old churches were scattered long since; buildings containing beautiful murals or stained-glass windows have been torn to pieces and the delicate work

Chicago: A Portrait

of artists utterly lost; many residences rich with handsome woods, with marbles, with graceful gardens, and with memories indescribable, have simply vanished. In some old towns, even in the Middle West, such works of the architect and the painter remain. Those towns either have died, or have never come to life; they are museum pieces, like Galena, Illinois. Chicago could not be that. Its spirit, its response to epic urges, commercial or other, its impatience or negligence of the past, has swept over its wide acres with the passion of big dreams, but with an effect of vandalism.

The present city, it may be said, is the fifth Chicago. There was, first, the town of the pioneer; secondly, the city of early youth, with brick and stone, with paved streets, court-house and cathedral, with urban homes that did not despise a tree, the "Garden City"; thirdly, the Chicago of "after the fire," which from 1871 to the early nineties grew rich, far-spreading, crowded, and as beautiful as architects of those days knew how to make it; fourthly, the newly planned and more noble city that came into being after the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893; and fifthly, the Chicago that has begun to develop, for the most part, since the World War; the city of high towers, of proud boulevards, of more ambitious and beautiful parks, of a recaptured lake; the city that is physically as gigantic as its reputation, that astounds with its contrasts, both architectural and moral.

It is with the new Chicago that this volume deals, although, since the new cannot be understood save in relation to the old, there shall be glimpses of the four earlier Chicagos—and a memory or two thrown in.



Chapter II

FROM THE WATERSIDE

I

THERE is a story that two Oxford dons, one of whom lately planned a trip to the United States, sought earnestly to locate Chicago on a map.

"It must be about here," said one, pointing to a spot only a few hundred miles out of the way.

"I should put it farther east," objected the other, and scanned a region near the Alleghanies.

Finally, with great care, they examined the chart from end to end, but could find no Chicago. At last, consulting the date of the cartograph, they discovered that it was made in 1840.

Now, lest there be other faulty maps, or other dons

Chicago: A Portrait

whose geography is weak, it may be well to state where Chicago is. Even early travelers found it easily by means of Lake Michigan, which stretches its length from, roughly, the forty-sixth to the forty-third parallel of latitude, and is shaped like a long blue tongue. Almost at the tip of this tongue, not more than thirty miles from it, may be found the Chicago City Hall.

Lake Michigan is a mother of cities, and Chicago is its lustiest child. The offspring does not despise the parent, but loves it. Few know a great deal about the history of the lake, the saga of naval battles between Indian tribes, of explorers in canoes, of battered sailing-ships bringing eager settlers across the choppy waters; but there is no one in Chicago who does not revel in the possession of that expanse of inland sea forming the eastern border of the city for its entire length.

The lake was first a highway for the explorers and settlers, then an avenue of wealth, which it has remained in a large degree despite the growth of railroads, but now it is more generally thought of as a source of pleasure, a chief feature of the great breezy landscape, a beautiful element in the birthright of the people. The scientists show that it wards off many a storm and tempers many a heat wave, or cold wave. Just as the mistral is deemed by Provençals their angel of health, so Lake Michigan tends to keep Chicago cooled and energetic; and this is more often spoken of than the fact that the lake supplies drinking water.

But above all, the service of this the largest fresh-water body wholly within the United States is to Chicago's mentality. In its serene moods, its demure whisperings, its misty evening reticence, pale and dark out beyond the carnival of

From the Waterside

lights, it soothes like music. Its gaieties, its frolics under sunlight or fleecy cloud are cheering. When angry or mischievous, it sometimes drums upon the sands or lashes breakwater or boulevard in a menace upon which the Chicagoan, as if upon the bristling of a caged tiger, usually looks with an indulgent smile. For Chicago is now safe from its attacks.

The lake has as many costumes as there are days in the year. It has as many changes of complexion as there are different effects of sky upon water, and wind upon wave. Its shore runs in sensuous curves. Perfectly flat as the beach is along the city proper, it is no long journey to discover forested cliffs, or sand-dunes of unique pattern. There is not a single mountain to greet a navigator at journey's end; there are no cliff-side cities, as in the Riviera. This is really, by comparison, a prairie lake, the gift of glaciers and not of volcanoes. And so, except when angry squalls or northers stir it up, it has much of the mood and aspect of an immense pond, along whose rim one expects rushes and water-lilies rather than sharks, and drifting sand rather than granite crags.

At its best, the lake has a soft radiance which imparts itself to the immediate land, and which in some weathers blurs the outlines of buildings and boulevards, making all swim in a faint mist like the spirit of the Seine.

On very clear days the proud Chicagoan may take you to a height and, pointing to hints of sallow land far to the southeast, may say, "That is Indiana." Quite often the appearance is a mirage.

Chicago: A Portrait

day, but those who come by lake steamer have all the best of the spectacle.

When one approaches the English or French coast, the first glimpse is of buff or blue shadows of hills, innocent of city roofs. Nearing Chicago, say in the early morning, the passenger paces the deck, watching and hoping. The line of western horizon develops pale spots which cannot, he knows, be the eternal whitecaps. Slowly they take form, not in a cluster, like the snow-peaks at the end of Manhattan, but in a long row. They loom taller and taller. The morning sun paints them a creamy gray. Their variety of pinnacles—blunt, sharp, plain, or surmounted with sky-castles—is revealed. Soon the regal array of windows can be picked out by the eye; first as tiers of dots on the dove-colored surface, then as countless fragments of glass, winking in the sun. They seem to send to the traveler flash-signals, in a code clearly to be read:

“Day is here. Work begins again. Hurry, hurry!”

The ship glides on, and the mountain-range of buildings rises clearer and more triumphant. It is a family of Matter-horns. Beginning a mile to the southward, the range extends unbroken along Michigan Avenue, overlooking a green-checked “front yard” which is known as Grant Park. At the harbor it becomes a bewildering knot of towers, grouped about the spot where the city began; then it continues north of the river, and runs for another mile.

With the usual flurry of engine-room signals, of shouting and flinging of ropes, the steamer comes to her berth somewhere along the flank of Navy Pier. The passenger lands; without ado he finds himself close under that parapet of buildings.



THE TRIBUNE AND WRIGLEY BUILDINGS

From the Waterside

It is well to stand at a distance and regard the effect as a whole. There is no other urban sky-line quite like it in the world. Its perspective to north or south is longer than a stranger anticipates. Its upper lines are as jagged as a bolt of lightning. Here a tower shoots aloft; there a roof sinks to the level of pre-sky-scraper days. Architects of every school have had a hand in this complex pattern. Sculptors have put carvings so high that hardly any one can see them. If seen, these same carvings may draw a complaint: "Better if plain."

The sky-line picture, some people think, is harsh. Let them approach the "range" slowly, on a rainy or misty day, and see the gray forms outline themselves. The tops are like shadows; the bodies swim shapeless in haze. At such a time all the sharp corners and all suggestion of the commercial are rubbed out. The monsters of stone become an ode.

Arrived at their very feet, one is conscious mostly of shop windows. The variety of life up aloft may be ever so great; the piles of floors may be devoted to railroad offices, or gas offices, or hotel rooms; there may be battalions of stenographers up there, or big executives innumerable, or suites full of doctors and dentists, but on the sidewalk level the pedestrian passes continually goods for sale: gowns and hats alluringly grouped; flowers and candies; paintings and furnishings; steamship tickets and liner models; oil heaters, bathroom fixtures. Narrow shops are squeezed in between broad shops. And next door to dignified or very smart displays, a few paces from a temple of music or close to towering social clubs, may be found a chain drug-store, or a Five and Ten—prominent on "the Boulevard," unashamed. The

Chicago: A Portrait

bright-hued double procession, forever swinging up and down this show street, is two thirds women. And among all the changes along Michigan Avenue within a few years, the most startling is the change in costumes.

3

On that broad water-front, a Prado of trade as well as pleasure, a speedway for thousands of motor-cars (nearly all moving faster than the law allows), the buildings born earlier than 1900 can hardly exceed a dozen. Even five years later, there was only one tower. That sharp-pointed steeple, adorned with a figure representing "Progress Lighting the Pathway of Commerce," was erected by Montgomery Ward. The structure still stands, and defiantly calls itself the Tower Building.

So the street in its present phase is young. It has a right to be brisk and to be filled with a medley of sound: the bray of horns, broken bits of dialogue or laughter, the tap of eager feet. Crowds go tramping on, with little thought of past phases and scarcely a glance for landmarks of an almost vanished age. Yet until a day that was hardly yesterday, there was a relic noticed by many a passer-by. This was a stone dwelling, lurking under the tall shadow of a hotel. It had clung there, with its old-style high front steps and its faded cornice, through all the waves of ambition and of piling stones upon steel. In it dwelt a little old lady, the last living child of a pioneer; her name was Mary Virginia Dunham. From behind the lace curtains of her "parlor" she saw the lake-front grow, the boulevard widen, and the motor-car become a rushing terror.

Father Dunham, a merchant of early days, was also a

From the Waterside

far-sighted realty-owner who was sure that the property he held would increase immensely in value. He wanted none of it to be sold until it grew to be a fat fortune. "For their good," as it was explained, "he wanted the children to hold on." In his will, therefore, he put ironclad clauses barring the sale of his real estate until the last of his children was gone. Mary Virginia was the last. She lived until 1928, thirty-three years after her father; meanwhile, the old house stood, and the slice of land, coveted by promoters of all sorts, defied both them and the age. It was a relic, it is said, of a period when there stood in that neighborhood a row of houses known as Terrace Row, reported to be of marble, though in fact they were of sandstone. They were occupied by city leaders of the fifties and sixties, such as William Bross, J. Young Scammon, P. F. W. Peck. And rough-tongued citizens of the time liked to jeer at them. One barbarian wrote: "They have a glittering, heartless appearance, that stamps them as representatives of fashion . . . a sort of stern, un pitying grandeur."

This, in a later day, seemed unfair to the pathetic Dunham house. It is gone now, while in another part of the city there still lies covered with grass a field bordered with houses and rows of apartments. This was the old country estate of the Dunham family, tied up by the selfsame will. For a long time a single cow was pastured there, thus maintaining on the tax books a claim that the tract was farm land. Part of the "pasture" is now to become a public park.

As for Terrace Row, almost all of it vanished as a result of the great project of a man who was the youngest son

Chicago: A Portrait

of P. F. W. Peck, one of those Terrace Row "representatives of fashion." The son, Ferdinand, was a more brilliant figure than his father, who, like other citizens of the thirties and forties, had comparatively little time for patronage of the arts in a big way. But this last became the effort for which Ferd Peck is remembered.

He was born in the homestead of 1848, on a plot part of which became the site of the Grand Pacific Hotel, and where the Continental Illinois Bank now stands. The young man was educated for the law, but the profession sat lightly on him. Very early he acquired an enthusiasm for music, and especially grand opera. It has been told how he solved a crisis when the Great Fire leveled the city's opera-house, a short time before a troupe already booked was due to arrive.

"Young Ferdinand," so goes the story, "suggested the Michigan Central railway station as the logical setting, and to him fell the task of building an opera-house in a wing the fire had spared . . . The opening night found all in readiness." Under Peck's ardent management, about fourteen hundred "bleacher seats" were built in the station, and a tier of boxes. Lighting and heating were managed, and the show went on.

Fifteen or sixteen years later Mr. Peck had his big inspiration, also concerned principally with opera. There had been in the spring of 1885 a festival that brought noted singers to the music-hungry city. Spurred by this, it seems, Mr. Peck formed a group which proposed to erect a surpassing structure, a "diversity building"—opera-house, hotel, and office structure, all in one. The Commodore, as he was known (due to prominence in a yacht club in Oconomowoc,

From the Waterside

Wisconsin), had become a social and financial leader. It was not hard for him to gather a circle of backers.

Perhaps the result would never have been what it was had not the design of the mighty building been entrusted to the firm of Adler & Sullivan, of which the younger member was Louis Sullivan. This fiery artist, gifted with an originality not too common in those days, went at the task night and day. His first sketches, so it has recently been told by the architect-author Thomas Tallmadge, suggested a rather ornate building. Criticized, Sullivan wrathfully tore up his work, and went to an opposite extreme, outlining a structure in simple, noble lines, like nothing Chicago had seen, unless in the building H. H. Richardson designed for Marshall Field Wholesale.

During perhaps two years the Auditorium, confronting three streets, was rising before the eyes of an amazed city. It absorbed seventeen million bricks, and fifty million pieces of marble went into its mosaics. There were thirteen elevators! There was a square tower, presently to become a popular observatory, which weighed thirty million pounds. Would it sink through the Chicago clay to China?

But the "floating" foundations held, and Mr. Peck's dream came true. The theater was ready to entertain the Republican National Convention of 1888, when Benjamin Harrison was nominated, and on December 9, 1889, Mr. Harrison, then President, was the chief speaker in the ceremonies of dedication. Clarence Eddy baptized the organ, deemed in those days a wonder of the world, and Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home." There followed an opera season using for the first time the immense stage, fitted with hydraulic devices and other innovations. Tamagno sang, as

Chicago: A Portrait

well as Patti. And every one was tremendously happy, not least the young architect, who saw how people admired not only the mural paintings but the inscriptions he had himself composed; such as "Oh, soft, melodious spring-time! First-born of life and love."

That was also the great period of Ferdinand Peck and his wife as social leaders. Their Michigan Avenue home was beautiful and hospitable. It was not quite complete when the Auditorium was opened, and President Harrison, Vice-president Morton, with other dignitaries, came to the city. There seems to have been a mild dispute whether the Pecks or the George M. Pullmans should entertain the President. But Mr. Peck said:

"Does any one think I am going to let George Pullman, who hasn't a dollar in the Auditorium, have the President, just because my house isn't finished? Not much!"

Mrs. Peck and her energy finally bridged the crisis, and it was she who entertained Mr. Harrison.

The Auditorium, as an opera-house, lived almost exactly forty years. It outlived by five its founder, who as he aged saw it become faded, then discarded, and a financial problem. But, as he said, "It wasn't built to pay dividends."

5

Mr. Pullman, who had not "a dollar in the Auditorium," nevertheless had a big stake on Michigan Avenue. In the early eighties, at the height of his success as sleeping-car builder, he had erected a structure which in its time caused a true sensation. Nothing was too big for Mr. Pullman in those days; he was in the process of creating his model

From the Waterside

town south of the city, and he had an architect, S. S. Beman, who could carry out big things.

Between the two there was evolved for Michigan Avenue a nine-story structure of solid masonry, turrets, gables, a top-floor restaurant. Although primarily the headquarters of the company, the building included a lot of apartments for people who could afford them. One noted tenant was Mme. Lillian Nordica, who during the World's Fair sub-rented from the millionaire Idaho mine-owner, Captain J. R. De Lamar. One reads in a Pullman company publication this idyllic detail:

"The Captain, or senator, as he was called, had a floral pet, a geranium, which cost possibly ten cents. He watched and watered it with great solicitude, and when he was away gave an attendant \$20 to insure assiduous care."

Later the use of apartments was restricted to bachelors. One was Joseph G. Snyder, who was said to own \$350,000 worth of paintings and other art objects. Others were Samuel Insull, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., whose father founded the Chicago Musical College, and Mr. Beman the architect. Mr. Beman and the owner introduced aristocratic novelties, not least a "reception room where," to quote a surprised writer of the period, "an attendant, through a speaking-tube, learns whether the tenant is at home or absent." The elevators were spacious and leisurely, and operated by ropes.

The building is still there; so are the Pullman offices; so are the elevators, which move up and down in response to the urge of white-haired operators—still pulling ropes!

Only one other landmark that has lived till the present needs mention. That is the building erected by the Stude-

Chicago: A Portrait

bakers as an auxiliary factory and a show-room for handsome carriages. It, too, adorned the street when there were no towers. Into it went many tons of granite, and columns at the entrance that were known as the largest polished monolithic shafts in the country.

Within a short time this building underwent an utter change. The carriages disappeared. The corridors and court came to echo with cadenzas and alluring or shrill efforts of vocalists. For it had turned into a temple of music and art, and had become the Fine Arts Building. Its past life was buried, and the displays in the show-windows changed character; while over the entrance there was inscribed: "All Passes. Art Alone Endures."

A warning to the towers?

6

After Ward put up his sky-scraper, the street changed rapidly. The real sky-scraper age came on with full force. Steel skeletons rose, clothed with the curtains of stone worked out by W. L. B. Jenney, and made possible by the pioneering of William Holabird in all-steel construction. The first buildings, employed the foundations made of huge pads of cement and iron invented by John Root; soon they began to go down to bed-rock and stand upon caissons. Colossal office buildings, erected by the gas company, by railroads and other interests, rose as if overnight. Tall hotels went up on historic lots. A high-shouldered structure with chimes in its belfry came to dominate one region, where had been a series of ancient hotels, well remembered and well loved: the Leland, the Stratford, the Richelieu. The street became a mixture of business, art, clubs athletic,

From the Waterside

like the Chicago and the Illinois, and clubs social and civic, like the University.

At length, after two decades or more of terrific ambition, of experiments in architecture, of frantic search for new patterns wherewith to startle the lakeside traveler, of bedizened lobbies and heavily carved cornices, the street was finished. It had passed through many chapters of the primitive, of confusion and change—some of these will be described later on—and it was at last in permanent form. Yet, in an ever unfinished city, what will come next?

Surely, it is a strain even upon the oldest resident to recall the Michigan Avenue of less than a century ago. A "delightful sandy beach," it was termed in the memoirs of one long since dead. Almost to the low shore came homes with lawns and stables. Cows wearing tinkling bells went nodding homeward along the road. The waves rippled nearly to the doors. Farther north, and earlier, the second Fort Dearborn still stood, deserted. And picture this:

On the northwest corner of Michigan avenue and Lake street was a very large vacant field which was usually filled with camping parties; whole communities migrating from the east to the west. It was a common sight to see a long line of prairie-schooners drive into this field, with cows tied behind the wagons. There they would unload for the night. There was always mystery and charm about their evening campfires. . . .*

On that river bank there came to be huge parking-spaces, where people would "unload for the night" from cars with complex engines and glistening coats. And instead of a line of prairie-schooners, there now passes in the evening a pa-

* From the chapter by Mrs. Arthur B. Meeker, in "Chicago Yesterdays," edited by Caroline Kirkland. Daughaday & Co.

Chicago: A Portrait

rade of headlights, a long scherzo of tooting horns. Down upon these look the million eyes of windows in the parapet of boulevard buildings. Hundreds of feet eastward of the old shore, people ride, with never failing wonder at the beacons lit atop the towers, or the illuminated castles springing out of darkness far aloft.

So goes city history.



Chapter III

A "CAP'N" AND HIS DOMAIN

I

PAST shop windows and plate-glass doorways, between limestone cliff-sides, the north-bound boulevard climbs gently to the two-level bridge, crosses it, and then slopes with equal gentleness down the other side. It follows the course of what was once called Pine Street, because there were really pines there. In so doing, it skirts the western edge of a tract with a singular history. Theme of tale after tale, of newsprint by the column, that history still has life in it.

When visitors come to Chicago and are shown the half-filled acres north of the river and east of Michigan Avenue, they begin to learn the legend of the mariner who squatted there and held on so stoutly. They are told how for more

Chicago: A Portrait

than thirty years he was fought by powerful landowners, how there were brawls and even shootings on the barren sand strip, and how the landowners triumphed. As the story unfolds, there is a twinkle in the narrator's eye and a faint regret; for although the mariner was nobody to be proud of, the story itself is intimately and truly Chicagoan. It has a tang of the frontier and at the same time a note of bravado worthy of D'Annunzio at Fiume.

Meantime the visitor is asked to look at the array of pinnacles, the windy acres yet to be occupied, the protected shore. Then when he is told in how short a time all this has arrived, he can hardly help the exclamation, "Amazing!"

2

It is one of the dramas of Lake Michigan, which, by themselves, would make a very pretty volume.

Upon the lip of that sand waste north of the river, the waves beat unchallenged for many a year. It was desert without oasis; it was dumping-ground. Gradually, as the lake made its deposits, the shore crept eastward. Wealthy folk who owned property to the west, across what was Sand Street and now is St. Clair, across Pine Street with its pines, claimed rights to the water's edge. Nor was there any dispute about this until, one summer day in 1886, there alighted from nowhere an original and very combative figure, a creature straight out of Dickens—if that author ever could have imagined so gaunt and profane a type.

George Wellington Streeter was the great-grandson of a soldier in the American Revolution, and grandson of a drum-major in the War of 1812. The spirit of a drum-major cropped up in him a good many times, but more conspicuous

A "Cap'n" and His Domain

still was the showman. After service in the Civil War he brought together a menagerie composed of animals no more startling than deer, otter, porcupines, and beavers, and these he exhibited at county fairs with success. His prize exhibit was a white Normandy hog, which he always insisted was more than ten feet long and weighed fifteen hundred pounds. According to his own account, in the book written for him by his friend and attorney, Everett Guy Ballard, * he billed the beast as a white elephant.

"I never heard any one complain about being disappointed in this little fake," said Streeter.

So the Barnum of the Michigan woods prospered somewhat, but later the business slumped. Then he made a leap from animal-trainer to navigator, built a ship and sailed it on Lake Michigan and on rivers. Other wanderings took him through Western States, and then to Chicago, where in the early seventies, it would seem, he became part owner of Woods' Museum, a famous show-place. He asserts that one of his performers was "Tennessee" Claflin. Selling that theater interest, he became a salesman at county fairs, having as partner, he recounts, none other than E. J. Lehmann, who at about that time established a little Chicago store which became very big—the Fair.

After a short term as part-owner of the Apollo Theater (not the present one) Streeter returned to lake seamanship, lured by the hope of passenger fares. It was then he built and fitted with cabins a small steamboat, which most chroniclers have insulted by calling it a schooner, and named it the *Reutan*.

* "Captain Streeter, Pioneer," by Everett Guy Ballard. Emery Publishing Co., 1914.

Chicago: A Portrait

He was giving his lake greyhound a trial in that July of 1886 when, with the suddenness characteristic of it, the lake rose in a tempest. The boat contrived to reach a point near the Chicago harbor, missed the breakwater, drifted northward, and finally stranded some distance from the beach. The "captain" was alone on deck, lashed to the mast. It was three o'clock in the morning, and the beach was very inhospitable. The hull rested in a few feet of water.

"I decided," said Streeter, "that this location was to be my home."

A momentous decision, if you please.

3

At the time of the wreck there seemed to be nothing to disturb the owners of those formidable interests, riparian rights. The boat remained. In winter it was ice-covered. Smoke issued from its funnel. Wagons brought dumpings to the neighborhood, and the lake contributed more sand. Before very long, the wreck was surrounded with land instead of with water. And then, at some period whose exact date is not clear, the "cap'n," as every reporter called him, decided on a stroke whose author is not clear either. Many people doubt whether the idea was Streeter's own. It was to claim not only his immediate home, but some scores of acres—one hundred and eighty-six, by his own account—as domain.

The riparian-owners, the most noted of whom were Potter Palmer and N. K. Fairbank, were not long in hearing of this. They made common cause. In their eyes Streeter was merely an obnoxious squatter. He was not the showman or the mariner; he was not a landowner. He was a rude,

A "Cap'n" and His Domain

blasphemous, drunken thief who must be ousted. And, on the other hand, to Streeter those princes of the shore were conspirators.

Had they gone to the civil courts at once, perhaps the story would have been different; instead, they went to the police. And then began a sort of guerrilla struggle which lasted for years. Involved in it were park police, city police, special constables, and numerous lawyers. Courts were appealed to over and over. Streeter was repeatedly arrested, but at first managed always to go free. As he swelled with pride and publicity, he organized his realm as a "District," independent of Chicago, Cook County, and the State of Illinois. He insisted that his tract was not within the borders of the old Virginia grant; he pointed to government surveys, and so did his opponents. It was too complicated a thing for the average man; and that worthy, like a bystander at a street row, merely laughed and egged on the combatants.

Streeter had a faithful wife, Maria, who had been a school-teacher in Ireland. She, too, was skilled in handling a rifle and determined to repel invaders. Although as rough-appearing as her husband, she seems to have known books; and it must have been she who named mythical streets in the "District" East Lynne Street and Trilby Avenue. During peaceful days she and the cap'n dwelt happily in living quarters above-decks on the house-boat. But when attacked, they both were ready to poke their guns out the window and shoot into the night. And Maria could hurl a mean pan of boiling water.

The numerous battles cannot be even summarized here. There were raids and forays; there were events both spec-

Chicago: A Portrait

tacular and ludicrous. One exploit of which Streeter boasted was the artful capture of Captain Max Heidelmeier, a famous policeman of the North Side. Max had to beg (in burlesque) for his life, so ran the Streeter yarn. Finally the skirmishes ended, as they were bound to, with a trial of Streeter for murder. He found freedom on habeas corpus. This trial was the result of a night attack by detectives, one of whom was killed in circumstances of darkness and confusion. During Streeter's imprisonment Maria died. Mourning but free, the cap'n, now rather prosperous from the sale of lots, and having donned for good a regalia of silk hat and long coat, preached more vigorously to the puzzled world his doctrine of "down with the capitalist" and "up with the American flag."

He boasted: "When these reactionaries quit clogging th' wheels o' justice, we'll have a nation out of Streeterville yet."

Streeterville it was, in the parlance of hurried newspaper writers. And Streeterville it still is.

4

More fights; more lawsuits; more publicity. Potter Palmer was dead, Mr. Fairbank, too. Chicago had changed prodigiously. The land of the "District" lay ripe for development. Into the State courts, into the august Federal court, passed the effort to dislodge the one-time showman of the white Normandy hog. A good many people held "deeds" to Streeterville land. The argument dragged on and on, up to decisions which able lawyers said settled it all. And for one skirmish Streeter served a short term in the penitentiary.

A "Cap'n" and His Domain

The cap'n, still able to argue, swear, and drink though approaching eighty, had taken a new wife and acquired new followers; but his reign was not what it had been. The *Reutan* was long since a ruin. The shack and the house-wagon that succeeded it also were gone. Streeter had a brick building, which mysteriously moved overnight to one of his lots.

He fell foul of the prohibition law, and like so many others with rich vocabularies, became a speech-maker against the Volstead Act. He planned a cabaret, with gambling.

"I'll have none of that lah-de-dah game, roulette," he said. "Poker and faro is men's games."

He became philosophic when reporters could be induced to listen. An arguer extraordinary, he would declaim:

"People ought not to be dragged off to prison for arguin'. That's what they done in Ireland, an' what was the result? The Irish is just as bad as ever."

He surveyed the rising towers of a city more modern than he, and cried:

"This is a frontier town. No W.C.T.U. can run it."

In 1921, when he was eighty-four, his claim to domain rebuffed by legal decision, and all the fighting over, he died, leaving to heirs and followers an effort, which they pursued from time to time, to prove that the mighty buildings, a university among them, the new streets, the outer boulevard, and all the rest, valued at untold millions, were not the property of those in whose hands they lay.

Potter Palmer had good reason to object to a rival claimant for the strand. No man had worked harder to

Chicago: A Portrait

develop that part of it which slanted westward in a sort of bay and followed the north-bound line of the lake.

He had been a daring merchant in Chicago's fifties; then, having sold out to Marshall Field and Levi Leiter, he had plenty of energy left in middle life to adventure anew. One of his enterprises, as will be told later on, was the development of State Street. Another had to do with the North Side. That lake curve, or bay, appealed to him. He said to friends:

"I'm going over there, north, to work out a new residence district."

"It will slip into the lake," they warned.

But Mr. Palmer was a determined man. He entered with pleasure upon the exploit of turning a quantity of unsightly ground, of low and treacherous sand-heaps, into a place for handsome homes. Realty prices were far from high, but filling was expensive, and so was the fortification against battering waves. The project was helped, however, by the ambitions of the Lincoln Park commissioners, who were in the early stages of developing the Lake Shore Drive. Mr. Palmer, who owned far and wide, quitclaimed the land where the drive should run, and the park people, who controlled the eastern strip, quitclaimed to him, east of the right of way.

Then came a period of creating good land, much of it brought from a distance and carefully selected so that no malarial soil should be included. The property was then parceled out to purchasers; and thus began the new life of that district, the beginning of the line of solid, handsome dwellings, turreted, gabled, and often provided with strong

A "Cap'n" and His Domain

iron fences, which awed visitors during the eighties and much later.

Mr. Palmer himself built, in 1885—the year before Streeter's wreck—the huge dwelling that astonished and awed Chicagoans and strangers alike. In its present neighborhood of buildings apt to be tall and clean-lined, with limestone towers rising not far away, it is still a formidable sight. What an early writer called "the castellated outlines of feudal strength and magnificence" remain intact. Also, like a heavy reminder of former tastes, is the "hospitable porte cochere" that was built "in place of drawbridge and portcullis."

Attracted partly by that home, in which reigned Mrs. Palmer as obvious leader of society, other people of wealth came to live in the region. Mrs. Palmer had married, at eighteen or nineteen, the merchant, who was a good many years older. She was the daughter of H. H. Honoré, a Kentuckian of French extraction; and possibly because of this ancestry as well as because of her travels she became deeply interested in French art and furnishings. The house had a Louis Quatorze salon and a famous gallery containing examples of what was then the modern French school.

But it was seldom that any one except the very select saw that fabled interior, wherein were included a Japanese room, a music-room in Moorish style, and other glories. During the time of the 1893 World's Fair, when Mrs. Palmer headed the Woman's Board, the house was one landmark that visitors (in hansom cabs) never missed.

Mr. Palmer died there in 1902, and it was remarked that he died with his face toward the lake.

Chicago: A Portrait

6

A dozen years later, there began to be distinct signs of a mighty change that would begin at the river and sweep northward to the regions of the Palmer castle. Streeter, though living, was hardly longer a menace. Progress, with the Chicago Plan Commission as its agent, began to form the project for the Boulevard Link which was to join Michigan Avenue and Pine Street, with the latter rechristened as North Michigan.

The great two-level bridge was built, and opened in 1920. Amid visions of new fortunes, not always shared by property-owners of long standing, the widened Pine Street was developed to the "bay," and the whole territory began to boom. The Wrigley Building went up on the river's brink, and its lighted tower signaled to a growing flock of motorists the new era of the near North Side. The Tribune Company erected, almost across the street, a Gothic tower high above the four-story building from which the paper was issued, and put many beauties into its adornment. Soon this building had a tall neighbor, Medinah Athletic Club, built by the Shriners.

Meantime, the "Streeter tract," in its extreme northern portion, had acquired a large hotel, the Drake, facing the "bay"; and other tall and aristocratic structures came to keep it company, casting upon that curve of lake, after dark, a thousand twinkles of light. Other wide acres of Streeterville were built upon, streets developed, property values enhanced, doubled, trebled. The Furniture Mart, startling both because of its girth and because of its blue tower, swallowed a big portion of the land that had been made since Streeter's day. Northwestern University—to be



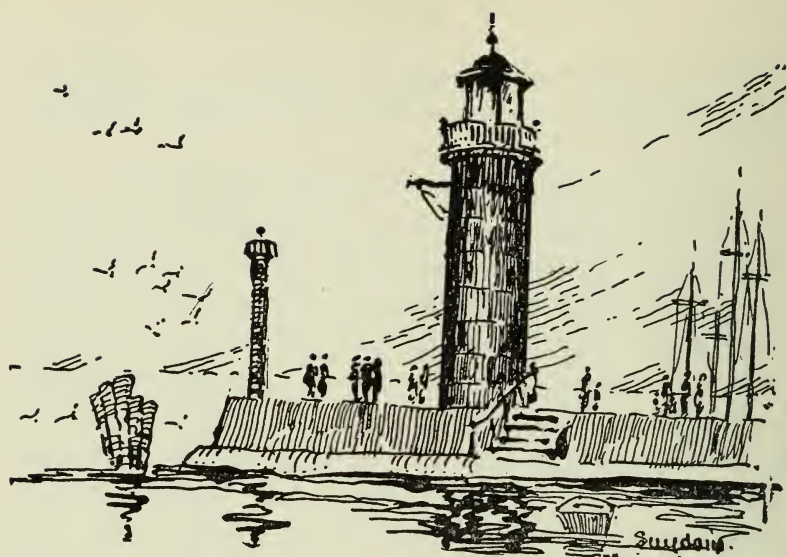
THE WATER-TOWER AND ITS NEIGHBORS

A "Cap'n" and His Domain

revisited in later pages—put up a group, on almost the exact spot where Streeter's army had skirmished with constables.

There was an argument over the re-zoning of a part of North Michigan Avenue, so that tall office buildings might rise, but that was settled and they rose. The thirty-seven-story Palmolive Building, from which the Lindbergh Light slowly searches the deep-purple sky, soon looked down upon a strange pattern of roofs, new, old, commonplace, or picturesque. Hotels, rooming-places, "arty" shops lodged in dwellings of a past era; "courts" of European lineage; strange little cafés in what had been stables or outbuildings; studios bohemian or with sound plastering; book-shops and the inevitable interior decorators; speak-easies in dignified 1880 houses—all such features of a transitional and emotional city area came to the borders of Streeterville.

Nor could ever a week go by but some one, gazing eastward along streets that seem to run off into mist, would begin: "And that's where, a long time ago, an old fellow with a plug hat wrecked his ship . . ."



Chapter IV

TRANSFORMATION OF A RIVER

I

IT WAS just a little country river, flowing in from the meadows. Humbly its branches rose among the willows, to north and south, then combined to form a stream, ever narrow and gentle, that found the lake.

The soldiers who came to build a fort, in 1803, were disgusted with it. Their commander pronounced it murky, unfit to drink. On the other hand, settlers who arrived thirty years later described the river as a clear, limpid prairie stream, mirroring the trees, charming. Both versions probably were true. Near its mouth the river doubtless was clouded by the uneasy sands; farther west, it was as

Transformation of a River

innocent and transparent as can be expected of an Illinois watercourse with a bottom of clay.

In the first days there was nothing to disturb it except the canoes of Indians and traders. It flowed lazily between its flower-grown banks, upon which a few cabins perched. As it arrived at the lake, it encountered a sand-reef of pretty good size, which turned it toward the south, and there, a fraction of a mile from its normal mouth, the river's waters joined with the lake. There was a waste about this which the pioneers strove to correct. They cut a channel through the sand-bar, but it soon filled again. So for some time people arriving by ship had to be lightered ashore. Rowboats and canoes would cluster about an anchored vessel, and many a New England bride reached her new home paddled by a bronzed Indian.

In winter, the river, owing to its mild current, froze solid. Settlers accustomed to the bitter cold and to the ice enjoyed the season. French-Canadians and half-breeds joined with hardy new-comers from the East in lively sports on the frozen stream. They had fast ponies drawing "pungs" built of planks, and with these they would race one another, amid the yells of a rabble.

"Oh, those were glorious times," wrote Judge John D. Caton, "when warm blood flowed rapidly, no matter how low stood the mercury."

Sometimes, indeed, there would be a wolf-hunt, among the snows and timber tracts, or over the glittering surface of the river. One gray beast was pursued, Judge Caton wrote, right through the primitive hamlet, Chicago, and onto the ice near Fort Dearborn.

Chicago: A Portrait

At other times there would be fishing through water-holes, and the Indians would trap muskrats.

A hundred years ago!

2

Civilization, in crude form, came to the little river. The town growing on its banks acquired people and industries. Bridges were still a good way off, and ferries served. The jovial Mark Beaubien, fiddler and tavern-keeper, started one of the first, near where the forks converged. There was another nearer the lake, conveying folk who kept store on the South Side to their homes on the North Side. "The ferryman," John Wentworth recorded, "knew about every person in town." His boat "was pulled across by a rope, and was not used enough to kill the green rushes which grew in the river."

The stream was put to other service, too. A Baptist clergyman came to town, a man who, Wentworth said, "never seemed so happy as when he was immersing converted sinners. One cold day there were about seventeen immersed in the river at the foot of State Street. A hole about twenty feet square was cut through the ice."

One survivor was John M. Van Osdel, who became the city's first architect, and a very busy one.

The ships kept coming to the sand-locked harbor and pausing; or if they tried to cross the bar they were likely to be beached. They brought not only people but household goods, a printing-press (1833), a piano (1834), food supplies, and mail. When navigation ended for the year the town was dead, for the first railroad from the East was twenty years distant. In 1832 a steamer commanded by

Transformation of a River

General Winfield Scott brought troops to the Black Hawk War. There was cholera. Many who had died on shipboard were buried in a pit dug at what is now a very busy corner of Chicago, near the river.

The city became a city, a prosperous one. The ugly sand-bar was conquered. Ships entered the river with ease, and sailed or steamed up its branches. Many of them came freighted with lumber, with the trunks of trees leveled in the still luscious forests not far north. Chicago became a lumber center. The yards stretched for miles along the south branch. And in that bustling period of the river, lasting for several decades, the country stream, dredged and docked, entertained throngs of schooners and brigs, whose masts made clusters at the foot of streets and swayed gently in the wind.

The waterside where the cabins had stood became a haunt of lake sailors, true mariners even though not bred to deep water; it was the parade-ground of noted captains, like John Prindiville ("the storm king"), William Walsh, Joseph Wilson, Dennis Sullivan. Those men knew every whim of the impulsive lake; they rode out many a tempest. In later days they were apt to establish tug companies, and the tugs that took their names lived, in many cases, longer than they did. Not so, however, with the tug named after its builder, James Crawford. It exploded in the river one day, and blew everything and everybody on it sky-high.

By 1869 the shipping had grown so much that it is said twelve thousand craft arrived or departed during the summer of that year. The congestion was terrific; the harbor and navigation problems severe. There was trouble between masters and bridge-tenders—for a dozen bridges,

Chicago: A Portrait

of antique design, had long since replaced the ferries. They had been built and rebuilt, especially after the great flood disaster of 1849, when the Des Plaines River, rising in the swell of spring, spilled over the divide separating it from the Chicago south branch, filled that stream with a torrent, and sent the whole flock of schooners, "propellers," and scores of canal-boats in a tangled mass, lakeward. Galloping north and east "like sea-horses with waving manes," ships with interlocked spars and rigging crashed through the bridges, amid the cracking of spring ice, the cries of men, and the crash of piling torn up bodily by hawsers.

The innocent little river had a grand spree that day, urged by its cousin, the demure Des Plaines. And the terror of a recurrence was never quite allayed until, as late as the nineties, the Des Plaines was curbed by a dam built for the Sanitary Canal under the care of the wise engineer Isham Randolph.

3

A more terrible disaster, which was no fault of river or flood, befell in the twentieth century, when lake excursion boats had become more important than lumber-schooners.

On a July morning in 1915, about seven thousand men, women, and children, a Western Electric crowd, went down to the river at Clark Street to board four steamers, for an outing. More than twenty-five hundred of them passed over the gang-plank of the *Eastland*, which lay decked with flags, its band playing. The promenades and cabins were thronged. A light rain had begun to fall.

People passing over bridges at that early hour, about seven o'clock, saw the long, narrow ship start to list slowly

Transformation of a River

to port. It righted itself for a few moments, then listed again, fell clear off its balance, and slowly settled down flat, in about eighteen feet of water. The first movement caused little alarm, either on shore or aboard; the second brought panic among the excursionists. Hundreds of those on deck leaped into the water; hundreds more in cabins or corridors were trapped.

On the alarm, rescue boats rushed to the place. Scores of men ashore flung themselves into the water, saving many of the struggling people. Holes were cut in the sides of the *Eastland*, and helpless prisoners pulled out. But the dead were hundreds. They were carried across a tug bridging the gap between the lost ship and the shore, and laid in windrows on the waterside. Under street awnings an army of doctors tried to bring drowned forms back to life, and a battery of emergency telephones was established in front of stores.

All that rainy day and during the night the rescuers, police, firemen, Red Cross men, volunteers, toiled under torches and with flash-lights. The city was bowed under a worse disaster, in point of numbers, than the Iroquois Theater fire of 1903; for, in the end, the official total of dead was eight hundred and twelve. After months of work the Red Cross dispensed more than \$500,000 in relief, of which \$100,000 was given by the Western Electric Company, whose outing had ended so tragically.

Clear and beautiful though it may have been in the thirties, within forty years the Chicago River had become a foul and dangerous thing; a "great septic bayou,"

Chicago: A Portrait

Engineer Randolph called it. It had turned into an abused water-lane, running at the feet of factories which discharged waste into it, and receiving from the city in general all sorts of excretions. The poor river now crawled lakeward covered with slime, with nameless objects bobbing up and down in it; and it stank! Indeed, there were times when the sewage was so thick that exploding gases created tiny waterspouts.

Even the roistering sailors of waterside days revolted, humorously perhaps. They had a chantey which included the lines:

Oh, Chicago, you make me shiver
With your dirty streets and your stinking river.

The city, with its many deaths from typhoid and its fear of serious epidemics, began in the eighties a mighty movement for reform. Years of discussion, political maneuvers, and lawmaking finally brought about the Sanitary District. Under its auspices the new canal, replacing one which had proved so ineffective that it was called the "tadpole ditch," was undertaken. It involved an enormous complex task of cutting a wide channel, partly through solid rock. Giant dams and pumping-works grew between Chicago and Joliet; and while all that went forward to completion, under Engineer Randolph, the river which had seen so many phases entered upon a new one.

Already widened and deepened many times since its youth, it was dredged and tamed anew. At its mouth the Government and city together extended piers thousands of feet east of the original harbor line; along the banks

Transformation of a River

new concrete walls or docks were built by the Sanitary District. New and efficient bridges were flung across the river at points where lake captains used to bluff their way through old swing-spans while truckmen cursed and pedestrians waited.

Finally, when the powerful pumps got to work, far to the southwest, the current that had crawled toward the lake was turned about and made to flow uphill, through the old divide and into the canal. It sucked from the ever-freshened waters of the lake a flow which soon washed away the worst of the sewage, and gave Chicago a river with a new color. That it also led to the great interstate controversy over reduction of lake-levels is another story.

Chicago is now so used to the sight of a watercourse flowing the wrong way, at an average speed of a trifle over a mile an hour, that it rarely thinks about this. Instead, it finds the river in its new aspect more and more thrilling to view. At the verge of bridges which part and rise in response to the distant bray of a steamer whistle, people crowd and say hello to the crews of big vessels from Canadian or Great Lakes ports. Not a schooner or brig to be seen; nothing but the long, mottled hulls of steam freighters with attendant tugs that strive, not always successfully, to work those good-sized craft down a river which, despite all, is still too narrow. And very often a mighty bridge has to let pass some crawling vessel while thousands of motorists wait.

The bass voices of the whistles rouse persistent echoes, hurled back and forth between tall buildings. And all along the southern border of the main river runs a two-level boulevard, with a promenade and a wall.

Chicago: A Portrait

Not a canoe-man of the city's infancy lived to see this happen.

5

There are, however, comparative new-comers to Chicago who have watched that development of sky-scrappers-and-boulevard patterns from its beginning. It has arrived within a decade.

The double-decked boulevard-link bridge, now crossed by fifty thousand or more automobiles in a day, was followed within five years by Wacker Drive, built along the course of the river westward and southwestward. Before that could be accomplished, there had to be dislodged, and plentifully paid for, the old produce market that had occupied Chicago's first commercial street, South Water, for untold years. Like a shifting of scenery on the stage, a hurly-burly of trucks, stores, and barter vanished from the riverside and was reëstablished in another part of the city. With the market disappeared an array of rotting wharves and soiled brick buildings. The broad boulevard began to emerge, pushed along by the Chicago Plan group, then headed by Charles H. Wacker. It absorbed ship-loads of framework and an infinite amount of concrete. The job looked hopeless; would it ever be finished?

But one fine day, there it was—done, and dedicated. Done, that is, as far as the place where the site of the Lincoln Wigwam of 1860 is marked with a tablet; and done to Michigan Avenue, where, on the London Guarantee sky-scraper, another tablet says that Fort Dearborn used to be there. The truth is, the fort buildings were a little farther east, and it was a southwest corner of the stockade

Transformation of a River

which existed on the ground where the sky-scraper was erected.

However, the motorists whirling along the drive, or under it, do not cavil. As they reach the river, once cramped and befouled by the kind of life that bordered it, they come into an immense sunlit space at the feet of towers impressive in height, though not so thickly grown as on Michigan Avenue. Some day, Chicago promises, there will be boulevards on both sides, and a solid front of tall structures painting new pictures on the river waters. But the city has not come to the point of a permanent improvement on the north bank.

In anticipation of that day, Marshall Field & Company erected during 1929-30 the Merchandise Mart, which took away from the Furniture Mart the title of largest building in the world. The Merchandise structure, built on air rights and containing nearly one hundred acres of floor space, bestrides an enormous area at Wolf Point, where stood in 1830 the tavern of one Samuel Miller, who married a daughter of John Kinzie, the first white settler. Later the tract became filled with commercial buildings and the right-of-way of the Northwestern Railway, whose tracks ran into a station which in its day seemed very elegant, but which was abandoned when the new station came in 1911.

An early grain elevator was in that region, too. When excavation was made for the Merchandise Mart there was found, deep buried, a quantity of grain. An item for archæologists.

Across the north branch from the Merchandise Mart there was, in 1848, an incident worth reproducing in some pageant; as perhaps will be done. In the spring of that year

Chicago: A Portrait

a brig entered the river, carrying crosswise ahead of its mainmast an object of a type Chicago had never before seen. It was a railroad locomotive, a primitive Baldwin, with a comic wide smoke-stack and only four wheels.

The brig with its burden proudly approached a dock. A runway was put out from the deck to a temporary track on shore, and, without mishap, the engine was jacked up and pushed to the railroad yard. There, fires were lit in the fire-box, and excited mechanics fussed over the little locomotive. In the fall of the same year, it drew a car-load of officials and guests on a more or less precarious trip over wobbly rails as far as the Des Plaines River. This was the beginning of the Galena & Chicago Union, father of the Northwestern system—and of Chicago as a railroad center. The locomotive, the "Pioneer," defied all risks, and still lives in retirement; as truly a pioneer as Old Ironsides.

6

The north branch of the river curves past strange industrial monsters until it renews its youth in the country. The south branch nowhere regains its rustic aspect; but near the junction with its fellows it acquires beauty.

Just by the busy bridge at Madison Street stand facing each other two striking buildings which as late as 1927 were not even begun. One is the sky-filling home of the Civic Opera, forty-two stories high, a combination of auditorium, stage, and offices which taxed architectural skill. It confronts the river westward with a lofty tier of windows whose highest ones offer a wonderful view of Chicago's West Side. Along the southern stretch of Wacker Drive a platform with heavy columns forms an impressive arcade,

Transformation of a River

which will be easier to admire when the stub-end of elevated railway that lingers there is removed.

Over the way is the Daily News Building, the first in Chicago's history to utilize air rights. Trains leading to the massive Union Station, a little farther south, glide under part of the newspaper plant without bothering it either with vibration or with smoke, thanks to clever engineering. This twenty-five-story building is unique in its plaza, which extends along the river for a block, furnishing a promenade or play-space (with a large fountain) which the public is not slow to enjoy.

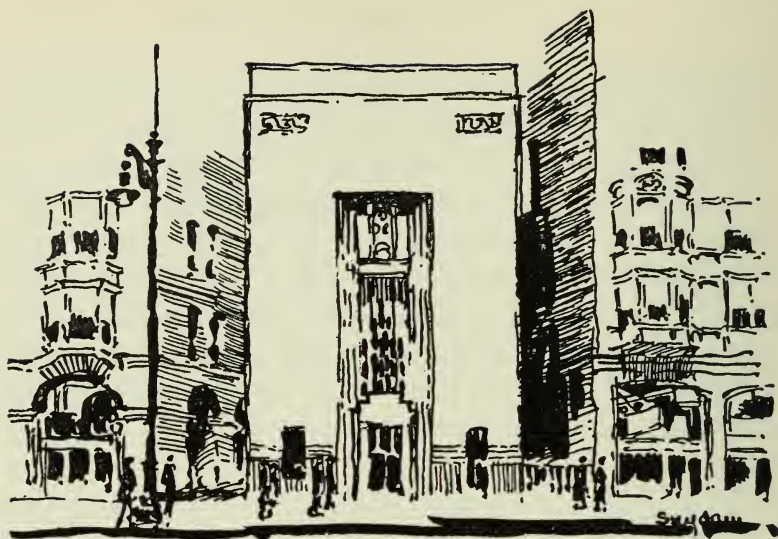
Reflections of the opera building's lofty, flashing surfaces and of the gray, welling masses of its neighbor meet in the smooth face of the river; and at night the water glows with a thousand "candles." As it flows south and southwest, it is darkened by grim bridges and by ugly or ponderous structures of various kinds. It must pass many an area that survives from an old, careless age, or is a modern tumult of trackage, chimneys, and clanking machinery.

All the way, from the mouth where the fort stood once upon a time, along the boulevarded banks, south and north, there is confusion of change, of fresh beginnings. The city, Anak in his youth, is struggling to decide what form to take.

An English editor was taken for a tour of some of these ragged paths of coming grandeur. He said sadly:

"I see nothing but chaos."

Chaos it is. But so is battle.



Chapter V

STREET OF BAZAARS; THE "LOOP"

I

IF ONE walks eastward from river to lake, he finds a crescendo of crowds, of street noises, and of sparkle. The traffic thickens. The piping of police whistles, like the cries of some wild bird, becomes more frantic. Red street-cars turn nearly every corner, and sometimes they stand helpless in line. The region is encircled by raised tracks and hurrying L. trains. This is the Loop.

Well to the east is a mile of street which on any pleasant afternoon is worth a glance; if a Saturday, all the better. Against a high, clear sky, the edges of roofs trace an outline that is like geometry gone mad. The street suggests a tremendous railroad cut; or a very deep river bed

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

with six streams, two of which, on each sidewalk, flow in opposite courses, under the crags, while the other two swirl north and south in the central channel.

The middle streams are composed of street-cars, automobiles, and here and there a tall truck. The outer ones are people and nothing else; people on foot, tireless, open-eyed, almost breathless with pursuit of something or other, going somewhere or other, sweeping up and down this gorge with a tread that must thunder in depths of earth. Has there been a vast mass-meeting, or an athletic meet attended by half a million? No; there has been just the noon signal, the clicking of time-clocks. This tremendous tramping of feet, and clamor of voices, and panic of bells, and eerie whistlings, is nothing to get into the newspapers. It is merely Saturday afternoon—on State Street.

The crowds are not as colorful as one might expect. It is not a glossy throng, but a strictly workaday one. There are a million little gaudy or sober hats on the heads of the women, and a million more of broader-brimmed hats belonging to the men. A view of this street twenty years ago would have shown ten thousand derbies. Not now.

Nearly every face is marked, more or less, by work, weather, or mental stress. It seems at first like a rude crowd. It steps on toes, uses elbows, hits the line. But it is really good-humored. It does not beg pardon; on the other hand, it does not lose its temper. The faces wear a certain power, at least enough to accomplish the present errands, whatever they are. Few are sad. The eyes, of the younger ones, anyhow, are bright with some keen idea, with love of the scene, with a little defiance. Nearly every one is saying something: "I got to git there by one-forty-five." . . . "I think that guy

Chicago: A Portrait

is perfectly awful." . . . "Have you been to the aquarium?" . . . "Dress goods cheaper than . . ." . . . "Not so good as in the last picture." . . . "An' I says, what if we can't pay the rent, Johnnie got to have . . ." . . . "Look out, th' light's turned red."

The great bazaars spread their windows all along the chasm. The people walk by a mile of glass. They swim like fish whose noses press against panes leading to a brighter world, in which are costumes draped on modernistic models, and pianos and drawing-room sets, and carved radio sets, and jewels, and hosiery and paintings; and washing-machines, and oil heaters, and ship models, and bonbons. The corner drug-store offers, amid the whirlpool, windows crammed with cosmetics, salves, curling-irons, seventy-five-cent books. Over the way, mobs are being sluiced into the Five and Ten. Whitecapped experts are throwing food onto counters in sweet-shops. Girls in kiosks are passing tickets to movie patrons. "Madonna of the . . . Bathing comedy . . . Sensation." Electric signs of movie houses, the lights dead at this hour, climb the fronts of buildings.

At the corners, short, dark, fog-voiced men strip papers from the piles on news-stands and jam them into the hands of purchasers. "*Yah-ah-ah*. . . Burned in trolley crash! Big bank robbery!" In this street, seeing all ways at once, stand those alert, tough, and grinning fellows, the traffic cops, surrounded by chaos but understanding it, loving everything about it, swearing at a miscreant, but searching him with twinkling hazel eyes. "Hey, you! think you're tied to a street-car?" . . . "Yes, madam, it's about half-way down the block, left side."

Such a tide as flows across the intersections! The wash



A BRIDGE FOR EVERY STREET

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

carries feeble people to the next curb almost without taking a step. On and on—whither? "I bet I could get it a lot cheaper at . . ." Off to the right, a starter, in green uniform, is helping sleek ladies into big cars. In the thickest of the more plebeian crowd a tall, shabby negro edges his way along, with a placard on his breast: "BLIND AND ALONE."

2

On the Street of Bazaars the big shops crowd most thickly within a stretch of six or seven blocks. About midway of this journey is that which is still called the world's busiest corner, the intersection of State Street with Madison. It is busy indeed; yet the superlative had better not be insisted upon. And one feature of activity has disappeared: an old drug-store rendezvous, celebrated in even guide-books as a place where "ladies met their husbands to get a supply of pin-money—and ladies sometimes met the husbands of other ladies."

From Madison Street north, State Street suddenly and inexplicably becomes wider. There are two or three legends about that, but the most common, and doubtless the most authentic, revives the name of Potter Palmer. It was not he, however, who caused the width of the street at the river bank. There, before the fire, bustled a town market. It was gaudy with painted signs elevated on posts, and with wooden awnings. To make matters worse, merchants used to pile empty dry-goods boxes on the sidewalks. The giant mayor, John Wentworth—he who drove brothels violently from Streeterville long before that district ever achieved the name—had a burst of rage one day against the awnings and sidewalk obstructions. He brought an army of men

Chicago: A Portrait

and had the advertisements ripped from the buildings, and burned. One is not surprised to read that "for a time he was the most unpopular man in town." But "Long John" throve on that sort of thing.

Enter Potter Palmer at a later period, in the midst of town meetings urging the widening of the street farther south. The capitalist, who had sold his interest in the dry-goods business, was middle-aged but full of energy. He owned a long stretch along State Street, which had barely emerged from being a mere highway to the south, carrying on its tradition as the road over which the roistering Hoosiers drove their wagons from Vincennes and other points. It acquired the city's first car line, in 1858.

The street was in bad shape, even swampy in spots, and so badly paved that some of the stones protruded from the soil. Mr. Palmer was bound to have it improved; and he had another idea: to widen the street by setting back the buildings he owned, and dedicate to the city the land thus opened. To this task he set himself, with an outlay for which he was not repaid until years later. The widening went as far as Madison Street, and then paused. Owners south of that point were not as enterprising as Mr. Palmer. And so was established, at the busiest corner of later times, the queer jog which makes traffic more difficult for cheerful police to handle.

Mr. Palmer owned other State Street frontage. His ambition to develop it sent him into the hotel business. He erected just prior to the fire of 1871 the first Palmer House, which was ruined by the flames before it had more than opened its doors. Its successor, however, became known the world over. It was built in 1873, according to plans

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

distinctly French in inspiration. It had mansards, exterior statuary, and a loftiness of ceiling and profusion of room-decoration that no Midwestern American city had seen. Further, it was "the first wholly fireproof hotel in the United States." Gangs of men worked twenty-four hours at a stretch to finish it.

There were coaches which met all trains, and guest-service in advance of the times. Celebrities foreign and American came and went. The great Civil War generals, heroes of reunion and feast, were seen there: Sheridan, Grant, Sherman, Logan. In the stately banquet hall was held, in November, 1879, the reception to General Grant given by the Army of the Tennessee. Such orators: Emory Storrs, General Vilas, General Logan, Bob Ingersoll. Mark Twain was the hit of the evening, delivering his speech on "Babies." But in Mark's own eyes Ingersoll was the hero: Ingersoll, who "stood that night on the dinner table, under the flash of lights and banners . . . the most beautiful human creature who ever lived."

In the Palmer House, as no narrator fails to mention, was the barber-shop whose floor was studded with real silver dollars. The lobby, crowded at all times with the picturesque habitués of the period, was almost as celebrated. It awed tourists by the thousand. But Rudyard Kipling, of all people, chose to dislike it. As he wrote in "From Sea to Sea":

They told me to go to the Palmer House, which is a gilded and mirrored rabbit-warren, and there I found a huge hall of tessellated marble, crammed with people talking about money and spitting about everywhere. A man who had drunk quite as much as was good for

Chicago: A Portrait

him told me that this was "the finest hotel in the finest city on God Almighty's earth."

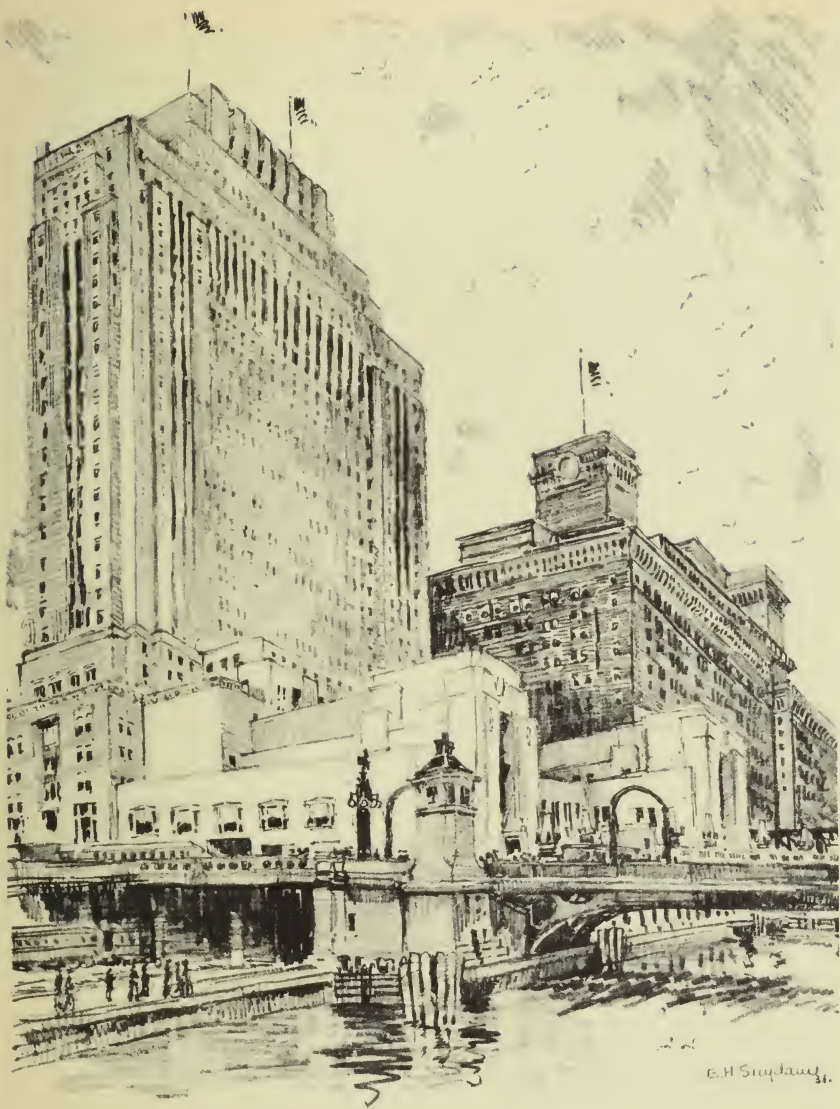
The "rabbit-warren" stood until late in 1920, becoming dimmed in glory, and then was supplanted, as an enterprise chiefly of Potter Palmer II, by the present Palmer House, modern, tall, and rich in the decoration preferred by designers of to-day.

3

But who brought the retail stores to State Street? Principally, it was Marshall Field, who at the age of thirty or thereabouts had been a partner of John V. Farwell, and then with Mr. Leiter had bought out Mr. Palmer.

That was in 1867. The next year, owing to Mr. Field's initiative, the store moved from Lake Street, the old retail center, to State and Washington streets, where it became a landmark. "Thick and thin" is a mild term for what the partners encountered during the first years. The greatest disaster was the fire of 1871, which on the Monday of those terrible three days ruined the store. The partners toiled valiantly to save their stock, Mr. Field overseeing the soaking of heavy blankets, which were hung over the windows. But the building was doomed, and the stock had to be hastily carted away. Business was resumed in another part of the city; but as soon as possible, back went the firm to State Street.

Mr. Field from the first attained a wide reputation, not only for his business management but also for his habit of knowing every employee by name and intimately. It is recorded that when leaving Chicago for more than a short



E. H. Snydery 31.

THE DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

time, he would go about in the store, shake hands with everybody, and say good-by. Later, this personal relationship was difficult if not impossible. Yet as late as the nineties it was well known that he gave minute attention to the business, and worked at it about as hard as anybody. He had his principal office in the wholesale building, where, it was written, "most of the time entrance was free to anyone having business with him." A plain roll-top desk, "a table, a chair or two, with a neat carpet, furnished this unpretentious office." At the desk sat "a man of rather spare figure and medium height . . . the face kindly, and the clear grey eyes, under bushy brows, keenly observant . . . the grey hair almost white."

Later, when hair and mustache were wholly white, Mr. Field's unobtrusiveness had left him far behind the parade of those who like to sit on platforms and make speeches. There were not many who could identify him on the street or who found "entrance to him free." But his name stood for the mighty commerce of Chicago, and for a stern honesty in business which made him a legend, even though he could no longer be a familiar of the ordinary man.

To State Street, in those sixties or seventies, came others who raised it to its eminence as the Street of Bazaars. There were two young Scotchmen, Sam Carson and J. T. Pirie, who with a couple of compatriots, George and Robert Scott, had their modest place on State Street as early as 1866. They had come into the big city from Amboy, Illinois, and had set up their retail business under the management of another Scotchman, Andrew MacLeish. Mr. MacLeish outlived all the original partners, and at a great age, clear up to the glittering 1920's, still went to his office.

Chicago: A Portrait

There were the Mandel brothers, Leon, Simon, and Emanuel, who had their dry-goods-and-notions store in 1865, and who blossomed out as wholesale and retail dry-goods merchants on State Street—but south of the present location—less than five years later. Good business men, lovers of art and charitable, the brothers carried on, well into the new century, and “their sons entered into their labors.”

There were other State Street figures who rose through the years, remained or moved on. Harry G. Selfridge, starting as a boy with Field, Leiter & Company in 1879, became a partner and the urbane and vigorous retail manager, then in 1904 bought out Schlesinger & Mayer, only to remove to London in 1906 and find new success. When he gave up his State Street corner, Carson Pirie Scott & Co. left the old Gossage Building (adorned with two lion figures at the entrance), and took the building where one can study, to this day, ornamental ironwork put there by Louis Sullivan years ago.

E. J. Lehmann, an errand-boy at first, then a traveling merchant, started his Fair, only three stories high, on Dearborn Street; later it built through to State and grew much taller. Henry C. Lytton, who as he often remembered, did his first work for fifty cents a week, and saved on it, established his Hub, and earned a reputation through ice- and coal-funds for the poor, and through his profit-sharing policy. Henry Siegel and Frank Cooper joined in their mammoth enterprise at the lower end of the shopping mile, and prospered for years, though Siegel died in virtual poverty. Charles Netcher (he and Edward Hillman were once cash-boys together) organized his Boston Store busi-

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

ness, which grew from State Street to Dearborn and passed to the ownership of an able woman, Mr. Netcher's widow.

Other notable figures took part in building up the great array of department-stores or swagger shops. The Street of Bazaars acquired buildings as unique as the Columbus Memorial, with its Venetian mosaics and its inevitable statue of the Discoverer. There came busy merchandizers of all sorts, street lights "as bright as day," displays everywhere like liqueur to the ladies. And the north part became illumined by the electric displays of huge movie theaters.

4

At that north end, in 1901 or thereabouts, wreckers laid hands upon a building in whose stones nearly every old-timer felt he had almost a proprietary interest. It was Central Music Hall. "Field's" had bought the corner, to complete its square of retail bazaar.

The Music Hall, scene since 1879 of concerts, lectures, church services, and indignation meetings, was the enterprise of a young enthusiast named George Benedict Carpenter. It was not a music-hall in the London sense. It was highbrow. Patti sang there; Paderewski gave recitals when a young man, David Swing preached, the Stoddard lectures drew travel-hungry audiences. On that stage James Russell Lowell, toward the end of his life, read his poems to a select audience; and on it Henry Ward Beecher once fell in a faint. From the rostrum, city grafters were denounced in words that echoed far and long. A good while before the building was razed, its promoter had died, and the Audi-

Chicago: A Portrait

torium and other halls had taken away some of its luster.

While Central Music Hall still stood there, at the southeast corner of State and Randolph streets, workmen began tearing apart buildings across the street, to make way for an excavation of tremendous size. Soon there were laid down the rafts of cement and rails which John Root had invented, and steel columns, then astounding in number and height, began to rise.

This new wonder, the Masonic Temple, was as unbelievable as the Auditorium. It went up to twenty-one stories! "Exceeds the fancy of the early caricaturists," cried a writer of the period, who continued:

It is related that the Indian chief Chicagou went to see the king of France and returned to the Illinois tribe. He said he saw in Paris five tepees one above the other; but his leading braves said no, he had not seen it, and Chief Chicagou concluded the evil spirits had played upon his sense. Today, in the city of old Chief Chicagou, are twenty-one tepees thus pitched one over the other.

Everything about the building made the city burst with pride, and gave country visitors kinks in their necks. It had a rotunda with a skylight three hundred feet up. It had hot and cold water in every room! "From every one of the sixteen lower stories letters may be mailed by chute!" read the blurb of the day. The fourteen passenger elevators were so speedy that a guide-book warned:

In going up in an elevator it is necessary, as at Paris in the Eiffel Tower, that passengers stand quietly, leaning against the side of the car if they feel the need of support. Exit and ingress should be made quickly, and after careful examination to ascertain that the car has stopped.

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

Despite the danger, about seventy-two thousand people went up in those elevators in October, 1892, when the dedication parade of the World's Fair swept down State Street. Later, the Masonic Temple—so-called because built by the Masonic orders, with Norman T. Gassette as the financial genius—became subject of legend, of vaudeville jokes, of sermons. It was the most noted building in town. More than once, in a police court, came a colloquy:

"What's the charge against these men, officer?"

"They took money off this farmer here, your honor; told him they were selling him the Masonic Temple. An' they said, for five dollars more they'd make it turn around."

5

The once-tallest building, renamed the Capitol, still overlooks the busy east-and-west thoroughfare, Randolph Street, which is a rare combination of the old and new in landmarks. One does not need an overlong memory to recall when it had such important theaters as Hooley's, the Schiller, and, later on, the Iroquois—the last-named most beautiful and unfortunate of all. There, in a presumably safe, modern house more than five hundred people lost their lives in the fire of December 30, 1903. The tragedy laid darkness upon theater-land, and led to reforming of exits, stage-protection, and other amusement-house construction throughout the city. Reestablished as the Colonial, it gave way finally to a great Masonic building, within whose walls a movie temple blazed forgetfulness of tragedy.

Hooley's, later Powers', vanished when the Hotel Sherman (No. 3) grew ambitious to extend westward. The creation of Richard Hooley antedated the Great Fire, but

Chicago: A Portrait

at first was on Clark Street, on the site later occupied by the Grand Opera House. The building which stood so long on Randolph Street was opened in 1872 with the famous and daring "Black Crook." Augustin Daly, Daniel Frohman, and others took their companies to Hooley's; E. S. Willard was one of the stars who appeared; so was Coquelin. Harry Powers, veteran manager, began at Hooley's as usher and finally owned it and named it after himself. While still in his twenties, and impressionable, he saw one day a "vision" enter the lobby, and ever after was inclined to say, "She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw." It was Lily Langtry.

Though known even then as the Rialto, Randolph Street never had a monopoly of theater life. There was McVicker's on Madison Street. Four successive McVicker's theaters were built on that one site. The veteran James H. could not be discouraged by hard times or by fire; as late as 1890 his building was destroyed, and he rebuilt. Other famous theaters were the Chicago Opera House, David Henderson's extravaganza house; the Columbia, opened in 1885 during a run of Irving and Terry; the Alhambra, a very handsome house on lower State Street which sank with the depression of that district; on the North Side the old Criterion; on the West Side the Haymarket and the Academy of Music. . . . There was also Sam. T. Jack's, which young fellows of good families visited clandestinely, if at all.

The Haymarket, now a burlesque house in the heart of the lodging-house district, was built by Will J. Davis as a first-class theater; indeed, it opened with Thomas Keene in "Richard III." It was Davis also who owned the Columbia and, after it burned in 1900, put up the Illinois

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

in company with Powers. The Iroquois disaster brought woe to Davis. That sweet-natured showman, who had begun on the road with Haverly's minstrels, seemed to age rapidly; and on a night in 1914 an audience in the Illinois rose to its feet and sang "Auld Lang Syne" for him. He was retiring. New enterprises, new operations of syndicates were on the way, bringing playhouses of modern pattern to the Loop, furnishing unfamiliar settings for old-time players who kept coming: Maude Adams, Sothorn and Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, long the lion of Chicago society. Days when Irving and Mansfield outshone the footlights began to be forgotten.

Then arrived a new city, a new generation, a new Rialto, much of it glittering more with the rippling signs of movies than with the plain announcements of great names. And there came a time, too, when it was difficult to say with conviction, as did a critic of thirty years ago: "Chicago is a dramatic center of the first rank. . . . The stamp of Chicago approval insures the success of a drama, comedy or burlesque throughout the country."

6

As one strolls the streets of the Loop, he recognizes the names of Presidents and early statesmen. He is not surprised to find Franklin prominent, but he is puzzled because Randolph, in the order from north to south, precedes Washington. The reason is that the town surveyor of 1830, James Thompson, was not concerned about Presidents and precedence, but about honoring southern Illinois counties. He came from Kaskaskia, in Randolph County, and local pride made him put the name of his county (and thus

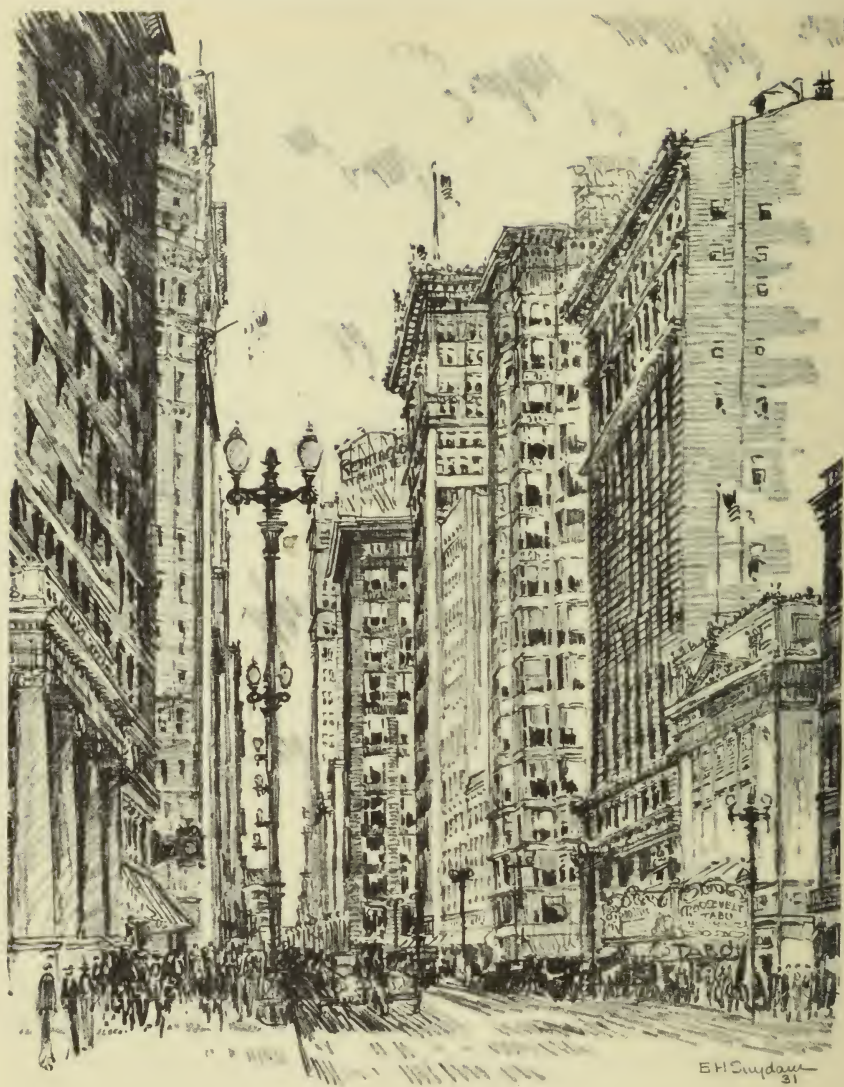
Chicago: A Portrait

of the Roanoke statesman) first after Lake Street. Then came Washington and Madison, counties adjacent to Randolph. The later street-namers added Adams after Monroe, thus doing the best they could, it seemed, for the second President. And to Andrew Jackson, whom they admired, they could give no better than sixth place. As for Jefferson, the Kaskaskia surveyor had already given that county—and President—a good position as the western line of the primitive town.

But John Quincy Adams had preceded Jackson. What of him? The town-mappers at first gave him no street at all. How there came to be that Quincy Street which runs for a few blocks, broken by the grandiose dome of the Federal Building, seems to be established by the testimony of Mrs. Joseph T. Ward, in "Chicago Yesterdays." She tells how her parents bought in 1841 a hundred-foot tract on Jackson Street between State and Dearborn; the latter then ran through only to Monroe. What is now Quincy Street was at that time, about a decade after the Presidents were put on the map, "a narrow lane called Printer's Alley."

"My mother declared," Mrs. Ward writes, "if she had to live way out there, she did not wish to turn her back on the town. So for her benefit the lane was widened to a street, and, having a great admiration for John Quincy Adams, she named it Quincy street."

Mrs. Ward revealed another quaint circumstance. There was "a little muddy stream" running from Quincy to Jackson. Cat-tails and blue flags grew in it. When, a long time afterward, a large office building was erected there, the



E.H. Snyder
31

STATE STREET

Street of Bazaars; The "Loop"

builders had to put in a small aqueduct to accommodate this creek before they could establish foundations.

Equally reminiscent of pastoral days is an alley running out of Monroe Street, with brass doors at the entrance, which was once a lane leading to a cow pasture. The will of the pioneer who owned the cow provided that the strip of land be kept forever open; and urban pressure has not broken down that stubborn clause.

7

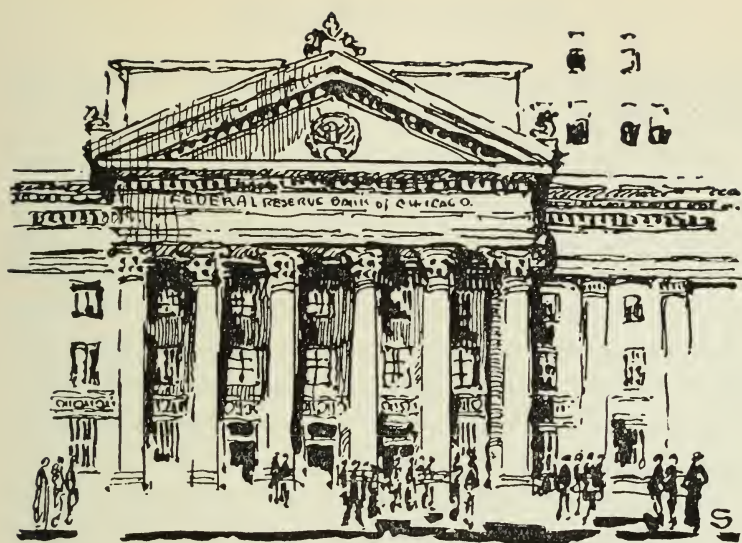
Each Loop street has an individuality; each has its own colors, odors, and musical motifs. There is a blind man—not the lonesome one of State Street—who stumps about amid the hurly-burly, and who insists that, though sightless, he can *feel* which street he is pursuing. Any experienced Chicagoan with eyesight can do as well, by a glance. Randolph he can tell by the tangle of Rialto signs and the shadow of the antique Masonic Temple. Washington is marked by the lofty needle-like spire of the Chicago Temple, wherein the Methodist Church, on a site many decades old, combines religious ceremonies with rental of office space. Madison is a combination of everything—tall hotels, restaurants, shops of varied size and antiquity, and, toward the river, rows of funny little places like transplantations from a country town.

Clark Street, where gambling-houses and pawnshops used to flourish, has become dignified, like Monroe and Adams, with huge banks and other business giants. Jackson is a busy boulevard, which flees by the tremendous Monadnock Block, a Burnham creation named for a New Hamp-

Chicago: A Portrait

shire mountain, passes the Federal Building and the new Union League Club, and, at La Salle, flows at the foot of a sky-scraper which overtops all.

That institution, haughtily peering down upon other towers, or upon dusty landmarks of earlier years, with their lacework of stairway fire-escapes, will swallow a chapter.



Chapter VI

AT THE SIGN OF CERES

I

NO PART of Chicago has been more completely transformed by powerful scene-shifters than La Salle Street.

There exist photographs, taken from the court-house in 1858, which show a badly paved thoroughfare, bordered by humble mercantile houses and a few homesteads, with trees. The Great Fire wiped out everything that stood there. In the frenzy of rebuilding, there went up structures deemed important—indeed, permanent—Jackson Hall, which John Wentworth erected as the Auditorium of his day; the Chamber of Commerce, soon succeeded by another; a little later, the Tacoma, William Holabird's all-steel pioneer; the Woman's Temple, monument of the W.C.T.U.; the

Chicago: A Portrait

Home Insurance, in which Jenney developed "Chicago construction." Also, and not least, rose the Rookery.

Nearly all of these buildings were gone by 1930. Since the Great Fire, two successive city halls, twinned with county buildings, had gone up on court-house square. And with the third decade of the twentieth century the ambition to scrape the sky had made La Salle Street another deep and jagged chasm; the movement of the financial center had made La Salle a street of banks. Not more than three banks stood there forty years ago. Their names are no longer found.

The Sieur de La Salle passed the foot of the street, long ago, his canoe brushing the reeds that grew there in the shallow river. Like Joliet, he could prophesy a waterway that would join Lake Michigan and the Mississippi; but to foresee mighty steel vaults, and banking rooms as large as the Palais Royal, and whole floors given to investment houses, and tickers coiling out tape, and nicely engraved sheets of paper called bonds—that was too much for the noble La Salle.

2

At the lower end of La Salle's own street is that pile of granite and limestone, strung on steel columns to a height of forty-five stories and topped by the Roman goddess Ceres, which contains one of the vital organs of the central West, the Board of Trade.

It gives us something of a picture of the path architecture has traveled to contrast this product of 1929-30 with its predecessor, the Board of Trade building erected in 1882-85. That structure, which inspired luscious adjectives

At the Sign of Ceres

of the period, rose to nine stories, and was topped with a tower whose weather-vane, the figure of a lake schooner fifteen feet long, was three hundred and twenty-two feet above the sidewalk. The Ceres, "without a face," which John Storrs designed for the new building, is six hundred and five feet above ground-level. She does not turn in the wind, but her body, thirty feet tall, not counting her pedestal, can resist a wind-pressure of a hundred miles an hour.

In the tower of the old building was one of the first modernized town clocks Chicago ever acquired, striking the hours on a bell that weighed two tons. Both tower and clock were removed years before the building itself was razed. The new structure tells the time by means of a clock thirteen feet in diameter, facing La Salle Street at about the height of the fourth story. On one side of this bronze-and-glass machine is a figure of Osiris, and on the other an American Indian.

The old building had four elevators, which, when pressed, could make seven hundred trips a day to the tower, from which, as the writers of the nineties were so prone to say, a magnificent view of the city could be had. In the new Board of Trade there are twenty-three elevators, whose greatest speed—that of the cars to the tower—is one thousand feet a minute. The trading-room of the proud structure opened in 1885 was eighty feet high, and adorned with murals of old-fashioned style and art-glass windows symbolic of different continents. The new trading-room is lower but bigger. Its chief art feature is John Norton's heroic mural symbolizing agriculture. Whereas it was said that the old building "would look far larger than it does if it were not surrounded by ten-story buildings," the new one

Chicago: A Portrait

not only has nothing to fear from competitors of that height but so far has no rival at all in its immediate vicinity.

One more interesting contrast has to do with the accomplishment of the second generation of Chicago architects. The new Board of Trade was designed by the firm headed by John A. Holabird, whose father designed the pioneer Tacoma, and by John W. Root. The latter's father was architect of a structure a block north of the Board of Trade, the Rookery, which stands to-day. That eleven-story creation of the year 1884 had original features, such as its six hundred offices that surrounded (and still surround) a court, and its elevators which, for the first time in Chicago's history, ran "express" to upper floors.

And whence was the curious name, the Rookery, derived? History has an answer, seemingly authentic. Be it known that before the Great Fire—indeed, after that—there stood on this corner of La Salle and Adams streets a large iron water-tank. Burned out, the city government moved to that corner, and built next to the enduring tank a hasty city hall, incidentally putting the books of the public library *in the tank*.

During occupancy by the city departments, including the offices of Mayor Medill and the fire marshal, battalion chiefs used to park their buggies alongside the hall, and supply their horses with nose-bags full of oats. In due time this form of manna was discovered by pigeon scouts, strays from cotes not far away. More pigeons came, and more, until one day an irritable citizen—and many were irritable just after the fire—walked into Mayor Medill's office and complained:

"Joe, what about those flocks of nasty birds, those

At the Sign of Ceres

pigeons? Honest, Joe, this place is getting to be a regular rookery."

The name stuck to the old building. It was adopted for the "sky-scraper" erected by Burnham & Root. And it could almost as well have been applied to the old Board of Trade building, around which would gather flocks of the strutting birds, lured by waste bits of grain. Their children and grandchildren carry on, a quaint feature of the Chicago scene.

3

In the average Board of Trade man there is a heartiness, a boyishness, and a strength of fiber, combined with a certain simplicity and candor, more marked than in many other types. He has sentiment, too, this trader in the gifts of Ceres, this expert in weather, harvests, and bills of lading. He can remember great days. His heroes do not quit his memory.

Those heroes themselves have been men physically memorable, men who never put on airs, who had easy manners with fellow-traders, who fought fiercely, but told good stories afterward. The ghosts of some of them haunted the dusty rays that pierced the old stained-glass windows in the trading-room. They haunted the passage, always full of gabbling men, between the Board and the office building directly south.

The old-timer, casting an eye over the old pit, would imagine that he still could see sitting in a kitchen chair, on the most crowded part of the floor, B. P. Hutchinson, he who acquired the nickname, half scornful and half affectionate, of "Old Hutch." Gaunt and hawk-nosed,

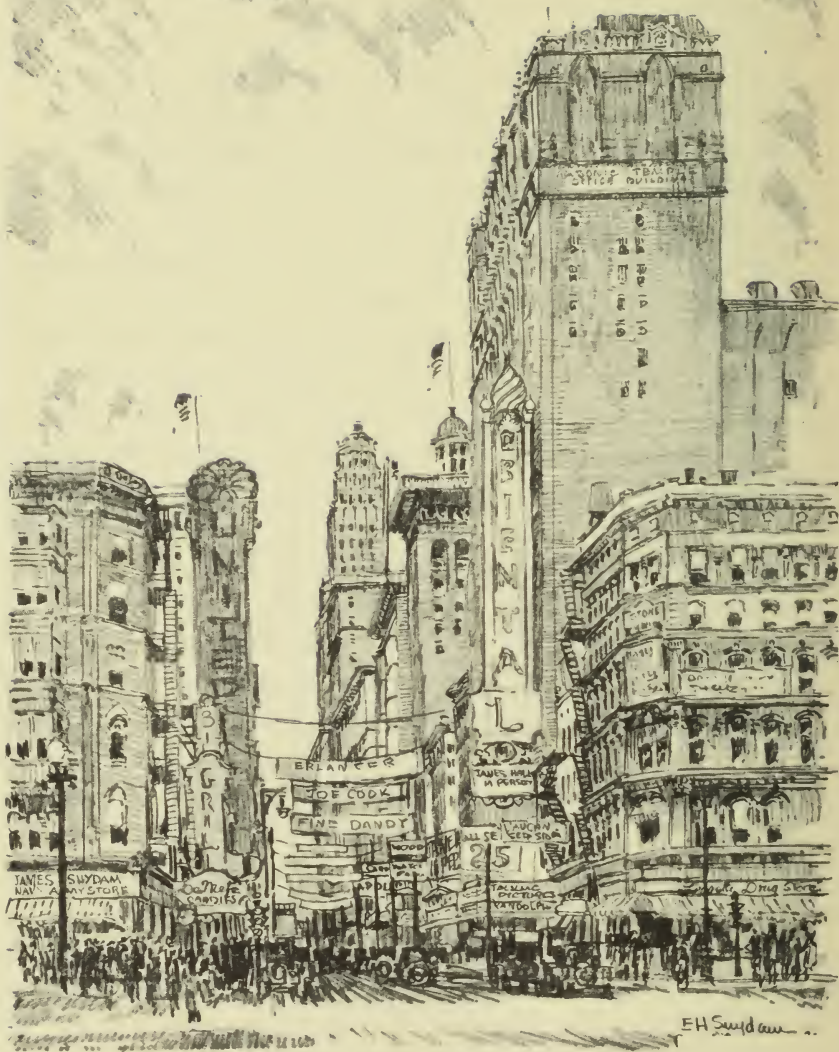
Chicago: A Portrait

arrayed in stiff black, and swinging a foot clad in a Congress boot, this trader, banker, and packer of the eighties can never cease to be a figure of legend.

There sat his ghost, among the cobwebs, when wreckers attacked the stones of the building in December, 1928. It could be fancied that he was after another killing, sending in account-cards, while orders piled up and messengers scurried around him; cool and proud, "for all the world," as Isaac Marcosson once wrote, "like a girl at a dance sending out her dance card to be filled."

Marcosson included in that article a story of how Old Hutch, who frequented the now defunct Century Club, would often do the marketing and even the cooking there, how he would think out complex deals while stirring the soup. And the story is not forgotten of the way the raw-boned trader once discomfited his wife by inviting a lot of workingmen to dine at his home, on the very same evening when she had staged a dinner for people of society rank. The workingmen's feast was held, it is related, in one part of the house, while the people in evening clothes dined, rather uneasily, in another.

But the trader of old days remembers most accurately, of course, Hutchinson's corner in wheat, in 1888. There he sat, controlling prices with a nod of the head; master, in effect, of the visible supply. The newspaper word "pandemonium" was for once appropriate. And it was not only there, at the foot of La Salle Street, but in remote capitals of trade, at the other end of the cable, that there were shouts of rage and despair. For, as the pulse beat in Chicago, the electro-cardiographs of marts in a dozen countries registered. Head-lines screamed, "Dollar wheat!" Then,



THE RIALTO; THE OLD MASONIC TEMPLE

At the Sign of Ceres

"Two dollar wheat!" No such prices seen since 1869. Such a string of failures! Such a drama of hurrying freight-trains and frantic commission men. Such an avalanche of dollars for Old Hutch. . . . And then the decline of his vigor; his last days as a tottering has-been; his death amid a chorus of "I remember the day when . . ."

Also among the ghosts of the old pit was the portly and formidable figure of Philip D. Armour, "with his two tufts of gray whiskers in front of his ears, his hat pulled down over the ears themselves." A greater builder and dreamer than Hutchinson; a trader of a different era, and a man of majestic interests, both on the Board and "in the Yards," who fought stubbornly and with all his might to protect his vast financial structure.

How Armour checked the exploits of Joseph Leiter in 1897-98 when that millionaire youth undertook a corner, is a story to which nothing can now be added. But for a while those tufts of gray whisker over the Armour ears must have quivered. He, the veteran and the strategist, caught short in the deal of young Joe. And in December of 1897 the pit itself shook with rumor after rumor, then with the Homeric story of Armour's vessels, fighting their way behind ice-breakers at the "Soo," sailing through the bergs at the strait, and at length managing the tough winter voyage down Lake Michigan with two million bushels of wheat to save Armour's millions, and his face. . . . The tall, good-humored Joe, target of attack and of Board discipline, was a brief figure in the panorama of the old building. His collapse as a trader was so complete that he became a warning rather than a heroic tradition.

Most distinctly would grain-men of a later decade re-

Chicago: A Portrait

member James A. Patten, his burly form, his broad smile, his terse words. They would remember how his jaws, working perpetually on chewing-gum, would move leisurely when things were quiet, rapidly when he was about to strike. He was "Jim" to nearly everybody; he was the kind whom office boys and Western Union messengers adored. But there was dignity both in his person and in his ideas. He uttered this definition, and stuck to it: "A gambler is a man who creates the unimportant risks he assumes. A speculator is a man who assumes risks that already exist." Through the years when he was making enormous deals that acquired the reputation of being corners, he was saying, "I simply trade according to my best judgment." And after he retired from the market, having, as some insisted, cornered at one time or another all four markets, of wheat, oats, corn, and cotton, his version of those deals was perfectly consistent; which did not save him from being hissed and even having missiles thrown at him during a visit to Manchester, England.

In retrospect, opinion more and more inclined to confirm his claims that he traded with rare foresight of natural conditions, and his deals were consistent with laws of supply and demand. However they felt, the men of the pit, hearing of his death in December, 1928 (it happened to be the next day after the razing of the old building began), were at one in regret that "Jim Patten is gone."

4

An idea, developed through decades of sensational print, that the Board of Trade is a scene of uproar and melodrama, no doubt draws many visitors thither. Some think of it as a sort of Monte Carlo. The truth is, the Board is an

At the Sign of Ceres

institution under strict regulation, applied both from within and from without. Corners were made virtually impossible, years ago. Bucket-shops, which once surrounded the mart just as con men used to haunt the near-by railroad stations, were driven out of business after years of struggle. Inspection of grain was developed by the Board and then taken up by the State. And more recently, the Government, through its Grain Futures Administration, posted a watch on the market. Uncle Sam not only watches but, according to some observers, is often so severe and so prone to elaborate investigations that trading is reduced and the merry traders feel they wear shackles.

It is not the apparent bedlam of the pits, nor the thought of a warfare of the giants, that now should kindle the imagination of the visitor. He will, it is true, hear a mighty drone of voices in the trading-room, with its simple, dignified lines and its resplendent ceiling light; but what he hears will be simply the voices of cool-headed men, doing their own kind of business in their own way—in stentorian tones and with a curious sign-language of the hands. The romance has to be inferred from the broad blackboards on three walls, with their array of symbols; from the row of telephone booths, in and out of which brokers hurry; from the telegraph instruments ranged on a parade of desks and private-wire stands. The visitor will be told, as it is described in official publications, that beneath this floor

are hidden over 2,700 miles of telephone and telegraph wires, while from it run direct wires to scores of offices throughout the building and the city, to all the other exchanges of the world and to 540 cities from coast to coast—over 150,000 miles of private wire in all.

Chicago: A Portrait

Comprehending this, the visitor can picture an infinite number of messages flashing back and forth between this center and marts thousand of miles distant; he can think of an army of farmers sitting by their radio sets, listening to the day's quotations; he can imagine, too, the shadowy bulk of grain elevators out in the country, standing along miles and miles of railroad track, and wagons or auto-trucks unloading there, and long freight-trains speeding—no longer crawling—to the metropolis.

This is the outgrowth of more than eighty years of work to provide a market for the fruits of the fields lying tributary to Chicago.

5

The huge window-stippled shaft, the Board of Trade building, is like a Mont Blanc that closes a mountain-pass. The pass is La Salle Street. Roland's horn would sound like a penny whistle in that cañon.

Where the Board of Trade faces the crowds, there stands toward the left the austere building of the Federal Reserve Bank. Toward the right rises the sky-scraper of the Continental Illinois Bank, occupied by that institution after the Illinois Merchants Trust Company married the Continental.

The story of the square that included that corner illustrates the evolution of downtown real estate in Chicago. At the outset, Governor Reynolds of Illinois, anxious to get money out of school lands, sold the tract to P. F. W. Peck for \$381. Mr. Peck used it for a pasture, keeping but a single cow, it is said. In 1836 he sold the land again for \$750; but bought it back in 1839. By that time values had so increased that Mr. Peck was forced to pay \$8,250; but

At the Sign of Ceres

he could well afford it. At a later period, which must have been a good while after Mr. Peck built the home where Ferdinand the Auditorium-builder was born, came Dr. John Evans to purchase, for \$3,500, all the land Peck was willing to let go. And Dr. Evans, who was one of the founders of Northwestern University, deeded the property to that new institution.

The university, instead of selling, like so many owners who missed fortune, held on. After a while the Grand Pacific Hotel went up on the leasehold. A great hotel it was under the management of John B. ("Game Dinners") Drake. It had glories that rivaled those of the Palmer House, and a bar that gained fame even in Europe. When it was finally pulled down, there was erected in its place a pearl of a bank building, the beautiful Illinois Trust & Savings, sitting low under the Rookery. This bank building surrendered in due time to the present taller and more lucrative structure, on the site of Peck's cow pasture—part of which, by the way, is now valued at about \$15,000 a front foot.

In the old building, then in the new, presided the kindly, calm, yet indomitable John J. Mitchell. He had pursued his unobtrusive way with a single institution, from messenger to chairman. Before his death in an automobile accident in 1927, he had come to be dominant in or an adviser in interests valued at more than \$1,600,000,000. He was a hero to his private secretary, and in a crisis was the coolest man in the bank.

Many such crises, of the last forty years alone, had he seen, in common with his close friends James B. Forgan, Ernest A. Hamill, Orson Smith, and others. It was during one of those very panics, the one of 1893, that the Illinois

Chicago: A Portrait

Trust & Savings signed contracts for the building which once stood there at the northeast corner of La Salle Street and Jackson Boulevard. It was that group, whose names were magic, Mitchell, Forgan, Smith, and Hamill, who had to cope with the desperate situation caused by the collapse of the banking interests of John R. Walsh—he who started life with the ambition to own a bank, a newspaper, and a railroad, and achieved that ambition entire, only to lose all.

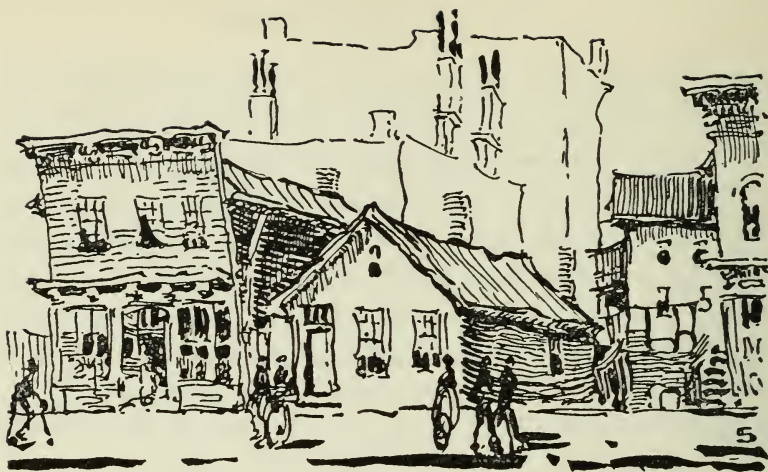
Again, in 1907, when financial storms came, it was to Mitchell, Forgan, or Byron L. Smith, that many men turned to find strength and serenity; though by that time new blood was coming into La Salle Street. The period which saw the rise of E. D. Hulbert, the Reynolds brothers, Frederick Haskell, Frank Wetmore, the Dawes family, Joseph E. Otis, and later Melvin A. Traylor (to mention but a few) had come on. The greater part of them lived to see the resources of the institutions grouped generally as downtown banks amount to \$3,000,000,000, while the stock exchange, in the same period, was coming to list securities worth \$11,000,000,000 or more. Many of the group lived also to see the sagging values of 1930, and a new banking problem of tremendous difficulty.

In a banker's great roomy office, with its dark wood paneling and dignified fireplace, a dozen or more men sat about a table on a June night of 1931. The faces were grave and weary. Those men, the chief bankers of the city, were wrestling with the fate of another bank, which was crumbling. History was working out one of its painful repetitions. Some of the men present had been through many an earlier crisis; though then they were younger and sleeplessness did not render them so haggard. Others of the group faced for the first

At the Sign of Ceres

time the question of taking over or reorganizing a huge bank that could not go on.

The same calm, the same intense thought, that the Chicago bankers had always shown in a pinch, reigned that June night. When they rose, ready to face a shocked public on a blue Monday, their plans were made and they knew that actual disaster could be avoided. But by that time gray light was beginning to touch the pinnacle of the Board of Trade tower, and Ceres, she without a face, was peering impassively into the cañon of finance.

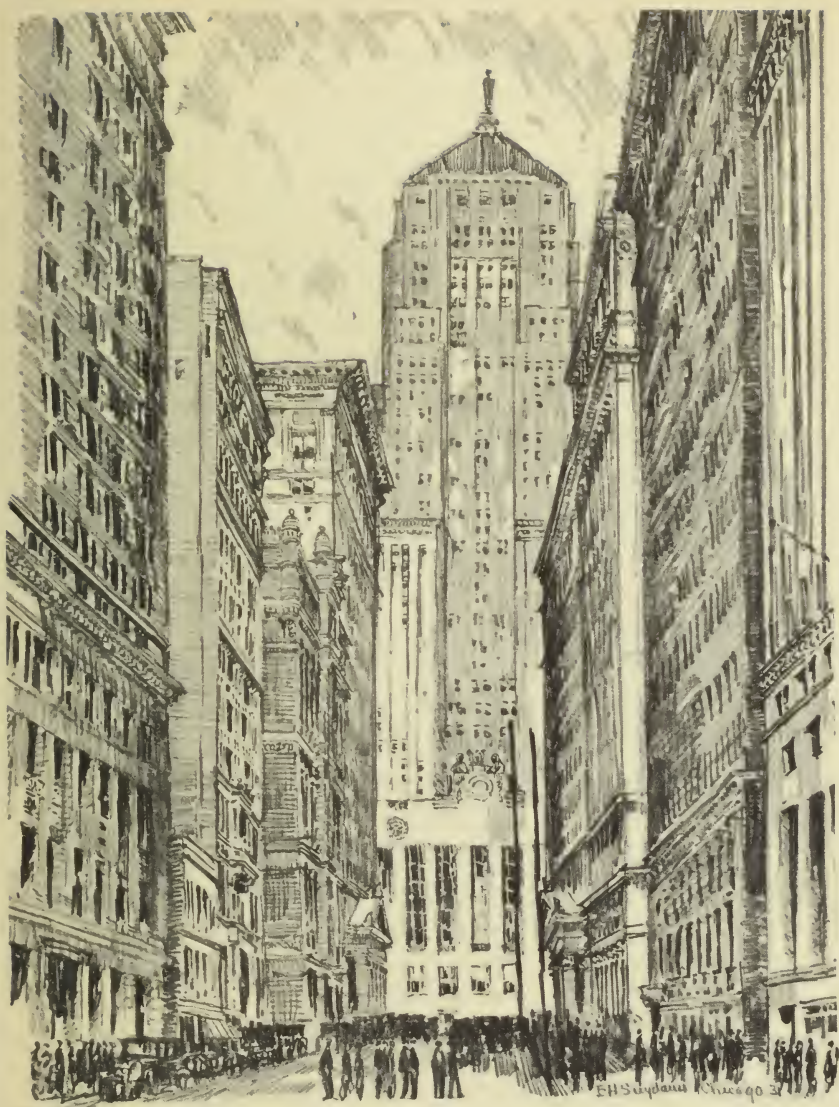


Chapter VII

HABITAT OF A DARK RACE

I

BEHIND the Board of Trade the elevated trains glide with a soft thunder along Van Buren Street, which is no show place of Chicago. There are glimpses, southward, of avenues which have little glitter, yet which are at least safe. Their names used to be symbols of wickedness; South Clark and South Dearborn stood for vice in its worst forms. So did Pacific Avenue (now part of La Salle Street) which up to the late seventies or thereabouts was called "Biler Avenue," because of the steaming locomotives passing to and from the old station of the Rock Island and Lake Shore railroads. Quite as unsavory were Third and Fourth avenues, which, to help wipe out the past, were rechristened as Federal Street and Plymouth Court. On the latter, when it was at its worst, there existed, as one old-timer recalls, a publica-



LA SALLE STREET: CAÑON OF WEALTH

Habitat of a Dark Race

tion called "The Religio-Philosophical Journal." Hoodlums of the quarter, perhaps out of mere scorn of culture, murdered the editor at his desk.

All through the eighties and until near the end of the century, that region was a welter of bagnios, saloons, and thieves' dens in crumbling houses. From their doors came harpies and robbers who made life perilous in the region of railroad stations. This dreadful strip of city gradually widened, creeping southward, growing, prospering on political protection. In the midst of it stood the Old Armory police station, with its huge squad room and iron stove, and its foul cells. Those officers of bad old days—days, however, of frank, knock-down battles, rather than ambushes—often used to make raids from which they returned on stretchers.

The section nearest the Loop was at length cleaned out, and business occupied it. The Levee, part of which was called Cheyenne, to the great disgust of that city, moved continually southward. Streets once charming fell into disrepute and squalor. And into the rickety or smeared buildings deserted by those who could get away, there came, year by year, more members of a race happy to get any foothold in this exciting Northern city, this center of prosperity.

And so the "Black Belt" had its origin.

2

Chicago is used to it now. Only on rare occasions does the presence in the city of more than two hundred thousand negroes excite the "average man" to alarm or to brooding over the outcome of the problem. To people quite without race prejudice or fear it is apparent that

Chicago: A Portrait

the citizenship of these colored people completes the picturesqueness, the race pattern of the city.

Down through the long flat reaches of the South Side run a number of thoroughfares, such as State Street, Wabash Avenue, Michigan Avenue, and South Parkway, formerly Grand Boulevard. Past the kitchen windows of second-story apartments winds the South Side Elevated Railroad, once graphically called the "Alley L." And there is a very long and busy street, south-bound but with an occasional departure from line, called Cottage Grove Avenue, a name that wistfully suggests a rural history. For many blocks these streets are the homes and promenades of black folk, almost to a man.

South Parkway is the place to go to for a hurried view of the negro settlement in casual, open-air mood. It presents also a scene most sharply revealing what the migration of a race has brought about within twenty-five years. Up to recent times, the residents were largely white, and it was still possible to think of the boulevard as fashionable. A little earlier it was young, as metropolitan boulevards go, for in the first seventies it was quite undeveloped, and only with the prosperous eighties did it acquire its beauty of adornment and the brilliance of its parade, with polished carriages sweeping up and down its parallel drives, and horseback riders cantering along the equestrian paths. At one period, 1892 and before, it was less thickly settled than Prairie Avenue, though it had mansions set well back behind lawns and thick shrubs; but before long it became solidly built up with houses having handsome stone fronts, if not balconies and turrets. In the nineties it boasted residents such as Dr. Emil Hirsch, the famous rabbi, Thomas H. Wickes, directing vice-

Habitat of a Dark Race

president of the Pullman Company, Charles R. Crane, and Henry M. Shepard, appellate-court judge.

"This will become a Champs Elysées," predicted a booster publication. And it did, but it proves to be a Champs Elysées for the colored folk. In its dignified houses now dwell people of the race which at the half-way mark of Chicago's history was usually deemed too ignorant and too slothful ever to rise above the rank of menials. Instead of the vice-president of the Pullman Company, one may say, the Pullman porter now owns the domain. On wide porches of expensive masonry, and behind plate-glass windows dating back to Grand Boulevard's glory, sit aristocrats of the negro element. There is a huge stone church with a brave steeple where well-to-do people of Baptist faith used to listen to the noted minister Poindexter S. Henson; it is now occupied, and with improved attendance, by a negro congregation. On a conspicuous corner, where a flower garden grew for a white lady of distinction, there is a cinema house of epic size, built for Ethiopian patronage.

Up and down the broad walks moves a procession of people of that interesting race, leisurely and well-behaved, breaking out irrepressibly into touches of bizarre costume—a scarlet scarf, it may be, or a bright purple hat, or a lemon-colored top-coat. The pedestrians are of all shades of darkness, and all degrees of neatness or shabbiness. On the corners are apt to be seen pausing, gazing about with eyes half opened to the opportunities of their adopted city, new-comers from the South, families straight from little cabins in Mississippi or Alabama. Some still carry the bundles that contain all they own. They have reached the golden street; Grand Boulevard it still is, to them.

Chicago: A Portrait

In place of the victorias and broughams, in the track of the varnished coaches that used to career down this avenue, carrying well-dressed parties to the races at Washington Park, there is now a throng of automobiles. They are in all phases of newness and usage. The largest of them are full of negroes; and it would seem that more colored people than whites can be crammed into a seven-passenger car.

Half-way down this boulevard is Leonard Crunelle's piece of sculpture, a memorial to the negro dough-boy; and at the end stands a statue, not of Abraham Lincoln but of George Washington; a relic of Caucasian days.

3

Michigan Avenue, for about two miles south from Grant Park, is "automobile row"; then it runs into the Black Belt. It acquires the gilt sign-boards of negro insurance companies, funeral directors, religious organizations, rooming-houses, and chiropodists.

It also has a history as a tony street. Where now polished motor-cars stand on view behind plate-glass windows, there used to live such men as Ferdinand W. Peck, the Keep brothers, James H. McVicker, owner of the famous theaters, and H. H. Honoré, migrant from the West Side. A mile farther south were the imposing homes of Harlow N. Higginbotham, president of the 1893 World's Fair when it opened, Charles T. Yerkes, mogul of the traction lines, and Arthur Dixon, founder of the famous transfer company. Beyond lived people such as John Cudahy, the Libbys, George Middleton of the famous dime-museum firm of Kohl & Middleton, and Mrs. Conrad Seipp, widow of the brewer.



QUINCY STREET; THE FEDERAL BUILDING

Habitat of a Dark Race

Edward B. Butler, of Butler Brothers, lived at Thirty-fourth Street, as did Emanuel Mandel. Wealthy clothiers, including Marxes, Steins, Levis, and Harts, were among residents between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh; and near there J. Ogden Armour had built a mansion that well symbolized his immense birthright.

The senior Armour lived near by on Prairie Avenue, within a few blocks of the huge home of Marshall Field, and within four of the spot, marked by the brown-stone house of George M. Pullman, where the Fort Dearborn inhabitants were cut down in the 1812 massacre. The street was distinguished, too, as late as World's Fair time, by financiers and social leaders such as Norman B. Ream, Elbridge and Edson Keith, Sam Allerton of the Board of Trade and Stockyards, Byron L. Smith, Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham, Albert A. Sprague, A. C. Bartlett, and the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus. The pioneer railroad executive Marvin Hughitt was at Twenty-eighth Street, and at Thirtieth lived Herman H. Kohlsaat, the kind soul who made a fortune in the baking business and sank most of it in newspapers. At Number 1834 dwelt Fernando Jones. That amazing "old-timer" lived in Chicago almost continuously from 1835 to his death in 1911.

One by one, imposing names disappeared from the mail-boxes on Michigan and Prairie avenues. The latter, like fashionable Calumet Avenue, began to feel the encroachment of industry, seeking a place away from the high-priced locations at the business center. Big men or their descendants fled from the joint attack of factories and the negro flood, and went north of the river or into the suburbs. The Pullman house stood until five or six years ago, with

Chicago: A Portrait

its celebrated music-room still looking across railroad tracks to the lake. The lot is now a blank, while, isolated and scarcely noticed, at the end of Eighteenth Street the massacre monument, of no heroic size (donated by Mr. Pullman; designed by Carl Rohl-Smith), until recently thrust against the sky-line its figures of tarnished bronze.

Old Prairie Avenue is a street of ghosts and ghost-houses. A wind of desolation blows through it. Such of the old mansions as have not been taken over for offices or rooming-houses stand stoutly, brazening out old age and desertion, some with boarded windows, a few with shattered panes. Marshall Field's granary-like edifice, of red brick with mansard roof, under whose porte-cochère broughams used to arrive with a creak of harness, remains, with a haughty stare for neighbors; and the garden at one side is a barren yard. Farther down the street, a noted banker's old place, with magnificent doorway and stable, dominates another corner; it is still grand, though wearing, half-ashamed, the sign, "For lease, for commercial purposes." Near by was the home of the elder Armour. *

On upper window-ledges of some of the stone-fronts, the windows themselves plastered with "Furnished Rooms," are empty milk bottles. Sparrows cheep mournfully in dusty dooryards. Despite all, a very few of the old families cling to the street, north of a certain line. Farther south, the colored race is supreme.

* Members of the Armour family were ever loyal South Siders. Among other things they gave to the district was the Armour Institute, which "P. D." founded in 1893. His liberal contributions, followed by those of his son, J. Ogden Armour, continued during years when it grew to be a celebrated technology school. The institution has remained at Thirty-third Street, the original site, despite the great racial change on the South Side.

Habitat of a Dark Race

4

It is a waste of time to grow pensive or regretful over the transition of the old South Side. The African race has won it from the whites, amid a massacre of real-estate values, and is building its own institutions. It is the story, as well said by "Opportunity: a Journal of Negro Life," of the negro at his best and worst. "At his worst he is the unrestrained, uncultivated, awkward peasant. At his best he is the alert, ambitious, aggressive citizen."

The tremendous community lies there, seething with passions and ambitions of its own. It is a world situated fifteen minutes' ride from the illuminated towers, the proud streets and enormous hoards of the "white folks." Few Chicagoans understand or even study this darker world. It has newspapers of its own, whose head-lines shout events of which the rest of the Chicago press make nothing. It has a political point of view whole ages distant from what many civic idealists think it ought to have. These idealists are likely to consider the Black Belt a dumb, oppressed, and sheep-like region, politically corrupt because duped by political bosses. And duped it may have been, but at least one powerful element down there puts the case in this way:

Since Negroes have quite naturally preferred living in hell as equals to living in a Jim Crow heaven supervised by white folk, the so-called reformers have not found much comfort among Negroes. The so-called debased elements among the political powers offered the Negroes something concrete in the way of jobs and protection.

However they may be divided politically or in attitude toward the whites, the negroes are, one and all, patriotic Chicagoans. Their publications are filled with articles and

Chicago: A Portrait

pictures portraying the city's monuments and recalling its history. They make much of the fact that Chicago's first landowner, Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable, who dwelt in a little cabin on the river bank in the late eighteenth century, was a negro. They assert that a negro woman and child were among the victims of the 1812 massacre. Their publications relate that the Chicago Public Library had its nucleus in a reading-room opened over the barber shop of a colored man named Johnson. Then there is told this interesting tale of early days:

In 1837, when Chicago became a city, George White, a colored man, was elected official town crier. Judge [John D.] Caton testifies that White bought a white man who had been brought from Maryland and sold as a vagrant or vagabond. . . . Sheriff Lane referred to this incident as justification for the sale of Edwin Heathcock, a colored man, industrious, well-behaved, and a member of the Methodist church. . . . When Heathcock was offered for sale there were no bids; as the prisoner was about to be put back into prison, Mr. Ogden [presumably William B. Ogden, first mayor of the city] made a bid of 25 cents, and as no other bid was made Heathcock was sold to Mr. Ogden. Mr. Ogden then called to him and said, "Edwin, I have bought you; now go where you please."

Many stories also are told of John Jones, who fought at Springfield for revision of laws fettering the freedom of the blacks, who became a Cook County Commissioner in 1874 and a member of the school board. He was a friend of John Brown and Frederick Douglass and had a home which was a local headquarters for the underground railroad.

Reminders of that kind are kept constantly before the children and new-comers of the negro communities—for

Habitat of a Dark Race

there is more than one in Chicago. Their pride is stimulated, too, by mention that men of the race found a place among the county commissioners, among military commanders, and on the staff of the State's attorney. Best known in the last-named post was F. L. Barnett, husband of the noted speaker and social worker Ida Wells Barnett, who died recently. Edward H. Wright, E. H. Morris, and others, however they may appear in the light of party factionalism, represent increased prominence of the race. And Oscar de Priest, center of many a political storm, found his way into Congress and to White House functions.

5

Some observers, however, will be less impressed by these successes than by what the negro has done for himself in purse, in way of living, and in intellect. Many institutions that he has built match, relative to population, the very sky-scrapers.

This migrant from the plantation or the city "patch" has banks crammed, in normal times, with his savings and his investments. He has his own insurance companies, contracting builders, brokers, merchants, and real-estate dealers. His bank deposits, in prosperous years, ran well into the millions. His realty holdings were estimated in a recent period as worth several hundred million.

His churches have a membership, and an enthusiasm as well, that put white parishes in the shade. Olivet Baptist and Pilgrim Baptist have eighteen thousand on their rolls. There are scores of store-front and basement churches or missions, which draw largely from folk who keep up primitive Southern ways. In them is heard the singing and shout-

Chicago: A Portrait

ing, the passionate fervor of converts, the old-fashioned minister who knows everybody by name, the cries of "Lord, I want to be saved!"

In the large churches there is a decorum of ritual, a subduing of sermon and song, that is Northern and "white." But these large churches are old, and have grown staid. Quinn Chapel, Methodist, dates back to 1847, and Olivet Baptist to 1850. As the congregations grew, and the whites moved out, the negroes came to occupy, oddly enough, several temples erected by Jews and adorned in the pattern of synagogues. Visitors surprised by these transformations may be equally astonished to find strong Christian Scientist and Catholic groups aiding in the leavening of the Black Belt.

To this leaven, of course, a great contribution is made by the Y.M.C.A., whose building on Wabash Avenue was one of the first results of Julius Rosenwald's interest in the race. The Y.W.C.A. now has an even handsomer building on South Parkway. There has also been since 1916 a powerful social agency called the Chicago Urban League, with an executive board drawn from both races. It seeks, among many tasks, to widen employment opportunities, to arouse social work within the Black Belt and in other negro communities, and to promote educational and thrift programs. Considerable work is done on good housing, which got a forward push when Mr. Rosenwald built, in a crowded district, an array of model flats.

There are neighborhood clubs, which labor under difficulties to keep alleys clean, ashes and garbage collected, and waste paper picked up. They fight sometimes to clean out dens that are depraving good neighborhoods. One club

Habitat of a Dark Race

waged an amusing but very necessary battle, to prevent icemen from crying their wares before daylight.

There are women's clubs, united in a federation; there are associations of lawyers, doctors, and dentists; there is an art league, comprising painters and sculptors of repute, and there has been a negro in Art Week; there is an Old Settlers Club and a Native Born Club. The negro here, as everywhere, is a great organizer. But his activities tend toward the practical, the finding of jobs, the establishment of the race on a sound economic footing. And he calls New York's Harlem a place with its head in the clouds, while Harlem disdains Chicago's Black Belt as a locality of money-grubbers.

6

Here are fragments from a sketch by a negro writer, Barefield Gordon:

Four-thirty a.m. Snow storms through smoky mists of winter Chicago. . . . On Dearborn street, south of 51st, frozen panes resist small whirl-winds of snow and the grey light of morning. Inside, a black body rises from an army cot. Black and brown babies under dirty quilts lie as they were left the night before. . . . He pours coffee down his throat; guzzles sausages. His heavy brown wife gives him his coat, slams the door behind him, with the weight of her shoulders. . . . Through the snow he moves northward toward 51st street. His mind shifts to the soft winters of the South. The shops are all closed, the windows heavy with frost crystals. He passes the drug store, the Jewish millinery store, and a drab figure calling "taxi!" . . . Upstairs now, two at a time, to the platform of the Elevated. Under his dirty coat ripple black shoulders which all day long will push the iron wheels of trains. Two foreigners stand near by; a chauffeur leans against a post, his uniform immaculate. . . .

Chicago: A Portrait

The elevated train creeps up, swallows the workers, darts swiftly away. . . .

An employment bureau at 35th and South Parkway. Heavily-built men and fat women; one man with black furrowed face and heavy jaw, stubborn as the sod of Mississippi. Profile of a woman with big eyes, sensitive features, superior demeanor, acquired from being with aristocratic southern families. Young man with huge swarthy brown hands, long arms hanging inertly. They sit all day talking, talking. . . . In other employment bureaus, in the loop, out at the stock-yards, other hundreds waiting, hoping. . . .

Luncheon on the Boulevard: Refined features of a cream-brown hostess set off nicely by white linen and good silver. About her are white and colored matrons, holding intelligent conversation on inter-racial questions. . . . An artist or two, proteges of this group. . . . Talk of Paul Green, Dubose Heyward and their new plays. Talk of sociological interpretation of Negro art. . . .

Eighth Regiment Armory. . . . Double-quick file of Household of Hannah practicing drill work. Left-right. Swish-swish; stomp-stomp. They'll be the winners in the yearly competition or know the reason why. Come on, ladies, strut your stuff. . . . Dresses of satin, gingham, and velvet; run-down patent-leather pumps; faces and arms of ebony, brown, tan, yellow, cream. Amazons on parade. . . . But see them not as they are tonight, tired after a day's work, but as they will be in August marching for a prize, with white uniforms and white capes.

"Oh, strut, Miss Liza,
Strut, Miss Liza Jane." . . .

The fraternity basket-ball game is ending at the Savoy. Here are black bodies, tan bodies, shining with perspiration, leaping, rising, falling, around a spinning ball. . . . The ball slips smoothly through the iron ring, through the white net. The game is over. A roar of laughter. Tuxedos and evening gowns float out onto the floor; surround the half-naked gladiators. The orchestra blares wildly. Around its pedestal, couples join, advance and recede, whirl and slide, move to the wild music: "And if you ask me for the moon, the moo-moo-

Habitat of a Dark Race

moo-moo-oon." . . . Jazz rhythms take the crowd. Nothing else matters. White shirt fronts flash ; heels stamp, toes tickle the rhythm ; louder and louder the trombone, crying: "Do-do dodo dodde-o-doooo . . ." Now savage feet touch jungle grass. The tall black boy with his brown girl dances in sinuous curves. Bodies like bronze statues suddenly give life, rest heads on yellowboys' shoulder. The saxophones pick up the melody. The dance ends in a soft minor. The floor is slowly cleared ; but a few couples stand, still enthralled, where the music left them.

7

Such are a few glimpses through the windows of those buildings, some tall and shapely, some low-roofed, blackened and tattered, which front on the long, dreary streets of the Black Belt. From one point of view it is a threatening region, suggesting hoodlums, black-and-tan cabarets, hold-ups ; from another, as students see it, the district is the home of a hard-working people on the move, laughing at their sorrows, growing year by year in knowledge of what is good for them, thankful for the trees, the lawns, the comforts that the departing white people left behind.

At the end of Grand Boulevard, beyond the Washington statue, is a great valley of green meadows, lagoons, and trees that reach down to placid waters. It is an enormous playground, and one of Chicago's oldest, Washington Park. This has become one of the heritages of the black people. They border it on two sides ; they occupy most of it. Their baseball teams battle on its diamonds, among whooping crowds.

One drives through this great level park on curving roads. And at a certain point there appears suddenly between tree clumps, toward the southeast, a tower of dove-

Chicago: A Portrait

gray stone, then another. They are far over the roof-tops, a long way distant from this country of transplanted Africans, from the hovels and tarnished stone-fronts, from the park itself.

Over there, three minutes away, is another world again.



Chapter VIII

“OXFORD IN CHICAGO”

I

THE towers belong to the University of Chicago. They are much younger than Washington Park, though no one would suspect it.

When the park was laid out, the university site was mere weedy “vacant.” Jackson Park was a sand-flat with scrub trees; the Midway Plaisance was unborn. And what was called the University of Chicago, in those days of the late sixties, existed in a yellow-stone building on the Cottage Grove Avenue property given to the Baptists by Senator Stephen A. Douglas.

On a Sunday morning in October, 1888, there was an

Chicago: A Portrait

important breakfast-table conference in Poughkeepsie, New York, between two men, one of whom was forty-nine years old and the other thirty-two. The former, John D. Rockefeller, spoke of the plan he had to endow a university, and announced to the surprise of the younger man, who was William Rainey Harper, that he would like to have this university in Chicago instead of in New York.

In January, 1890, three other men held a meeting. Although Dr. Harper had not yet accepted the presidency, the Baptist denomination was going ahead in its search for a site, and was seeking to raise \$400,000 so that Mr. Rockefeller would turn over, according to his stipulation, the rest of a million. The 1890 meeting was between Marshall Field, on the one hand, and on the other, Dr. Thomas W. Goodspeed, and F. T. Gates, seeking funds for the university. The question was whether Mr. Field would donate ten acres of that lonesome land on the Midway.

Mr. Field, determined not to be "easy," remarked, according to Dr. Goodspeed's account:

"I have decided one thing. If I give it (the land) to you, I shall wish you to make up the four hundred thousand dollars independently."

Maps were brought, and the visitors revealed how anxious they were to get a decision. The merchant, hesitating a moment, uttered the welcome words:

"Well, I suppose I might as well decide it now."

And so a block and a half of flat and uninviting soil became the property of a university to be built. Mr. Field sold with it, for \$132,500, another block and a half. Thus when, in the next year, Dr. Harper, full of enthusiastic plans, accepted the presidency, he had three blocks to build

“Oxford in Chicago”

on—an awkward piece of land for a university or anything else. Mr. Field thought a fourth block was worth \$150,000, but he was willing to donate \$5,000 of this and take \$40,000 cash and ten years’ “time” on the remainder. At this embarrassing stage Martin A. Ryerson stepped in with an offer of \$25,000 toward the first payment, and the university got its solid square.

In November, 1891, ground was broken unceremoniously at the intersection of Ellis Avenue and the Midway for two divinity dormitories and, a little farther north, for a lecture hall. The donor of the latter was Silas B. Cobb, who had come to Chicago about fifty years before with a few dollars in his pocket.

The rugged plain was leveled off for a campus, tons of rubbish thrown in for filling, grass and trees planted under the watchful eye of Judge Daniel Shorey. Amid a hubbub of workmen, students walked up planks and under ladders into the lecture hall in October, 1892, for the first classes.

And so began this academic city within a city, or, as some persistently say, Oxford transplanted.

2

It is almost literally an interior city, as any one may prove by examining a photograph taken from an airplane. The old original buildings stand there as part of a quadrangle completed a few years later. On the hither side of them rise as high as six stories, not counting the towers, a cluster of massive structures constituting the medical group. On and on, eastward, the academic halls, the Harper Memorial Library, the University Chapel, the Ida Noyes Hall or club-house for women students, and the School of

Chicago: A Portrait

Education buildings line the Midway in almost solid phalanx. Behind beautiful Ida Noyes Hall lie the Scammon Gardens, named for J. Young Scammon, who once had a suburban home there.

The university halls are of varied design, yet faithful in general to the Gothic type. They are of many degrees of age and whiteness. They are ornamented and carved, no two alike, yet they express vividly their relationship, and form a contribution of Old World ideas to a city which is growing more and more away from those ideas. However, instead of seeming out of place, these precincts furnish a picture renowned for its beauty and startling in its contrast with the paths by which one reaches it.

The square that Mr. Field parted with in 1890-91 is now virtually covered with buildings, and has neighbors such as the Chicago Theological Seminary, the Disciples House alongside the Church of Christ, and the Unitarian group. The square is not an inclosed quadrangle, though the university prefers the term "quadrangle" to "campus." It is, however, so close-packed, and there are so many passageways between one laboratory or lecture hall and another, that one may easily fancy himself within an academic fortress. At the south end of the square, indeed, it is possible to proceed, without going outdoors, from building to building for what amounts to two city blocks, since the Wieboldt Hall of Modern Languages connects with the immense Harper Library, and the latter is joined to the Social Science Building, besides having a bridge to the Law School.

At the northeast corner of the square, doors from a single corridor admit to the assembly hall donated by Leon

“Oxford in Chicago”

Mandel, to the lofty and beautiful commons room, in Oxford style, given by Charles L. Hutchinson, and to the Reynolds student club-rooms. Over this group presides a tower of exquisite pattern and containing equally exquisite chimes, erected with the money of the banker John J. Mitchell. Farther west is another group, a quartet of biology laboratories connected by passageways whose stone floors are worn by the tread of many feet. They were the gift in 1895 of the heiress of Charles J. Hull, Miss Helen Culver, who asked that “wherever it is suitable” the name of Mr. Hull be used in designation of the buildings. It was deemed suitable that the name of this pioneer and big-hearted citizen should adorn the whole group.

Nearly all these structures, like Ida Noyes Hall and the School of Education, antedate 1910. There was a halt in building enterprise on the part of the university during the World War, and for a long time afterward. In 1924, after the selection of Ernest D. Burton as president, to succeed Harry Pratt Judson, there was launched a development program. While it took form, there rose in the quadrangle the new Theology Building, where the Divinity School prospers under Dean Shailer Matthews, and adjoining it the jewel-like Joseph Bond Memorial Chapel. Soon were built the Billings Hospital, Max Epstein Dispensary, the physiology and pathology buildings, the Bobs Roberts Memorial, the Lying-in Hospital, the University Chapel, and other structures.

President Burton died in 1925, to be succeeded by Max Mason. The latter was followed by Robert M. Hutchins, in whose régime there came the International Clubhouse, the group of handsome college dormitories south of the

Chicago: A Portrait

Midway, and Dr. James H. Breasted's splendid child, the new Oriental Museum. The Midway Plaisance bade fare to become a channel between mountain-ranges of university roofs; a veritable channel, if ever came to fruit the plan for a stream of water running under bridges and between driveways, from Lake Michigan to the Washington Park lagoons.

3

But the prize landmark, the ultimate thing to which the university's (and perhaps Chicago's own) architectural dreams have reached, is the University Chapel.

After he had contributed lavishly to expenses and had met not a few deficits for twenty years, Mr. Rockefeller announced that he was through. In a generous farewell gift (and the sharpness of the farewell has been mitigated by large contributions since that time by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.) he included a sum of \$1,500,000 for a chapel building to symbolize the dominance of religion. Plans were slowly formed. Bertram Goodhue sketched a cathedral-like structure, which, when the university said the word, was worked out with some alteration by Goodhue's associates. Ground was broken in 1925, and three years later the building, whose cost had mounted to \$1,900,000, was dedicated.

Thousands of motorists who skim along the Midway glance across a strip of lawn and look, wonderingly or curiously, at this tremendous pile of Gothic masonry, crowned with a tower two hundred and seven feet high. In Europe it would have chosen a mountaintop; but in that part of Chicago there is not the slightest rise of land. Down through layers of sand and blue clay the caissons pierce



THE CHAPEL, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

“Oxford in Chicago”

eighty feet to rock. The construction is nearly solid masonry; the outside walls are thicker than those of castles on the Rhine. Five huge bays, of a width seen on only a few buildings in the world, break the flanks of the chapel building. The nave is forty-one feet wide between piers, and the transepts have an interior width of one hundred feet.

Great care was given to the symbolic sculpture over the main doorway, which is at the south. Endless consultations worked out a scheme that includes a heroic figure of the archangel Michael and, over this, shields carrying the arms of nine American universities which, like “Chicago,” sprang from private funds. Above stretches a colossal window picturing types of the prophets, the apostles, and the martyrs. Figures elsewhere on the building express the history of religion, others the scientist, the administrator, and the scholar, while admitted to the august company are demi-figures which represent students, a man and a woman.

Among the adornments are the arms of others of the universities of two hemispheres, demi-figures of Presidents Wilson and Roosevelt, accounted for as “two university men of our time who have carried the crusading spirit into public life”; shields symbolizing the life and death of Christ; figures of Thomas Aquinas, Erasmus, Thomas a Kempis, Bunyan; portrait heads of Bach and Goodhue.

A soft gray tone dominates the interior. The great organ can be played either from the chancel or from the south gallery. Music drifts through the twilit spaces like reverie. Whether at vespers or when witnessing the academic processions which often pass along the aisles, the visitor must feel a long way from Chicago. How can he believe that

Chicago: A Portrait

within ten minutes' drive lies the Black Belt, and within twenty, the Stockyards?

4

Though young compared with Harvard, Yale, and others, the University of Chicago has lived so fast that it already has a hero-laden past. Some laboratories stand mourning the figures who labored in them to ease the rugged path of science. The original group of professors and discoverers, whom Harper assembled in 1891-92, is dispersed. Death has taken most of them.

One may visit a barren room full of strange mechanical objects, and be told, "This is where Professor Michelson made great studies with his interferometer." But Michelson, after continuing until he was nearly seventy-five his teaching and research on the Midway, moved to a California mountaintop to continue, until his death, his studies of the velocity of light.

In a certain office it may be said, "Here Thomas Chrowder Chamberlin, with Forest Ray Moulton, did much of his work on the planetesimal hypothesis of the origin of the earth." Professor Chamberlin, whose powerful physique made him outlive by forty years his contemporaries in geologic research, was noted even in the eighties for his studies of glacial periods.

In another building labored the famed chemist J. U. Nef; in another the amiable John M. Coulter studied plant life; in still another Jacques Loeb devoted his genius to studies of animal development and related subjects; in one of the Hull group, until a new laboratory was built, Pro-

“Oxford in Chicago”

fessor C. O. Whitman toiled in zoölogy, and later there rose to renown Professor Frank R. Lillie, who put up a new laboratory for the department.

One is shown where the dumb subjects of physiological research used to be housed; the building from which frantic barkings used to come until the animals found better quarters in the new physiology building; and one is reminded, “Here Anton J. Carlson underwent a long fast, observing the reactions of hunger; and here Arno Luckhardt discovered the anesthetic ethylene.”

Many faces have vanished from the dining-room of that rendezvous of intellect the Quadrangle Club, but “the good men have kept coming along.” A thick volume would be necessary to record the names and distinctions of the faculty; another would be required even to list the research projects under way. They range from the field of astronomy—the university has its Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, under the good Dr. Edwin B. Frost—to social science and social service. An entire school is devoted to social-service administration; another to branches of commerce. Often, and vigorously, the university serves the city of Chicago through its studies of problems of government and politics. It is further linked with the city through its downtown department.

The spirit of research, the “pursuit of truth for its own sake,” as the well-worn phrase has it, has run through the whole history of the university. President Harper nailed down the point at the very first. He also had the courage to launch innovations, and his successors have had the same sort of daring. No innovation, however, has been bolder

Chicago: A Portrait

than that undertaken by President Hutchins in abolishing the system of course credits and course examination as bases of advancement, abolishing likewise compulsory attendance at classes and lectures and ordaining that a student may leave the college division after a general examination which he may take, in long time or short, whenever his advisers deem him fit.

Humorists have made of this such jokes as, "I think I'll run down to the U. of C. over the week-end and take a degree."

But it is less humorous to realize that the plan involves reducing the college to the virtual status of a junior college, and enabling the student to go on into four higher divisions, these being the biological sciences, the physical sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities. From there, if he chooses, he may progress to one of the professional schools and be fitted to be either a research worker or a teacher.

Meantime, in this city within a city, there are about fourteen thousand students who, every year, seek there some form of "pursuit of truth." There are nearly nine hundred men and women working to the top of their bent to guide and teach them. It may well be mentioned, also, that more than two thousand others serve the university, in tasks practical and quite unacademic, such as secretaries, clerks, librarians, bookkeepers, caretakers, janitors, and what not. The management of so vast a "city," having literally scores of buildings, a plant investment of more than thirty-four million dollars, and an expense bill of more than seven million, requires a working force comparable with that of many a huge profit enterprise of a metropolis.

But all of this is distinctly "not for profit."

“Oxford in Chicago”

5

From the site of the old university to the Midway, the miles of South Side have undergone changes as remarkable as are found anywhere in the city. In another metropolis it would require two centuries to dispose of so many landmarks. Scarcely a trace now remains of the period when Camp Douglas, of Civil War fame, covered square after square. On that land, given by the senator, went up the saffron university building, with its tower that seemed distinctly borrowed from the Smithsonian Institution. Douglas died, and so did the university. The academic building found dissolution. There was left in the tiny park at Thirty-fifth Street the marble sarcophagus in which the great statesman reposes, and above this the granite shaft bearing his effigy, by Leonard Volk. This was Chicago's first monument. It was dedicated in 1865 by President Andrew Johnson.

As the Illinois Central conductors used to call out “Douglas, Thirty-fifth Street,” so they used to shout, “Thirty-ninth Street, Oakland.” Therein lurks the ghost of another pioneer of the land, Charles Cleaver. He captured a great patch of woods and sand, somewhere within which stood a cabin and, later, a resort called “The Cottage” (hence, Cottage Grove Avenue). Mr. Cleaver developed his property, despite skepticism of its value in so remote a region, and preferred to call it Cleaverville, although he found people giving it the fancy designation of Oakland. That name persisted into the age of brick, stone, electric cars, and while historic buildings fell, including the famous Myrick Tavern at Thirty-ninth Street and Cottage Grove Avenue.

A short mile farther south grew up the lordly suburb

Chicago: A Portrait

Kenwood, with estates which matched those of the sweet shaded acres of the North Side, and far outlived them. A dummy railroad, recourse of suburbanites before car lines grew long, puffed its way among the woods. In the seventies its residents included such men as Norman B. Judd, Leonard Swett, and Van H. Higgins; but they had as predecessors the good Dr. John Kennicott and the romantic Dr. William B. Egan. Dr. Egan had an immense dwelling and park, amid a domain which made of him as much real-estate man as physician. His ventures proved too much for him.

There is a story, first told by Isaac N. Arnold, that the doctor, mixing his professions, once replied to a patient who asked how to take a prescription: "One fourth down, balance in one, two, or three years."

The doctor was giving "canal time," the credit extended to people who bought lots from the commissioners of the first canal.

The lord of the big manorial park had it called Egan-dale, but the modern name came from Dr. Kennicott's homestead. No less a person than General George B. McClellan, when vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, christened the Forty-seventh Street station "Kenwood." The houses of its first days are gone, but dwellings fine in taste and proportions were later built and most of them are there to-day.

6

Hyde Park, until the fifties, was wildwood, plain, and marsh. Paul Cornell, descendant of a sturdy Essex family, arrived in Chicago by coach in 1847, and gambled on the purchase of three hundred acres on the lake-front. This

“Oxford in Chicago”

was in 1853. After a struggle he induced the Illinois Central to run one train a day to his remote estate, and sold the railroad sixty acres. It was in the bargain that if the sale of tickets brought in less than the cost of operation, Cornell should pay the difference; and he did.

Some distance to the south, lines of railroad converged. Two engineers got defiant of each other one day, crashed head on, and piled up cars and passengers in a bloody heap. An order was then issued, a little belated, that trains arriving at that crossing should come to a full stop. The clever Cornell perceived that at such a remarkable intersection there might be trade. He bought land there, called the village Cornell, and after a while changed that name to the more original one of Grand Crossing.

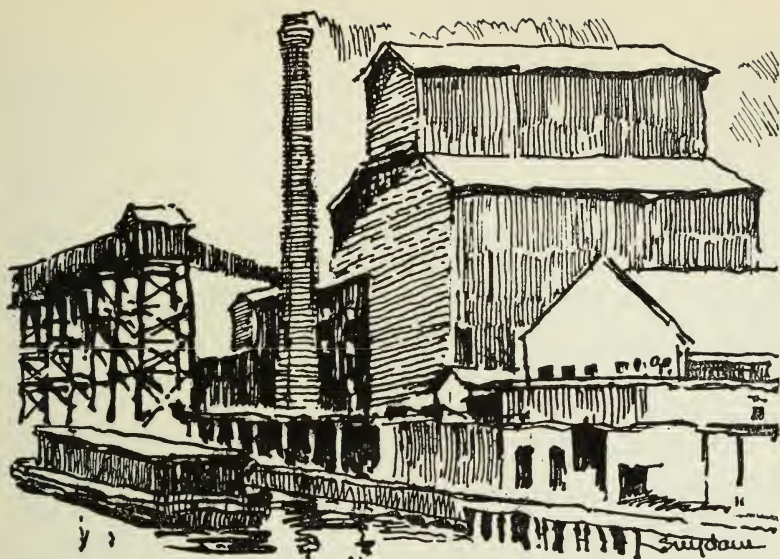
Much later, when Jackson Park was chosen as the World's Fair site, Hyde Park, suburban, religious, and prohibition territory, had a terrific boom. Flat-buildings, some of them seeming flimsy enough, shot up; stores flourished; a flock of new dwellings arrived. * Then, as the university colony grew, professors built rows of more or less elaborate homesteads, a good many of which have passed to Greek-letter fraternities. As for the professors, they now incline to residence in “coöp-flats.”

Tranquillity, a degree of faded glory, rows of pensive city trees, and here and there a beautiful though restricted kitchen garden—that is the university quarter. The sunsets are soft and purplish at the end of the streets, and against

* An interesting relic of that period is the row of one-story buildings at the threshold of Jackson Park, on Fifty-seventh Street. They were first little shops just outside the World's Fair; then studios; then meeting-places of writers and artists. It is said that Margaret Anderson's “Little Review” was planned in one of those dingy but hospitable rooms.

Chicago: A Portrait

them rise in favored spots delicate spires or towers, blurred in the rosy mist. Over it all, the chimes in Mitchell Tower send an evensong, leaping and falling as the breeze shifts. . . . The murmur of city traffic seems far away.



Chapter IX

THE LIFE-STORY OF SUBURBS

I

FROM Hyde Park southward the city flows on along what was once a trail among sand-dunes. The highways eat up mile on mile. House numbers climb into the seventies, the nineties, the hundreds. There are clusterings of roofs and pinnacles where long streets meet. There are places thinly settled, with far spaces across which the whistles of locomotives come with uncanny clearness.

If one follows the lake shore, he finds a goodly boulevard running through the new and brisk South Shore district, part of which was once "a golf-course, developed from a cow pasture." Beyond is South Chicago, a locality with a

Chicago: A Portrait

long story. It lies overshadowed by the forest-like chimneys of the steel-works, which first occupied that lake-front in the eighties. At night their flares are reflected in a river—the Calumet—crowded with ore-boats. A man who combined the tasks of blacksmith and preacher had a ferry there in 1833. Another virile pioneer put up a tavern. Years before, there had been fought what is called the “battle of South Chicago,” a mere skirmish in 1780 between a few British and a handful of French who sympathized with the Americans.

If the journey leads straight south, one arrives at Pullman, where the sleeping-car monarch tried, in the ambitious eighties, to establish a city all his own. The sleeping-cars still issue, several hundred a year—more than forty thousand during half a century—from the long, murmuring plants; but the plan of a town governed by one man, paying him its rent and looking to him for welfare and for amusements, crumbled long ago.

Lake Calumet, a good-sized body of water which half of Chicago never sees, lies there in an environment of city, also of prairie. River Calumet was once a field of the lotus; “the Nile itself,” wrote a pioneer, “was not a more magnificent spectacle.” The region was surveyed by Jefferson Davis for the Government and was considered the natural terminus of that great inland canal everybody talked about. But the Chicago River captured the scheme after all. Now, in the near future, when snags are unsnagged, there will be a tributary canal, and the Calumet, meaning the river mouth, will be a really great harbor and canal entrance.

The flat land adjoining Lake Calumet has, much of it, a majestic loneliness. But whoever deems it depressing may

The Life-Story of Suburbs

well think of it, rather, as a work of the Creator as phenomenal as the vast Mancha of Castile. And who gazes upon it sorrowfully should remember what has happened to other great empty spaces in southern Chicago. As late as 1893, the region south and west of Hyde Park was comparatively vacant country. The World's Fair brought about Woodlawn, and it became a crowded "city," with that reminiscence of suburb so often found, but with a throng and a glare at Sixty-third and Cottage Grove rivaling downtown. Earlier than that, much earlier, a crossing of three railroads established what was long called Chicago Junction, and when developers got busy it turned into Englewood. There was wiped out what remained of covered-wagon and tavern life; streets like Wentworth Avenue and Halsted Street grew important; and within a generation there glittered and blustered tremendous centers such as Halsted and Sixty-third and Ashland and Sixty-ninth.

Along the Rock Island Railroad were implanted the works of more developers, establishing Auburn Park, graced by a lagoon remaining from a miniature lake region, really marsh. Englewood had an offshoot called, naturally, South Englewood. Pioneer days in that district had features resembling those all about Chicago. Recently it was recalled how an early citizen, needing a large wooden water-tank, bought one at Camp Douglas. His son, nonplussed by the problem of conveying the tank to the country domain, got into it and paddled it home across the pools which—the flood water being high—stretched almost unbroken across that southerly land.

Well, it all became City at last; and with the coming of new boundaries and inpourings of people, and thousands of

Chicago: A Portrait

flats, there arrived a day when the South Side, counting everything, would make government census men enumerate much more than one million.

2

When the pristine Lake Michigan had receded as far as its mood permitted, it left, overlooking the huge valley just described, its old bank, which acquired a beard of trees. Sinking gently as it ran northward, and forming a mildly cliff-like border of the western table-land, this charming ridge impressed even the pioneers. The old town of Blue Island was established at its southernmost point; and so it came to be called the Blue Island Ridge. It rises some eighty feet above lake-level.

When Blue Island was young, there lay along the hills to the north several miles of prairie sweet with tall grasses, with the tiger-lily, the daisy, and the wild mustard. Farm roads pierced this region, and there were minor groves which nodded across the meadows toward the strip of forest on the ridge proper. What happened to this prairie-land is a story the writer has a fancy to tell. And it is also a case-study of the Chicago suburb.

There was a man named George C. Walker, whose boyhood was in the Leatherstocking country of New York State and who was brought to Chicago in 1847, when he was twelve. He played the days away in a home garden that ran down to the lake near the river mouth. Once, it is said, a deer, swimming up to the beach, landed, dripping and exhausted, in that very garden and was captured alive.

The boy grew up to be a business man of consequence, prominent on the Board of Trade, and to have a home in

The Life-Story of Suburbs

that aristocratic Terrace Row described in an earlier chapter. He found his fortune and his pleasures in and around Chicago. As a side venture—which, however, became one of his principal interests—he and some associates purchased fifteen hundred acres of that Mancha south of the city, including the meadows on the Blue Island Ridge. In somewhat the same manner that Paul Cornell called the Illinois Central to his service in Hyde Park, Walker persuaded the Rock Island Railroad to build a branch, misnamed a dummy road, curving from the main line westward through the new subdivision and following the foot of the ridge.

By the time of the Great Fire all this was well organized, and Mr. Walker, who was influential among the Baptists of the city, had another inspiration—to see his new village, which displayed hardly a chimney thus far, grow into an educational center. This, of course, would help the cause of education, and also help the scheme.

A military academy was one fruit of the inspiration. A woman's college—by some called, rather redundantly, the Ladies' Female Seminary—was another. But the master stroke was in persuading the Baptist Union Theological Seminary to remove to the new village from the city and put up a red-brick structure with a conical tower. This tower, be it added, was forever threatening to collapse under the stiff breezes from the westward plains; and finally it was tenderly removed.

The village had a ganglion of streets, some straight, some deliberately curved. Double lines of maples were planted to shade them. Here and there, gradually, went up modest dwellings to house the professors of theology, church history, Hebrew, literature, music, elocution, and

Chicago: A Portrait

military tactics, that made up the varied curricula of this educational center.

Because a pioneer named Morgan had owned a farm thereabouts, the village was named Morgan Park. Prior to that, its chief ravine had been called "Horse Thief Hollow."

3

A "Sweet Auburn" it remained for a good many years. The dummy line puffed slowly and good-naturedly thither, with not enough trains a day to disturb the peace of nature. Sometimes they were stalled for hours by heavy snowstorms. Brakemen, toiling at the wheels of old-fashioned hand-brakes, could gossip with passengers whom they knew by name.

It was a pastoral village, with barefoot boys, innumerable dogs, and cows in professors' pastures. The learned theologians not only milked their own cows, if necessary, but made their own butter. An authentic anecdote is to the point. It seems that one of the most noted of the divinity men owned a cow in common with a retired minister. The latter provided the pasture for the jointly owned cow, and somehow an undue part of the milk found its way into his pails. After heavy thought upon this, the professor challenged his partner with the smiling but grim comment, "It would appear that you award me the ownership of the acquisitive part of the animal, while you retain control of the more profitable after portion."

This was not only an effective thrust—it dissolved the partnership—but a good sample of divinity humor.

The meeting-house, a large frame structure with a steeple too heavy for its base, stood on what was for a long time

The Life-Story of Suburbs

open land, a heavy walk in winter upon slushy and precarious wooden sidewalks. Beside it was a long open shed in which farm families, who came from miles around, parked their teams. The audience room, filled with hard-bottomed pews, was heated with a gigantic iron stove which easily grew red-hot during the sermon. From the rostrum there was delivered, by a succession of ministers—there was no lack of these in the remodeled town of "Horse Thief Hollow," and often the ex-pastors or potential pastors, with their families, made up half the congregation—Baptist doctrine as it was fifty years ago. A reed organ supported the trembling voices of a choir essaying Dudley Buck or Harry Rowe Shelley. The young ladies of the seminary would be marched in and out in a stiff file; the military academy boys, who had been given seats as far away as possible from the young ladies, made another parade.

There were really two strata of society, that "on the hill" and that "below the hill." Whereas the intellectual and the old-settler element dwelt mainly on the highlands, some ordinary folk, a few even deserving the insult "riffraff," occupied homes close by the old white-painted general store, or along the main line of the Rock Island. But children of all social grades attended the one school, below the hill, in a school-house which, as years went by, grew from a story-and-half "little red" one to a shapeless, yellow-painted affair. A competent young lady, unafraid even of bullies from over by the tracks, taught all subjects to all comers. Even Billy B——, the worst boy, would cringe when she said, exhibiting her brass-edged ruler, "William, you may step forward."

After school, what rambles in the woods to pluck furtive anemones or clustering white violets! What journeys, in the

Chicago: A Portrait

inch-deep dust of sunset roads, to pursue gophers to their holes or slay gentle garter-snakes in the belief they were rattlers! What swimming in the sluggish stream over west, called the Sag, and skating on the near-by cemetery pond! What climbs up the rickety wooden tower, long used by weather forecasters. Failing these things, it was possible in springtime to snare crawfish in front of one's very home; for then, between front yards and muddy street, there were ditches with three feet of water.

Amusements, as now known, did not exist. Lights went out in the village soon after nine o'clock, save where, in some cottage, an oil flame illumined the desk of a professor writing a new denominational history. Church sociables and hay-rack rides varied the monotony of winter. Tales of Civil War valor could be heard in the general store, the while the narrators dipped into the hospitable barrel of dried apples. Once a year the graduating exercises of the "female seminary" provided the town with a two-hour program of Gottschalk, Macaulay poems, original essays on "The Virtue of Unselfishness," and the thrill of seeing Daughter, in white dress, receive a be-ribboned diploma. One graduate shocked the village by presenting as her performance an aria from "Carmen." For, be it known, the theater, like the dance, was taboo in old Morgan Park; and he who went to the play in the city must do so secretly or be classed with those worldly or perhaps tough people below the hill.

Smoking was almost unknown. Cubebs; corn-silk behind the barn . . . A village high-school girl—wait! there was no high school; an adolescent young lady, let us say—testified in prayer-meeting (an institution no one disregarded) of her pleasure in overhearing one youth ask an-



JUST ONE OF MANY RAILWAY TERMINALS

The Life-Story of Suburbs

other for a match, and in hearing Sanford reply to Merton, "I never carry them, of course."

It is strange to recall all this, and also realize that in those frame houses furnished with relics of New England, where abode scholars of real note, the heating was by means of iron coal stoves, the lighting that of kerosene lamps, the water was from cisterns or from the much-prized artesian well, the vegetables were kept in a summer kitchen where the temperature fell to zero, and there were only a few practicable bathtubs in the whole village. Forty-five years ago!

But roses grew in the dooryard, and the rich prairie, dotted with the pale blue or pink or delicately yellow faces of indigenous flowers, came straight up to the hedges around the houses.

In a cottage so surrounded, and dappled by the shade of the thriving maples, there were held at a certain time lengthy conferences about a vain project to establish here, in a classic suburb, the great university which it was said Mr. Rockefeller wished to found. And the stout-bodied, swarthy Dr. Harper, exhausted by a dozen irons in the fire, used to come in, fling himself down on a couch, and drop to sleep. There lived in that house a gentle being nearing seventy, whose advice many a man would seek.

But to develop that story would take too long. Another reason is that this is not a family memoir.

4

Vale to it all!

What befalls most suburbs befell Morgan Park. As it creeps toward every imagined Eden, protected by miles of open land—"Goodness knows, the city'll never come out

Chicago: A Portrait

here!"—urban progress crept toward the town of seminaries, of roses, and of curfews. The dirt roads leading to it were graveled, and finally hard-surfaced; while electric cars began to creak and clang along its main street. The old dummy turned into a comparatively brisk suburban line, with express-trains and many passengers.

The "female seminary," with its cupola and lavish grounds on the brow of the hill, disappeared. So did the original military academy building, from whose tower a bugle used to sing, with lingering sweetness, "Lights out." So, after a good while, did every last red brick of the spacious theological seminary building, in whose class rooms the voices of men like Harper, George W. Northrup, Eri B. Hulbert, and James R. Boise echoed so long. The seminary became the university divinity school. The preparatory part of the university was started there, acquired new buildings, and moved in to the campus. A new military academy, combining its traditions with the old, took over that property and became the only "college" remaining in George C. Walker's educational center.

Finally the village that once counted its houses by the dozen was built up toward capacity. Some of the old frame cottages, crying out reminders of the seventies, found themselves humbly placed between new dwellings of Georgian or Colonial leanings; some even next door to stores or garages. Churches were rebuilt or remodeled (the old meeting-house burned), and people went to different ones instead of worshipping before a single pulpit.

In due time the city legally swallowed the village, which before that time had been equipped with electric light, new water and sewers, and bathtubs enough for everybody. The

The Life-Story of Suburbs

residents became voters in Chicago's numerous and turbulent elections. They acquired a police station, and now and then they had need of police. Morgan Park, whose lone foreigners were once two German families and an Irish flagman, received a small admixture of the new kind of immigrant; and it even developed a miniature Black Belt. In the meantime, that tremendous road Western Avenue, which had originally lain muddy and rutted as it passed the western edge of this village, became a concrete double thoroughfare, along which thousands of fast cars, on Sundays and holidays, thunder to connect with a national highway. And upon the prairies to the west there went up urgent sign-boards: "Home Sites," "Buy Now," "Excellent Factory Location."

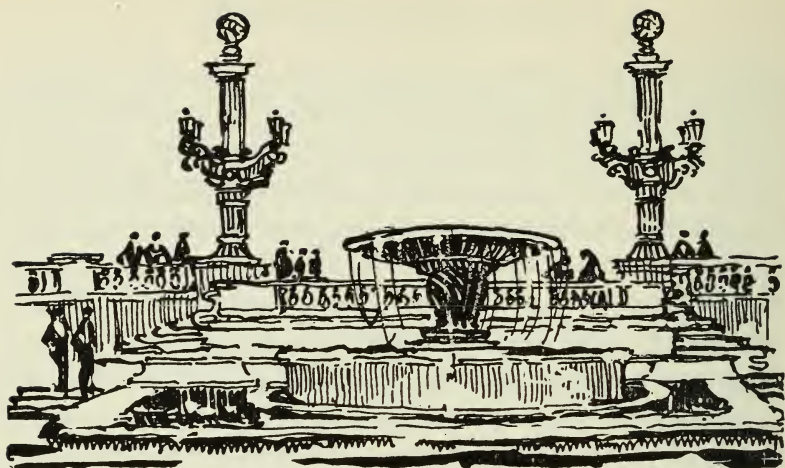
An Eden more innocent than the Eden of scripture was gone.

5

It should be added that the Blue Island Ridge retains much of the appearance and mood of Suburbia. That highland is fortunate in its trees, and on the brow of the hill, as well as away from it, stand many handsome houses, with gardens whose slope gives them a special charm.

Such a history is very much the tale of suburbs far removed from it: of Oak Park, of Buena Park, of Summerdale. The practical needs of their people, the outward bulge of the city, the manifestations of the motor age, crowd out many of the simple, wistful attributes given them by Nature.

To regret these developments is less useful than to study them; just as the vast, monotonous acres that lie farther out represent not sadness but Opportunity.



Chapter X

BIRTH ERA OF PARKS

I

IT WAS upon such lonely and misty steppes of the county called Cook that certain men cast their eyes at a time when Chicago contained perhaps three hundred thousand people and its southernmost boundary was Thirty-ninth Street. They had a vision; what started it, who knows? But in many a pine-furnished office downtown, where the recently ended Civil War was debated by the hour, there would be heard:

“By the way, it seems to me our friend Blank has gone crazy.”

“Why?”

“He’s talking about a park ’way down beyond hell ’n gone—beyond Fortieth Street.”

Birth Era of Parks

"A park? How big?"

"A hundred acres, he says."

"You're right. He's lost his mind."

What else could the practical Chicagoan think? The average person could not then dream of a city that would embrace Lake Calumet and extend almost as far as Blue Island. He could approve of old Washington Square, within range of the business district and the finer homes; he could grant the usefulness of Union Park, modest in size and also accessible. But the idea of allotting to pure pleasure a great expanse miles to the south, of issuing enormous blocks of bonds and paying real money for vacant prairie, was pure chimera.

The men making such plans were, however, anything but dreamers. They included J. Young Scammon, the hard-headed lawyer; our friends George C. Walker and Paul Cornell; J. Irving Pearce, mine host of the Sherman House; Chauncey T. Bowen, brother of James H., who tried too soon to reclaim the Calumet region; and George R. Clarke, afterward founder of the famous Pacific Garden Mission.

These men were fearless when enterprise beckoned. A number had served on the Union Defense Committee, which had organized Chicago's part in the war. In the critical period of reconstruction, in a city only half baked, with heavy taxes still levied on their estates, with part of Chicago howling that business ought to come first, they dared to insist upon a park project to which, they admitted, it would take years for the city to grow up. They said that out there, "almost to Mason and Dixon's line," they would plant lawns, build boulevards, and grow masses of flowers. And the people of some future generation, at least, would appreciate them.

Chicago: A Portrait

If we try to trace the origin of this impulse, perhaps it may be found in the New England tradition, and back of that in the British ancestry, of so many of the pioneers. Love of the gardens and the country vales of England was in their blood. For that reason, or perhaps quite another, they opposed to the urge of business, to the spread of industry over every meadow, to the impulse to destroy, a desire to cherish.

Here is interjected a story, pertinent whether true or not, of the origin of Union Park, early play-spot of the near West Side.

It is told that in 1853, when the West Side was full of homesteads, and Ashland Avenue seemed far out, one Reuben Taylor stood at the door of his roomy house, watching a surveying party starting to measure off a grassy plot into twenty-foot lots. He hated to see this, and for comfort went over to the grocery of his friend Billy Carpenter, near by.

Mrs. Carpenter was leaning over the counter, and heard the discussion. Said she, humbly as a wife should in those days, yet with a tinge of challenge, "If I was a man I'd have a park there."

"Uncle Reuben and Uncle Billy," as an early writer tells the story, were impressed. They hurried down to the office of the landowners, Messrs. Hayes and Johnson, and found that they would sell the plot to the city at a reduced price. The plan went to the city council; it won, after hot opposition from certain aldermen; the mayor vetoed the ordinance and it was passed over his veto. Then the park became a beauty spot, with lake and rustic bridge, with gliding swans, and it gained fame; but Mrs. Carpenter, the grocer's wife, was forgotten.

Birth Era of Parks

2

To return to the good geniuses of the southern parks: They ran into difficulties which made that early argument over Union Park seem puny. For one thing, the land they coveted—for others—did not lie in the city at all. It could be acquired only through the legislature. Furthermore, they started their dealings with the owners of part of Egandale, attractive because it was comparatively high ground, and well wooded. But the owners of this part of the famous Egan domain were now Philadelphians, heirs of Anthony J. Drexel, and those heirs would not accept the price the park promoters were able to pay. The latter were handicapped anyway, because they could issue bonds for only \$1,000,000; and could not levy taxes for more than \$150,000 a year.

The promoters, now legal commissioners by legislative act of 1867, relinquished the Egandale ambition, and found cheaper land west of Cottage Grove Avenue. Then they went after support by referendum. The towns of Hyde Park, South Chicago, and Lake voted. The campaign was furious, and the attack on the park plan scandalous.

"Speculation!" was the cry. "Corruption in high places!"

As in every improvement campaign, even to this day, the promoters were accused of buying and selling real estate on the side. Men with the brush-beards and wearing the top hats of Civil War days, stood on cracker boxes, howling, "They steal people's land for a silly piece of luxury—a park!"

The act lost by one hundred and sixty-nine votes.

Two years later the friends of parks returned to the attack. They got a new bill through the legislature, which

Chicago: A Portrait

also was submitted to referendum, and after another brisk campaign the measure was approved by a majority of 3,700. The opponents of parks were beginning to see the light; though it was light rather upon improvement of realty values than upon civic welfare. The park commissioners were appointed, with Judge J. M. Wilson as president and Cornell as secretary. They got to work at once, and had sold a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds and had bought one hundred and twenty acres of the eleven hundred they wanted, when the whole thing was tied up by a suit to test the legislative act.

This trouble having been disposed of, there followed new and bitter battles, this time with greedy landowners. Sky-high prices were demanded by many of these. Some went into court, and juries gave verdicts against the park board. One woman appealed from the board's award and carried her case to the supreme court, through more than five years of litigation. Another woman, asked to take \$73,000 for her property, fought so strenuously that she finally got \$90,000, though previously she had been unable to sell the same land for \$14,000.

Values rose faster than any one could estimate. The land for the Midway Plaisance cost nearly \$190,000 in 1873. Three years before, it could have been purchased for half of that. And in 1891, it will be recalled, Marshall Field asked \$150,000 for a single block on that boulevard.

It was in 1873 that the first planting of lawn and of trees, which within twenty years were to grow tall and graceful, was undertaken. Olmstead & Vaux had drawn elaborate plans. It was remarked at the time that those gentlemen had "been accustomed to design public grounds for a much

Birth Era of Parks

larger and wealthier city, one where money, under the influence of Tammany, was much freer" than in Chicago; a shot inspired, no doubt, by the Boss Tweed revelations. But though trimmed here and there, the Olmstead plans were still splendid—so much so as to rouse loud jeers from a few practical editors, and cries of sybaritic waste.

Finally, the outlines of South Park (now Washington), of the Midway, of the "lower park" (now Jackson) and of Grand and Drexel boulevards were traced. By 1874 the former boulevard was advanced enough so that it was often "crowded for a space of two miles with carriages three abreast." Drexel, modeled after Avenue de l'Impératrice in Paris, and having a statue of Anthony Drexel presented by the mollified heirs, came a little later. All this took time, and the Great Fire had interfered. But by the late seventies the plan was a fact. Chicago turned from sneering to claiming, as it still often does, the finest park system in the world.

3

The city had to grow up to all this. For a long time after it was complete, with lagoons, conservatory, and playgrounds, Washington Park lay far from populous regions, beyond walking distance for the majority. It fitted the city, as Joseph Kirkland wrote in 1891, "about as well as a wedding ring on a baby's finger."

But its friends remained loyal. For its nursery, wealthy citizens contributed specimens or funds, until that branch was flourishing. Seeds and bulbs were needed. People gave them by the bushel and the thousand. The commissioners laid out baseball-fields and tennis-courts. They started the rounds of phaëtons, drawn by fat ponies. They encouraged

Chicago: A Portrait

the gardeners to create floral marvels, of which a "Gates Ajar" and a globe made of many-hued cactus were samples. With the coming of the World's Fair, crowds grew, the district built up, the Washington Park race-track, with its American Derby, attracted mad throngs just across Sixtieth Street. The meadow, with its flock of sheep, drew numberless children. In the "refectory" people elbowed one another at tables; and on the placid lakes small boats floated, so numerous as almost to upset one another.

The park has lost none of its essential beauty. It has even gained such adornments as Lorado Taft's "Fountain of Time," a sculptured mass that stands at the Midway entrance; and a great military building, the 124th Regiment Armory. The curving roads sweep around the lagoons, and the thousands of trees planted in the seventies have grown tall and luxuriant. Archers and roque-players keep their "homes" there. It is the environment that has changed. The great playground is now virtually walled in with apartments, not all of the better class. It is no longer isolated, but inclosed by the city and fighting the smoke of the city. Negroes stroll along its paths, and the little faces seen in baby-buggies are black.

Such changes as these failed to disturb one historic feature, the Washington Park Forum, known in Chicagoese as the "Bug Club," because its adherents voiced so many "isms." Their lecture hall was a lawn under the sky; their rostrum a cleared space; their by-laws condensed into one phrase, substantially, "Let every man speak his mind on any subject." Race barriers, none; program, whatever the spirit moved. From the solemn author of a work (unpublished) on the stone age to the straggly-bearded ex-minister

Birth Era of Parks

denouncing denominationalism, these earnest, often eccentric men, ill-dressed if you please, unadjusted, emphatic sometimes to a point that made the park commissioners squirm, besought a hearing for their objections or pleas, and seldom was an insult heard. They fought one injunction battle, to maintain their Sunday meetings, and won it.

So in the park built by Civil War veterans, by men of big business, conservatives, the voice of protest came to be heard, hard by the fields where descendants of slaves play their games.

4

Jackson Park, big brother of Washington Park, reigns on the lake shore. A history of the former might be entitled "From Paul Cornell to Julius Rosenwald." It was Cornell who pushed it along in the late sixties. It is the Jewish philanthropist who has endowed the chief ornament of the park to-day. In between lies the period of the World's Columbian Exposition.

By the middle eighties the park had been improved in its northern section. It had there a pavilion, deemed large and elegant, but now humble-seeming; there was a broad promenade along the beach, and the gentle little bay at that point was lined, of a holiday, with bicyclists, with ladies carrying sunshades, and children rolling hoops. The entire southern area was a rather melancholy waste. Scrub trees shot up in clusters. The shore was bleak and, in winter, swept by icy combers.

After a sharp struggle between factions, one of which insisted on building the World's Fair downtown, while the other held out for a site in Jackson Park, the latter

Chicago: A Portrait

triumphed. Mr. Olmstead was induced to become landscape architect, despite a reluctance due, perhaps, to memories of gibes he had received in a former time. The great lagoons were dredged; filling-in was accomplished where needed; shrubs and delicate plants were brought in and planted. Among other special creations was the "wooded island," an exquisite retreat and garden of wild things, in whose branches, even to this day, nesting birds or migrants sing out their hearts.

Working through two winters and two summers, the corps of architects headed by D. H. Burnham, the troop of assistants and supervisors, the sculptors and frescoers, and the army of workmen, planted upon the forbidding coast that array of enormous but frail structures housing the exposition. Into the Jackson Park that had been conceived, people thought, too soon and too large, were poured the ambitious creations of artists many of whom were spurred to beautiful though impermanent masterpieces, and who had no occasion to think of the future of park or city. Industries, States, and foreign nations filled the exhibition halls with articles which contended for prizes. On the Midway Plaisance was hustled together an aggregation of special buildings, freaks, side-shows, hair-raisers, and—from the point of view of the nineties—naughty lures for the crowd; while, across the fence, students of the new university sat conning Herodotus, with the sound of tom-toms in their ears.

To this immense display of purchasable goods, historic relics, classic art, and pleasure thronged millions of sight-seers, ranging from foreign princes to Midwestern farmers. They walked the soles off their shoes, tramped over bridge

Birth Era of Parks

after bridge, or rode in wheel-chairs, or mobbed the cars of the intramural railway, or lolled in gondolas. They were torn between study of great new mechanical monsters and attendance at the musical fêtes organized by Theodore Thomas; the machines got the best of it.

A large proportion were on a spree in Chicago. Many were visiting it for the first time, and some for the last. A very few asked, "What do you suppose will become of this place when the buildings are gone?" Among a still smaller group it was remarked: "The lagoons, the trees, the shrubs will be here. We can have a park unique in Chicago and the West. . . . And let us keep the Palace of Fine Arts. That building must not die."

After the tumult was over, after the last visitor had passed through the exits, and—the next year—after fire had destroyed many of the larger buildings and the wreckers others, there did remain, at the north end of the park, the long, low palace which had housed within its brick and plaster walls art works brought from galleries of all countries. Its white coat had begun to tarnish, but its walls, "built to stay" in order to protect chef-d'œuvres that must not be lost, clearly justified a permanent collection of some sort.

Already it had been virtually settled what this collection was to be. Before the exposition opened its promise as a source of items for a great museum had been seen. By 1892 there was a Columbian Historical Association, and in 1893 the Columbian Museum of Chicago was incorporated. But efforts to gather funds brought slow results. Edward E. Ayer—of whom more shall be said in later pages—talked to Marshall Field about it. The merchant listened politely,

Chicago: A Portrait

but was not immediately convinced. Dr. T. W. Goodspeed writes:

As the close of the Fair drew near, it became apparent that without a great contribution from Mr. Field the whole project must come to naught. The committee finally said to Mr. Ayer:

"You must go to Mr. Field in a final effort."

"Very well," was the answer. "He has said, 'no' to me a hundred times, but I will see him once more."

He went and asked for fifteen minutes in which to present the matter. Mr. Field listened impassively, and when Mr. Ayer finished he said,

"Well, you have taken forty-five minutes," but his interest was awakened, and he consented to visit the Fair and inspect the collection.

Next day eager curators conducted the merchant from specimen to specimen; Mr. Field passed three hours in that way. A day or two later (the date was October 26, 1893) was announced his subscription of a million dollars for founding the museum. "It was not until the following year," runs the account, "that he was persuaded to allow his name to be attached to it."

The museum was opened in the summer of 1894, during the great financial depression that had spread over the nation.

5

Among the growing groves, or on the lip of the lake, three other exposition buildings were allowed to remain: The replica of La Rabida convent, the German building, and the small Japanese house. They found varied uses. And as soon as the park board could gather funds, the work

Birth Era of Parks

of turning the World's Fair site into the largest of the South Side pleasure-grounds was pushed forward. The debris of monster buildings was carted away by wreckers. The wide spaces where they had stood were spread with sod and filled with seed. Over arms of lagoons were built stone bridges in place of the fragile temporary ones. Curving roads were shaped under the stooping branches of "old" trees, while foresters set out new ones, creating corridors of willows, poplars, and elms.

A true playground, the place acquired very early a public golf-course, the first in Chicago. In 1899 a nine-hole course was laid out, and later an eighteen-hole course was added. Alonzo A. Stagg was the 1901 champion for nine holes. Within twenty years park golf had become so popular that crowds would be standing in line by daylight on a Sunday, and more than three hundred thousand would tee off during a season. The game quite put tennis in the shade, although good courts had been built and were freely used.

There was not neglected the regal sweep of lake shore, on which had stood the peristyle with its Arc de Triomphe air, and the massive statue of the Republic, conceived by Daniel C. French as a figure of Columbia in shining gilt dress. The statue was salvaged and eventually set up at a fork of road in the heart of the park. At heavy expense the park builders fortified the beach with a wall and an extended promenade, following the curve from the old refectory to the place where La Rabida lifted its rude tower against the sky. At Sixty-third Street was established a bathing beach that drew tremendous crowds.

At about the turn of the century, there rose a popular movement for small parks and playgrounds. The South

Chicago: A Portrait

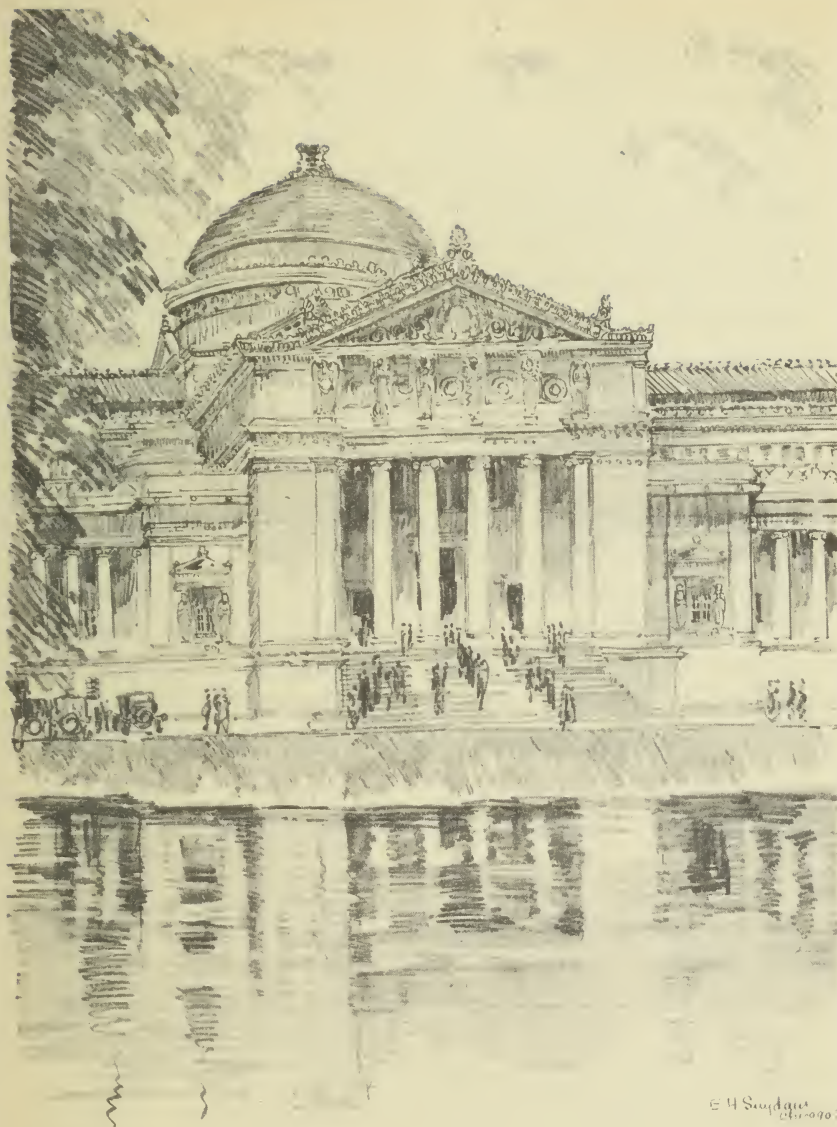
Park Board was early in getting busy. In regions then remote and in places discouraging to look at they introduced patches of play-space. And so great was this growth through the years, on all sides of the city, that by 1931 there were seventy-five small parks and two hundred or more playgrounds, many of them municipally managed. There were also nearly a score of park districts, at first outside the city, later taken in, but retaining taxing power.

6

In Jackson Park no feature ever became nobler than the lake itself, sometimes lying as serene as the lily-strewn pools, sometimes assailing the sea-wall and hurling sheets of foam. Looking toward the lake on one side, and on another reflected in its reach of lagoon, the old Art Palace, become a museum, stood with crumpled skin, each season more disreputable.

Its fate became uncertain, the more so after the will of Marshall Field provided for the majestic museum building on the lake-front. The voices of people who said, "The Art Palace must be saved," was heard once more, sometimes strongly, sometimes faintly. Organizations of women spoke; eloquent Lorado Taft fought hard for the World's Fair ruin.

At last, in 1921, came the birth of a new idea. Julius Rosenwald, then in Munich, went with one of his sons to visit the great Deutsches Museum, where he became fascinated by the exhibits demonstrating the advance of science and technology. In the whole of the United States, there was nothing like that museum, and Mr. Rosenwald determined that Chicago, his city, should have one. After enlist-



E. H. Sneyd
1870

FROM ART PALACE TO INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM

Birth Era of Parks

ing public interest through the Chicago Commercial Club, he announced in 1926 that he would endow an industrial museum with three million dollars.

The always burning question what to do with the old Art Palace was up again, and then was conceived the idea of restoring it and housing therein the institution Mr. Rosenwald had launched. The park board got legal authority, the people voted five million dollars in bonds, and by 1929 the beautiful old ruin, designed by Charles B. Atwood in a flash of genius, began to receive its glorious coat of stone. Two years more, and the restoration was virtually complete.

So this was what the passage of a half-century and more had brought to the park whose early outlines were traced in the time of the pioneer Paul Cornell. Among far-spreading trees and beside damask waters Cornell was never to see stood an architectural wonder which should contain sky-scraper patterns, motors, airplane machinery; all of a world and a city widely removed from his own.



Chapter XI

“THE YARDS” OF TO-DAY

I

TO ONE who enters Chicago by South Halsted Street there presents itself, after about a hundred blocks, an industrial scene that is everywhere renowned. In fact, it long symbolized Chicago in days before writers, in the East and abroad, learned that editors would pay higher rates for the drama of gang warfare.

This industrial place is, in effect, an internal walled city. It is surrounded by a fence too tall to climb unaided. The function of the fence has changed completely since it was built. It now protects passers-by, instead of the plants; but it still serves to define “the Yards.” Likewise, the social mood and the physical aspect of life inside have entered

“The Yards” of To-day

new phases. The stockyards have rivaled, even at times outstripped, progress in Chicago as a whole. They were there on that spot before the city was; hence there should be no surprise, to strangers, in finding an abattoir so close to the heart of the metropolis. If the abattoir ever moves it will be because Anak the City, in some paroxysm, stretches his limbs in a manner unpredictable.

The streets roundabout take their color from the life within the fence. They cannot have charm, but they do suggest a vivid and sturdy activity. If one knows the history of the quarter, he thinks of such streets—Halsted, Ashland, Emerald—as scenes of battle. He remembers mobs surging up and down, women brandishing clubs, police charging ahead of beleaguered meat wagons, bricks and bottles hurled from windows. Or, if he has been a student of slum streets, he remembers how back of the Yards was a region of wretched cottages on stilts, of plank sidewalks and muddy lanes, and Whisky Row. In that day, not so very long past, there was no semblance of playground or library. The hideous city dump spread its length within sight of kitchen windows. There were smutty-faced children in dooryards, and scowls of defiance from mothers.

The region is still no paradise, but it has been marvelously improved. And as for battle, it is so long since the alarm rang in, “Riot at the stockyards!” that police operators have ceased to listen for it.

2

However, the main purpose of the Yards has not changed. The killing of animals for food goes on, fundamentally as it did before the eyes of Edward, Prince of

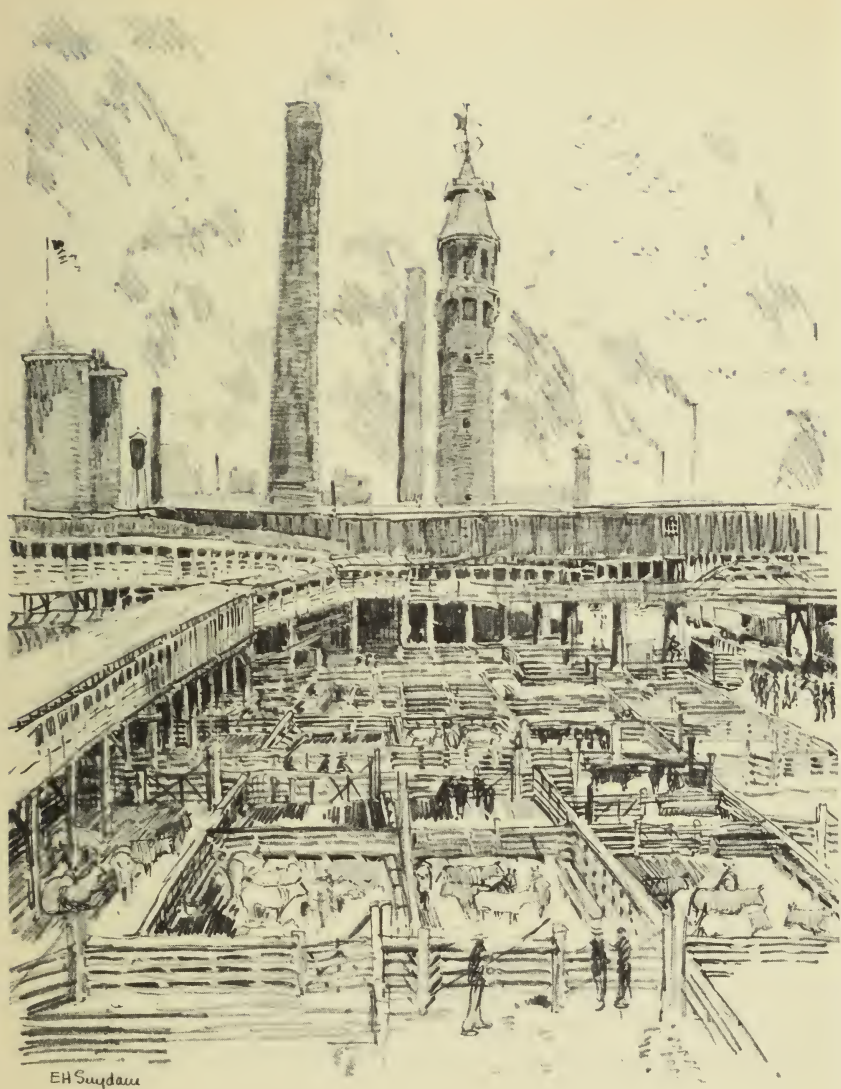
Chicago: A Portrait

Wales, and Rudyard Kipling, and Arnold Bennett, and Prince Henry of Prussia, and Queen Marie, and the artist Raffaelli, and Paul Bourget. With varying degrees of shock, spectators, celebrated or unimportant, stand on visitors' platforms and watch the stunning of muscular steers or, in a grisly twilight, the slaughter of hogs amid steam, blood, and outcries.

This is an old story, surely. Especially since the World War, writers have not been so much inclined to go away and exclaim, like Bourget: "It suddenly seemed as if I saw before me existence itself, and all the laws incarnated in a pitiable symbol. All that I had thought of death was concrete before my eyes." Nowadays, although it is still possible to fashion scarlet phrases about the slaughter-houses, it is more to the point to gaze, unshaken, upon this interior city and observe its character.

It is actually a city and a ranch, which adjoin each other within a single boundary. To one who rides over a plank viaduct, across the pens, the ranch is revealed in its enormous acreage. The pens are full of animals that yesterday, or the day before, enjoyed freedom on some plain or mountain-side. Aisles run between, and horsemen carrying canes are expertly examining the idle beasts. All this is of the old days; but whereas the bottom of the pens used to be lakes of oozing clay, they are now of brick. This is not a matter of politeness to the animals, that do not care whether or not their feet are dry. It is because, as a Stockyards man explained it: "We found, a good while ago, that mud on a hide makes a blemish that won't come off. So we put brick in those pens."

On the same order is the improvement of streets within



EH Suydam

A CORNER OF THE STOCKYARDS

“The Yards” of To-day

the Yards, the introduction of first-class drainage, the virtual banishment of smoke through consumer-devices. Likewise, the advance in safety for the tenderfoot. These streets used to be, as an early guide-book puts it, “made dangerous by the rush of the Texas steer, closely pursued by flying horsemen.” Also, it was not uncommon for a horned rebel to break away and in his flight cover several blocks of near-by territory. That good old heading “Mad Steer Creates Panic” has long been denied to city editors looking for a noon-edition flash. The cattle now go, in a stolid file, over viaducts leading to the place of slaughter. And, incidentally, instead of being made “mad” they are given an hour of rest before meeting their end.

The ranch-city is not yet seventy years old. It was originally a swamp. Just as downtown Chicago was raised bodily for the sake of drainage, so the stockyards was reclaimed, dried out, and built up. * It was established where it is when Thirty-ninth Street was the city limit to the south. Previously the Union Stockyards and Transit Company (as now, owner of the “ranch”), founded by John B. Sherman, was at Thirty-ninth Street and Cottage Grove Avenue, with the Myrick Tavern at its gate. That was after the first location at the Bull’s Head on the West Side was abandoned.

At the time when the first generation of packers—Armour, Swift, Morris, and others—began their immense toil, the buildings were few and bad. The workers would be counted in hundreds. Now, something like seventy-five

* Urban archæologists have been interested to learn that, during reconstruction work, remnants of three different layers of ancient plank roads have been unearthed.

Chicago: A Portrait

thousand people work within the ranch-city, within a square mile or less. They are all sorts: officials who drive in from suburbs or substantial town houses; commission men and clerks on the Exchange; buyers, skilled hands, laborers; office people, experts, accountants; boys, girls, women and men; cowboys and chemists. Mark the chemists!

The city goes to work very early. Even before a winter sunrise, through the hazy pre-dawn, move scores of trains over perhaps two hundred miles of special trackage, creeping to destination with a puffing of stacks and a murmur of animal voices. There are about two thousand beasts arriving every minute, it is said. As the light grows, human multitudes pour in through the famous gates, or alight from elevated trains at special stations, or wheel their cars into parking-spaces, or trudge in afoot.

They are temporary inhabitants of a city which is ordered by a system that makes the rest of Chicago appear, in some respects, casual and undisciplined. A very independent city it is, with its own streets, such as Packers Avenue, Exchange Avenue, Dexter Avenue; its own water system and electric-light plants; its miles of private trackage; its own fire department, subject nominally to the chief downtown; its own special police and traffic officers. The city has a hotel run by the Stockyards Company. It has a daily paper, the venerable "Drovers' Journal," and a large pavilion for amusements and for the annual livestock shows. There are special schools, such as that of Swift & Company, which teaches about seven thousand people by correspondence, if they like. And the companies have their own central charities, the Stockyards Community Council.

“The Yards” of To-day

3

Such developments, and especially the charity clearing-house, have tended to reduce the problems confronting such an institution as the University of Chicago Settlement, which has its place on a street hard by. When Miss Mary McDowell, its head resident, went to live near the Yards in a few rooms in 1894, the district was a social and sanitary horror. Among other things, it was a region of nauseating odors. Howard Wilson, writing of how some one sought to persuade Miss McDowell to flee such tortures, or at least turn from them, quotes her as having said, “We must remain conscious of the bad things in order to fight to get rid of them.”

Among conditions to which she could not shut her eyes was the capital-labor trouble. It was real trouble, too. With the growth of unions, there came on at length the great strike of 1904. Miss McDowell stood with the men—and the women—in seeking parley with an obstinate packer or two. The conference was obtained, and the strike ended.

Miss McDowell stayed on, to become white-haired, and to see all hands working together to improve housing back of the Yards, to see playgrounds, libraries, and amusements provided, to note the increasing employment of skilled negroes in difficult work, and to see women take jobs by thousands instead of scores. And the transportation? T. G. Lee, president of Armour & Company, said recently:

“When I came here horse cars and dummy steam lines from downtown furnished the only means of transportation to the yards.

“When I joined Armour & Company no women were employed in the offices. Women made their appearance a

Chicago: A Portrait

few years later. It was necessary to provide buses to haul them from this office to the yards' entrances. A combination of trailing skirts and inadequate walks which did not cross the cattle runways was a hurdle too big for the girls to get over."

A more vital thing which both old-timers and economic students have seen arrive is the reform of intermittent employment conditions. That is a very academic way to put it. It really means "a steady job."

It was Miss McDowell who once said: "That word job has come to seem almost a sacred word. . . . It means food, shelter, a chance to be human. . . ." The packers, within twenty years past, came to realize how much better for all concerned should work be something to count on; it meant savings, homes, and peace of mind for the fathers of families. Swift & Company, in 1912, inaugurated a system of guarantee—a minimum of forty hours' work a week. It was an intricate thing to manage, but it succeeded and now is in use, in one way or another, by all the chief packing concerns. The despair of enforced idleness has been largely banished.

Another great advance has been the introduction of the "plant assembly." This is a group of representatives of all crafts, in each of the big companies. Difficulties large and small are adjusted in the meetings, which, as described, are scenes of the most outspoken discussion. In such an assembly, it is recorded, a demand for higher wages was presented by one craft in a certain plant; it was approved by the assembly—and the other crafts, which had no raise in sight, uttered not a word of protest!

An effort is made to assure an eight-hour day—no

“The Yards” of To-day

longer, anyway. What wars the old-timer can recall, over that issue! It dates back to the eighties, when a nation-wide labor movement vowed to obtain such a workday, and among other things helped to bring on the Chicago anarchist tragedy of 1886. But there is recalled the unique attitude of a packing-house chief of that period, Sidney A. Kent, who, while other employers were fortifying themselves against the eight-hour movement, granted nine hours' pay to his men for eight hours' work, and later ten hours' pay. And he said:

“If the men will devote their spare time to education and improvement, we will all be gainers in the end. The only thing to be feared is ignorance.”

4

That eight-hour movement collapsed, and Mr. Kent's pioneering along with it. Many years of struggle led to the final result. Meanwhile, the packers—or, rather, the second generation of them—proceeded to do something on their own account for education and improvement.

And as one man they attacked the problem of cleanliness, within the plants as well as without. Cleanliness, in their view, is efficiency. The first generation of famous packers knew it, but they were engrossed in laying foundations, sometimes amid terrific financial worries, and they lived in an age that preceded that of science, and of modern appliance, in business. Yet more than one, and Gustavus F. Swift in particular, strove with all his might and with every device then known, for cleanliness.

“He looked in corners, down sewers, under benches, and in the least well lighted parts of coolers,” his son Louis, in

Chicago: A Portrait

"The Yankee of the Yards," testifies. "The principle is a contribution which father left us and which will never be outgrown." And there is this quotation from a foreman: "G. F. was the greatest man for sal soda ever I see."

Upton Sinclair's "Jungle," which left a horrible picture in the minds of people everywhere, made the packers shrug their shoulders. They had "got busy" on conditions before ever the tract-novel appeared. More sensational attacks, with President Roosevelt behind them, hurried things along. Then the second-generation packers came to the thrones. They had the advantage of new discoveries and applications. They had more time and more money. By the time the World War was ended and its immediate consequences lived through, these younger men—the six Swift brothers, Ogden Armour with others of the family, Thomas E. Wilson, and the rest—managed to put behind them the capital-labor struggles that had made the Yards a battle-ground, and they could employ methods impossible before the laboratory took control.

For now it is chemistry that runs the plants. Every product—and to enumerate them, in these days of by-products, would mean a list pages long—is founded on chemical analysis; so is all refrigeration. Science has taken charge. Its rule is advancing all the time, with new discovery; and the scientific spirit is furthered by the work of the American Meat Packers' Institute in coöperation with the school of commerce of the University of Chicago.

It would be inaccurate to depict the Yards of to-day as an idyllic city, a heaven. No industrial community can be that, nor any city. But it has improved, while some cities even have grown worse. And if the searcher for beauty

“The Yards” of To-day

thinks he can find none of it in the Yards, he should take a look at the reproduction of Independence Hall housing the Stockyards National Bank; or the Stockyards Inn, with its Stratford-on-Avon lines and its drawing-room furnished with Scotch antiques; or the dignified quarters of the Saddle and Sirloin Club, adorned with the well-painted likenesses of the big men of the live-stock industry.

There has been another side to big business men like the packers, and like A. G. Leonard, head of the Stockyards Company, and like John A. Spoor, capitalist and collector of beauty.

5

Not far from the club is the general store of one “Jack-knife Ben,” who sells everything, from the canes stockmen punch steers with, to diamonds and watches. Once a pack peddler, he has been a Yards character for years.

What stories he could tell! A story, for instance, of Bubbly Creek.

That is—or, rather, was—officially a stream, but in reality, to quote a local politician born near its banks, it was a “man-made cesspool surpassing in depravity anything nature ever conceived.” Once it had been an innocent little creek straggling from the south branch of the Chicago River. It had clear water and bending willows; it was a “swimmin’-hole.” Then it became officially a navigation slip, but in reality a recipient of the sewage from the slaughter-houses.

It was a tradition, a jest for (far-away) paragraphers and actors, and a civic problem. So thickly was it filled with offal and scum that it literally bubbled, did Bubbly Creek,

Chicago: A Portrait

when poisons reached the surface. "It would," said the expressive politician, "give a mule the hiccoughs." A party visiting Bubbly Creek, in order to see about it, once noted with their own eyes a bantam rooster walking upon the noisome surface.

In old care-free days when such things were taken more or less as a necessary nuisance, or as "just Chicago," nobody thought of plans for reforming this sanitary horror. But before the World War, there rose a cry that Bubbly Creek must go. The cry resounded for several years afterward without a definite move. Then came committees, bills in the legislature, solemn citizens who went and looked at Bubbly, held their noses, and made reports. A project came forward to fill the thing, build an intercepting sewer through it, and on top of all this construct a road to be part of Pershing Road—the boulevard which is the new phase of old Thirty-ninth Street. A part of this project got started. The sanitary district did build the sewer, as wide as some subways. And on a day in 1920, there was a parade, and the packers, together with leading citizens like Charles G. Dawes, Charles H. Wacker, and Frank O. Lowden, and a swarm of lesser citizens, watched the shovels that began to fill in old Bubbly.

The reform of the malodorous Chicago landmark is not finished, though as a scandal it is subdued. Pershing Road, the general's namesake, does not yet bear speeding automobiles across it, on the way out into the country to the McCormick Zoo. But it will. Years are necessary, sometimes, to unravel the curious legalisms that complicate such reforms. Bubbly Creek brought a clash of jurisdictions, and a struggle with certain property-owners. Its burial was



E. H. Suydam Chicago '21

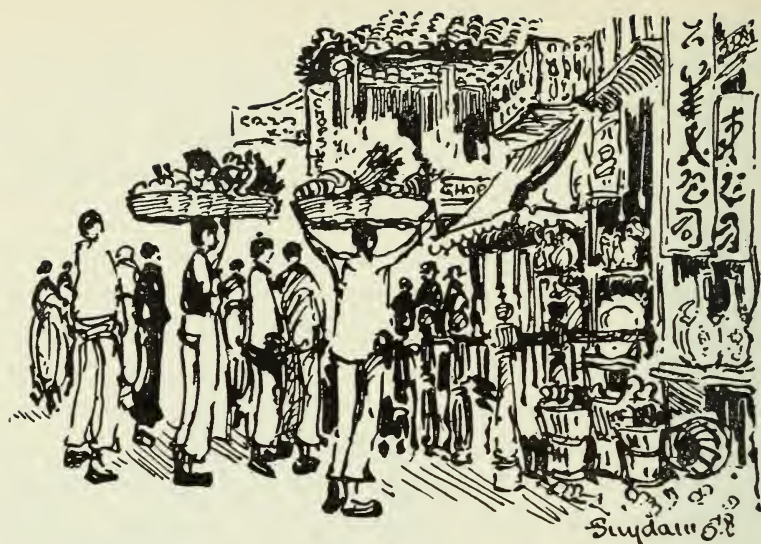
THE HEART OF CHINATOWN

“The Yards” of To-day

attended by queer discoveries, such as that a New York woman owned fifty thousand square feet of the bottom of the cess-pool; a discovery that made her four thousand dollars richer. But at last the old horror was gone, looked back upon even sentimentally by a few.

And so, in due time, was nearly all of the ancient and renowned stockyards smell that once invaded distant territory when the wind blew a certain way. The smell was not Bubbly's fault. It came from open rendering kettles. The big packers spent thousands of dollars to quell it, and in recent years have put it almost, though not quite, to rout.

So pass many disagreeable but characteristic things which were a part of the life of an earlier Chicago.



Chapter XII

SHORT ESSAY ON A LONG STREET

I

IN ORDER that the lineaments of this portrait may be truthful, the search leads into quarters far from elegant. It penetrates chasms formed by the torsos of utility plants, and pursues passes from one dark valley to another. Wheeling into sight, come scowling roofs and chimneys, which, like the mountains on Childe Roland's route, seem

Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.

And one who has walked or ridden alone among these bleak foot-hills of sky-scrapers, may have fancied that they

. . . like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay.

Short Essay on a Long Street

But no one can understand Chicago unless he confront it all and never draw back. Let him leave shudders to those whose refinement is greater than their vigor. And let him ask himself: "What is ugliness? What is beauty?" To such a question, a wise art critic replied, "A thing is beautiful because it *exists*."

With these concerns in mind, observe Archer Avenue. It runs down along the southern bank of the south branch, much as Canalport Avenue and Blue Island Avenue, for a good distance, pursue the northern bank. Beauty has deserted these hard, dusty, reckless sluices of city life. They lie bordered with buildings seldom "prettied up" by so much as a plate-glass window. They flow by clusters of fat black chimneys; they echo with the clank and rumble of machinery; and they strangle, sometimes, in air spoiled by heavy acid smells.

It takes hardihood to work, to eat and sleep, amid such "starved, ignoble nature," and so the men and women achieve more vigor than refinement.

They are indeed vigorous; a great many of them deep-chested, guttural-voiced, rude. Strong people, those who ride on the Archer Avenue cars, and devoted to their district. They may know nothing of the Baconian theory, or of the diminished seventh. They have never seen the interior of the University Club. Neither that peaceful institution nor the chromium-plated sky-scrapers nor the libraries of research, can be home to them. This is home, this slanting street, with its tributary streetlets bearing such names as Lime, Salt, Quarry, and—most appropriate of all—Stark. In these little houses, from "stoop" to "stoop" of which visiting is easy, within which one can eat in shirt-sleeves at

Chicago: A Portrait

the kitchen table, is home, and one may believe that it is also happiness.

2

"Archer Avenue" means nothing to any one but a Chicagoan. But the name, more usually corrupted into "Archey Road," has a definite savor in Chicago conversation, a hint of something as wholly "ours" as that which speaks to Paris in Rue de la Harpe, or Rue du Vieux Colombier. If a city can have a street christened for an "ancient dove-cote," why not one commemorating the Chicago man who, in 1836, dug the first spadeful of earth for the original and most exciting ship canal? His name was William Archer.

Old residents, clinging to their frame or brick homesteads in the regions called Bridgeport and Brighton, know that history, even though the rest of the city may have to scratch its head to remember. The oldsters may not be so sure that it was Louis Joliet who first saw the opportunity for a waterway in the course of the Chicago, Des Plaines, and Illinois rivers, and argued desperately with his Government, that of Louis XIV, that something be done about it. But the Archey Road patriarchs know this story:

On the Fourth of July, 1836, the year before Chicago the city was chartered, there was a round-up in the little public square, "at the signal given by three cannons," as the historian Andreas wrote. Everybody had put on tall hats and clean stocks; the women were stiff in home-made muslins, and bright with ribbons. There were a few stray Indians, and here and there a hunter in buckskin. Well, the steamer *Chicago*, gaily be-flagged, set off up the river,

Short Essay on a Long Street

her decks jammed like a Lincoln Park excursion boat of to-day. She was followed by the schooners *Sea Serpent*, *Llewellyn*, and others, which Andreas insists were towed by horses.

There wasn't room for the enormous crowd—which may have run as high as a few hundred—on the ships, so a stream of people, in carriages, on horseback, “and many on foot,” followed the river, taking to a new highway, just traced on the low river bank, and running as far as Canalport and Lockport. This highway was Archer Road, which in the mouths of Irish settlers who moved there became “Archey Road,” but which the precise municipal map-makers determined to call Archer Avenue. It was laid out by Colonel Archer, who was a canal commissioner, in order to make the junction of canal and river accessible. It cost forty thousand dollars of canal money. And it appears that the citizens of that day were just as vigilant as those of the present, for, if Andreas is right, “the justice of this expenditure was questioned, since Colonel Archer had an extensive property in Lockport which the road seemed designed to benefit.”

One may suppose, however, that so disturbing a point was not raised on the jubilant day when Colonel Archer used the spade. The “great waterway” was a fact. No one could predict that it would be neglected for twelve years more, and that eventually the “ditch” would be good for nothing. On that Independence Day the Declaration was read; Dr. William B. Egan—yes, the pioneer of Kenwood—delivered an “eloquent discourse,” and there were loud huzzas.

The canal vanished from importance in the era of the

Chicago: A Portrait

greater Sanitary Canal, but Archer Avenue remained as a long highway to Lockport and Joliet. Near Chicago, before the industrial age came on, the street became a "suburban road fringed by cottage homes." It was unpaved. The sidewalks were of planks. Residents had woodsheds, and were free to raise chickens and rabbits, and to have flower gardens. Most of these folk were comparatively poor. East of State Street, where Archer Avenue begins, were homes of the wealthy, but the loyal "Archey Roader" had nothing to do with them.

The great meadows . . .

But all this has been better described by an excellent newspaper writer, the late Fred A. Chappell, who passed his boyhood on the Road. There, he wrote,

wide prairie and open spaces covered with the ubiquitous mayweed, now extinct in Chicago, and the lush vegetation of the vacant lots, afforded a roaming space for restless youngsters. In the summer sunshine, under billowing clouds still unhidden from the city dwellers, the boys hunted the elusive grasshopper and the variegated butterfly. . . . Willows and cottonwoods shed a dirty carpet of leaves and twigs upon street and sidewalk, and catkins littered the way in their season.

There were street-car tracks "where the hoofs of hurrying horses played an intermittent tattoo on the roughly laid cobblestones." The streets acquired deep dust and mud "that transferred itself to boots, shoes and garments and the trains of women's dresses that dragged the ground." But it was a happy-go-lucky life; a barefoot life. Drove of cattle would pass along the street, with a touch of Wild West. A circus, an organ-grinder, a dancing bear, would make the children happy. And the rougher boys were in

Short Essay on a Long Street

gangs, who fought with bare knuckles—never with revolvers—who marauded, sallied, battled behind the gas-house, and settled racial rivalries.

It appears from Chappell's account that "everybody was either Irish or 'Dutch.'" The definition of "Dutch" was vague. Anyway, the "Dutch" were not the Irish, and that proud race considered itself the aristocracy. Another little side-light: At about that era, there were only three Republican voters on the whole length of Archey Road.

3

Perhaps by now the reader of literature, rather than of Chicago memoirs, has begun to recognize a certain familiarity in that street-name. If so, no wonder; for of course Archey Road was the background of those dialogues, whose fame has never quite departed, written by Finley Peter Dunne.

The conversations between Mr. Dooley, Mr. Hennessey, and others really took place in McGarry's saloon on Dearborn Street, on a spot now covered by the Boston Store. Dunne, in the first sketches, called the saloon man McNary; McGarry was disturbed, so the author made a revision. He knew that there were so many Dooleys and Hennesseys on Archey Road that no one could be greatly embarrassed. Thus Dooley the Celebrity was born. And Mr. Hennessey was taken from life also—from a locally noted and still very energetic Archey Roader named John J. McKenna.

Unless you know a McKenna, Chicago is all Greek to you. John J. is of the very soil; a soil that antedated the concrete pavements and the electric cars. He is a philosopher, a story-teller, and, indeed, a writer. He brought out

Chicago: A Portrait

a brochure—though, as a friend of his says, he “doesn’t call it that”—entitled “Fond Memories of McGarry’s Place.” It tells of leading citizens who frequented the bar, and who told robust stories at a late hour. It goes as far back as the time of Joseph Medill, who used to drop in for a chat with McGarry.

The casual wit of that host was as keen as ever represented in Mr. Dooley. McKenna recounts how one day news was brought to him of the sudden death of a famous gambler.

“Well,” said McGarry, cautiously, “a meaner man never went before his maker—but if he ain’t dead, that don’t go.”

To none other than McGarry does McKenna ascribe a most venerable retort; which, indeed, may be as old as Ireland. McKenna’s version:

Casey, the bar-tender, hollered from the bar-room:

“McGarry, is Jim Blank good for a drink?”

“Has he got it?” was McGarry’s reply.

“Yes,” was Casey’s answer.

“Then he is.”

McKenna has faded clippings of some of the first Dooley stories that were printed, at about World’s Fair time. In those sketches, not only was McGarry called McNary, but McKenna was quoted by name. It was the saloon-man, however, who was made to jeer at the Fair, which he visited with a friend.

“‘Come on and see th’ Midway,’ he sez. ‘That’s h—l,’ he sez.

“So over we goes to the Midway—an’, Johnny, I haven’t been well since.”

Short Essay on a Long Street

The memory of a McKenna, long and keen, can bring up a picture of the pioneer and doughty mayor, "Long John" Wentworth, who once had a country place at Summit, and who owned three thousand acres thereabouts, along Archer Avenue and south of it. His domain encompassed the site of the Comiskey baseball park, and part of the swamp where the Stockyards grew.

A big, genial creature, Wentworth liked to take into his buggy little boys of the district. McKenna was one.

"He would talk to a fellow like he was grown up. That made the lads love him. He'd tell 'em all what he'd done and seen."

Well, those battles along Archey Road? McKenna talks of them cautiously. There was Pat Mortel's gang; the worst. There were the "Canalers"; the "boys from the locks." West Siders would cross the river, hundreds strong, and be repulsed with bricks or clubs.

"All a fair, stand-up fight in those days. No shootin'. An' after the play of fists, shake hands it was."

Behind the rolling-mills of an early day, around Haley's Hall or elsewhere along the suburban road, rows half racial, half sectional would be settled amid flying missiles. Once two armies met, and old ladies pulled down their blinds. But two or three young men stepped out and forced the troops to grip hands in a truce. One of the peace-makers became a bishop.

4

There are few traces of battle on Archer Avenue to-day. Along its worn concrete sidewalks the children plod homeward from school. One imagines the red-brick, heavily

Chicago: A Portrait

tarnished buildings of standard pattern from which they have come. Yet in stuffy rooms, if such they are, school-children nowadays find spurs to the imagination, and they go into wider worlds. Some of these little folk have come, a good many of them, from the school alongside St. Bridget's, where religious teachers look on them with kind eyes.

Anyway, they are cheerful children. Their caps and coats make spots of color against drab store-fronts. They are as well dressed as children in the suburbs. Where are the raggedy boys and the pinched faces? Alas! somewhere in the little houses behind other houses there may be boys and girls who haven't the right clothes to wear to school. And one knows that a good many who look so bright may not have lunched too well.

The rude old street is kind to them. Shopkeepers give them a smile and a wave. The street-car is careful when it comes to crossings. At a complex intersection a tiny boy and a girl, hand-in-hand, pause in the roadway, confused about the lights. A man in dungarees shoulders them and sets them down on the other side, laughing.

School is out. The groups separate. Boys run with whoops into a cinder-strewn yard, to play ball. The girls skip up the wooden steps of houses.

It is home. It may be under the pall of the gas-house, or along the viaduct of the C. & A., but it is theirs. And one knows of so many people who, bred in a Salt Street or a Stark Street and later "emancipated," sit in some handsome apartment by the park, sighing, and remembering as happy days a childhood in Archey Road or "the Valley."

Short Essay on a Long Street

5

Out toward the southwest is the better favored part of the long street. In a big park there, which used to be a fair-grounds, is a statue of William McKinley, and that is his park. It contains a busy baseball ground, and it had, until recently, a group of speech-makers called the "Sun Worshipers Club." Therein were uttered many of the wise sayings of McKenna and his friends.

On the street-car that comes from the southwestern point, and farther, one rides the back platform with the black-haired young conductor whose brogue is as rich as his eyebrows. He was born over yonder, but he cannot remember when Archey Road had willow-trees and strawberries grew beside it. All he can be sure of is factories, and more of them.

As he gently sets right a crippled Slavic woman who should have transferred to Ashland Avenue he remarks, "My uncle says there was grass here once." On the vacant lots are now mainly dying weeds and broken bottles.

Forward with the swaying car. Halsted Street crossed once more. Twenty-second—now wide, a race-course for automobiles. Moreover, it has been a highway of Capone gangsters speeding from their South Side haunts to their resorts in Cicero. Give them the right of way.

There is a glimpse of the downtown sky-scrapers, seen diminutive over the flat no-man's-land. Then comes a triangle of streets in which suddenly appear Oriental faces. It is Chinatown, and oh! it is dusty and unadorned! The corner of Twenty-second and Wentworth—the latter named for "Long John," of course—is the very highest achieve-

Chicago: A Portrait

ment in letting things stay ugly. . . . The ugliness of just not caring!

However, there is a surprise around the corner. Up aloft, on a building of three or four stories, jut out ornaments that suggest part of a Chinese pagoda. Walk into the building and up the stairs. No one stops you. A corridor appears, with velvet-padded chairs along the wall. There are pictures on the wall: a silvery Oriental piece, a heavy painting of the Bay of Naples. Two Chinese confer here, in half-whispered undulatory speech.

Up another flight. More amazing! A big "lounge," rather on the order of that of a chain hotel. Half-Oriental, half-American. Storks in silver and black again; a copy of an eighteenth-century tapestry; Lake Como. Nobody there.

Nobody in the next room, which is all Oriental; deeply and mysteriously Chinese. Against the wall, a shrine. Two josses in delicate arbors. Gold-leaf on wood as intricately carved as the great altar at Toledo. Candle-lights burning and somehow casting off a sweet odor. Miniature stags, dragons, sitting or frolicking in unexpected niches. . . . Teak-wood chairs, with marble backs; beautiful vases, banners on standards, with Chinese lettering.

Well, all this is the East, hidden behind the blank walls of Wentworth Avenue. It is that building commonly known as the "Chinese city hall." It belongs to the wealthy group, called by our race the Chinese Business Men's Association; but more particularly, it belongs to the aged Frank Moy, for forty years the "mayor" of this "city." That is the god of the Moy clan who sullenly faces the candles. His name is Quan-Ti, and once he was a man, a war lord, and afterward he became a god.

Short Essay on a Long Street

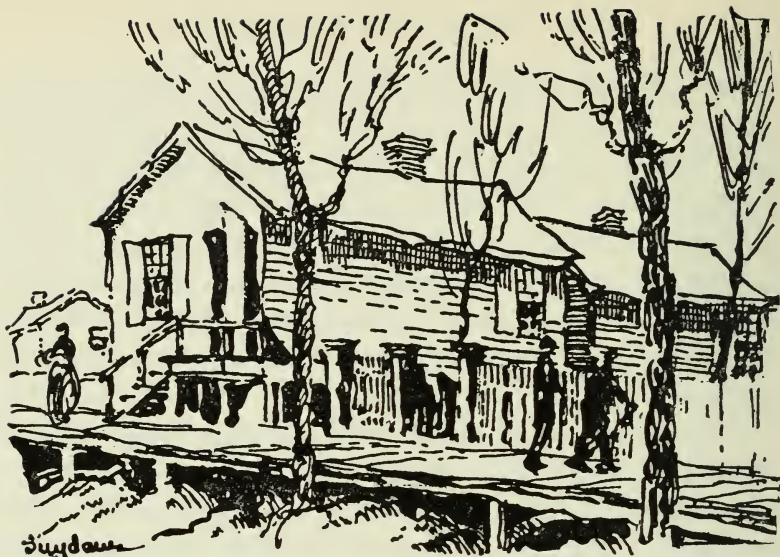
Through the years, Moy has attracted to this spot, from Canton and environs, all the other Moys he could. They now form an impregnable regiment, which makes the On Leong the boss. With other Chinese, who bow to old Frank as mayor, the population of the almond-eyed in this quarter is numbered in the thousands. They moved over from Harrison and Clark streets, where a few remain. The Hip Sings are down at Twenty-fourth and State streets, and not so strong.

Frank takes care of his people. They prosper. Chinatown draws the curious and the political, and the night-lifers. But below that surface, there is a serious and solid prosperity. And as for education, the little oval-faced children go to the public school, but after that they must enter the special school in the "city hall," where they are taught the lore and the culture of the Orient.

On Twenty-second Street, nearly as wide as State Street, about every sign is Chinese, except one—that of the Y. M. C. A. Frank's god is only around the corner, but here is a spirit undeniably Christian, even though expressed largely in tables covered with magazines. . . . The announcement of a summer camp for children, somewhere in Wisconsin. Placards hanging askew: "Keep happy" . . . "Be cheerful" . . . "Tobacco is a curse."

"Be cheerful," they say to these Chinese boys who work at night in laundries or worse places, and whose view of the sky is cut off by dismal roofs. . . . They do manage it somehow.

They, and the children, and the grinning crews issuing from gas-house or freight-house—these write the true essay of a long street.



Chapter XIII

WEST SIDE EXCURSION

I

THE English editor who saw chaos as he visited the river-side was brave enough to see more.

"What is across there?" he inquired, waving his long cigarette-holder toward a smoky vale beyond a bridge.

"The West Side."

"Which is . . .?"

"Everything west of the river and its arms. Workers. Factories. Foreign peoples. Slums."

"Hum!"

"Boulevards and parks."

"Indeed!"

He was an enduring English editor. He had done the

West Side Excursion

Stockyards and "Archev Road." He had seen, southwest of there, a city of freight-yards five miles long: Clearing, where freight traffic of Chicago and other points is cleared. He had glanced at the Slavic town of Argo and had marveled at the municipal air-port, busy as a railroad terminal. West on Pershing Road, he had viewed, on the site of an ancient cabbage-patch, an array of factories, including the immense place devoted to chewing-gum; warehouses, three of them belonging to Uncle Sam; enormous and gaunt machinery.

"The Central Manufacturing District."

"Ah!" he exclaimed. He had exclaimed it two thousand times, but he was not yet tired.

The chauffeur, whistling, skimmed across the Halsted Street bridge.

2

Halsted, that dismal street, sloped slightly upward from under a railway trestle. The buildings were low and mean. There were signs implying a Lithuanian element; but an O'Toole and a PistoZZo also had goods for sale. The cross-streets fled by, alleys with wooden houses, rubbish heaps. Fourteenth Street not like New York's, arrived.

It was "the Valley," and it told nothing. But an English editor must learn what the Valley was. One of the most notorious of Chicago's gangs once ruled it, he was informed. He opened an eye and gazed about. The scene was peaceful enough.

The chauffeur swung the car westward a few blocks, and passed a group of light-blue sheds, with trucks at platforms. Important merchants had their names graven over the doors.

Chicago: A Portrait

"The produce market. They moved it over from South Water Street."

"But the gangs?"

The driver grinned. More melancholy blocks, and then, "It was on this corner that Paddy the Bear was bumped off," said the wheelsman, with a certain zest; "right over yonder."

There was no brass plate to commemorate the event. Unloosed, the driver's tongue ran on. "Paddy the Bear" was the old chief of the Valley Gang. He had bossed it for a good many years, what with his political power and his two hundred and thirty pounds. But one morning, in 1920 it was, some one emptied an automatic into him, and he fell.

But why was he killed?

D'you suppose they ever found out? Paddy only said, "I didn't think the —— had the nerve to do it," then died. Well, there was a story that he let one of the gang go around with the girl of another fellow; and this other one was peeved. So he killed Paddy, and after a while "Paddy the Fox," the young Paddy, killed him. . . . But all that was ten years ago.

"The district's changed a lot. It's mostly respectable."

The English editor was pleased, but he would fain know the past, and so he heard of the Valley of old days, when into this low-lying region along the south branch, stretching eastward to the lumber-yards, poured the motley of all nations. Most fiercely seethed the melting-pot. Migrations followed migrations. The Irish came first; sturdy fighters, they kept ascendancy a long time—Paddy the Bear's last name was Ryan—then the majority moved elsewhere. The

West Side Excursion

Jews and Italians swarmed in, thousands of them, during later decades. Poles appeared; even French and Belgians (very few); Czechs, Russians, Greeks. A group of Hollanders came, but after clashes with the Russian émigrés, trekked to other regions.

"Though there's some Dutch over there across the street, they say."

Across the street was very melancholy indeed. The English editor was slumping in his seat.

"And now we get the Mexicans," said the driver. "Say, I'm sure sorry for them birds. They just ain't eatin' Nights, they send out the kids for a cent's worth of oil; otherwise they'd sit in the dark. Not even gas in them roosts."

He said further that in winter gipsies hire a room, and a dozen of them live in it, in squalor and poisonous air, until spring. The women do palmistry. Their costumes brighten Halsted Street.

"There's many big citizens been raised here in the Valley—aldermen, judges, musicians, bankers. The good kids struggled up among the bad; had to fight, though. . . . The gangsters got the most space in the papers. The 'Forty-twos' are still gay. They drive along here fifty miles an hour and don't pay no attention to stop-lights."

Halsted Street again. A pause for traffic. Then the story of a tough named "Nails" Morton, lately one of the notables of the district—and with reason. Said the knowing driver, whose tales need not be checked too closely, the first five-cent movie theater in the country was opened here in the Valley by Carl Laemmle ("Uncle Carl"). There was trouble with the young hoodlums, who tried to crash in.

Chicago: A Portrait

In order to combat this crowd, Morton and a pal named Hirschie Miller were hired to see that everybody paid. And they paid.

Various merchants, embattled for racial or other reasons, also hired Nails and Hirschie, whose marksmanship was improving right along. Then came the World War, and Morton went to the front. He was a fury in the army, as he had been in dark lanes of the Valley. He won decorations; he was promoted from the ranks to be a lieutenant. Once he went A.W.O.L., turned up with another outfit, and fought heroically. When at length discharged with honor, he went straight back to the Valley. One night, in a saloon brawl, two policemen were killed, and strong evidence pointed to Morton and Miller. They were acquitted, with most of the city denouncing the verdict, but Nails's friends insisting it was right.

Then came an anticlimax. Morton was killed, not in a battle but by falling from a horse! There was talk of a big memorial meeting, with generals as speakers. . . . But that plan died.

3

"Well, we'll drive through Maxwell Street market."

The car edged its way into an aisle between push-carts and booths. It crawled.

"Can't drive through here at all in busy hours." The driver's gear was in second speed. The fenders brushed vehicles hung with neckties, with trousers, with geese and chickens. Along the sidewalks were masses of merchandise: live fowls in crates, rabbits and song-birds; sausages, bread, and grains; slightly antique fur coats, overcoats,

West Side Excursion

trousers, and more trousers. The doorway of every shop stood open.

"If you even look interested they pull you inside," grinned the driver. "But the market ain't what it was. Customers is mostly Italians. The smart Jews has moved over west."

The famous mart looked sad. The venders cried out half-heartedly. A cloud hangs over the place, so the English editor was told: a terror of tyrannical politics. Political harpies graft from the pitiful little merchants; drive them into associations; sell them stores for outrageous prices; herd them to the polls. . . . The placard of a political boss is the only spot of color on the corner.

Slums!

The way led through little streets whose pathetic wooden or brick houses stood alongside heaps of tin cans or crouched under the swart walls of minor factories. It was not picturesque; it was monotonous and sad. . . . And on the eastern horizon rose the Loop towers, buff-colored against a brilliant sky.

Somewhere in that vale of Don't Care, the driver pulled up.

"I thought we might hit it. De Koven Street. That's where the Great Fire started."

The site was occupied by a two-story rooming-house, fronted with dirty gray stone. A lettered plate was visible on the face of the building. The passengers, dismounting, read:

The Great Fire of 1871 originated here and
extended to Lincoln Park.
Chicago Historical Society, 1881.

Chicago: A Portrait

But if the fire ruined the city, why not this house where it started? The answer was that it was not this house, but the cottage of the O'Leary family, that stood there in 1871.

"And a cow kicked over a lamp," observed the editor, intelligently. "Even I have read of that."

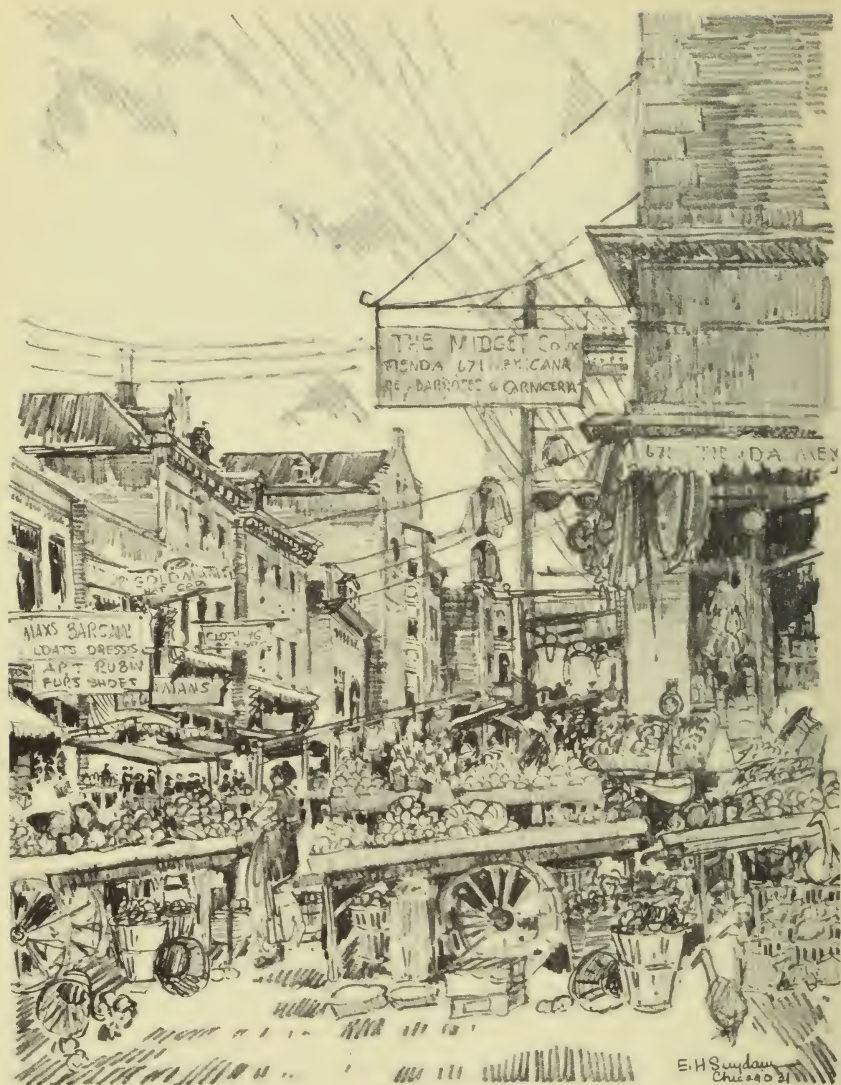
"Nobody knows the truth about the cow," offered the cheerful driver. "There ain't no historian ever got anywheres about it."

And that was truth, in itself.

4

The way led again up Halsted Street, which seemed far too narrow for so mighty an artery. It ran into Roosevelt Road, a wide through street created in 1916-17 after infinite delay and trouble, and became brisker thereafter. Clamorously Jewish at Roosevelt Road, Halsted Street was more conspicuously Italian, Greek, and Spanish, farther on. The placards proclaimed coffee-houses, stores selling religious objects, palmistry places, music shops—no end of music shops. Some of the little buildings were like old women. The street, so celebrated, had faded. The people passing looked humble. They wore no rainbow colors, nor flaunted foreign costume. Everything was dusty, prematurely aged. It could be felt that this cosmopolitan quarter lived on the edge of Industry, which soon would seize it all.

On a corner appeared the gables of Hull House, a house of more than seven gables, a congeries of buildings in dark-hued English style, stately but with an air of welcome.



MAXWELL STREET MARKET

West Side Excursion

The chauffeur offered no stories about Hull House. But the editor's curiosity had to be appeased. Was not the settlement many years old? Less than fifty, he was informed. The story was unfolded: how two young women, Jane Addams and Ellen Gates Starr, seeking headquarters for the work they contemplated in this district of struggling people, observed a fine old house standing back from the street. It was "surrounded on three sides by a broad piazza which was supported by wooden pillars of exceptionally fine Corinthian design and proportion." The house was even then more than thirty years old. It had belonged to Charles J. Hull, pioneer lawyer and philanthropist. Miss Helen Culver, Hull's business manager and heir, leased the place to the two ardent settlement women; and not long after made a present of it to Hull House. The plant had been enlarged and re-designed by the brothers Allen and Irving Pond. It continued to grow during years of transition, of babel, and of battle.

The settlement occupied a strategic corner, the editor was told, amid the caldron of alien ideas and within a stone's throw of the beginning of a long highway with a history going back to Chicago's earliest days: Blue Island Avenue. From a plank road, bridging swamps which once filled the far southwestern area, it grew into a thunderous commercial street, dusty and interminable. But before that it was a scene of bloody riot.

"On that part of Blue Island called 'the Black Road,' " the editor was told, "began the fights just before the anarchist uprising in 1886. The big McCormick harvester plant stood there then as it does now, though for years they've called it the International Harvester Company. The

Chicago: A Portrait

eight-hour-day movement was being pushed with vigor and with violence. Cyrus McCormick refused to bargain. In February, 1886, he locked out his men. When May came there were riots on the Black Road. Police and detectives swarmed there; lives were lost . . . and so was laid the fuse that led to the bomb-throwing a few blocks north of where we are sitting."

"I must see that place," said the editor with determination.

The journey was resumed. It led past the old Academy of Music, past loan banks and stores, and across West Madison Street, full of lonely men, forever plodding and seeking jobs—or meals. A turn to the right, then another northward. A battered brick building appeared on the left, with high crooked steps leading to its second floor, and barred windows below. It was a true antique, antedating clearly enough most of the brisk manufacturies near by. Over its door was faintly lettered: "Des Plaines Street Police Station."

Randolph Street revealed itself as a thoroughfare of double width, with motors racing eastward and westward, with trucks backed up to buildings, and hundreds of parked cars.

"The murder was in Haymarket Square," remarked the driver, "but there ain't no square any more."

He had to be corrected. The famous protest meeting of May 4, 1886, was indeed called for the square—the ancient goal of farmers driving hay-loads down the long roads to Chicago—but it really was held in Crane's Alley, a few paces north of Randolph Street. It followed a day of hurly-burly; of rapid printing of circulars headed: "*Rache!*"

West Side Excursion

Rache!" ("Revenge! Revenge!") August Spies had declaimed from the top of a box-car in the Black Road. Louis Lingg had spent days and nights making dynamite bombs in his miserable lodgings. Fielden, Parsons, Engel, Schwab, and the other conspirators had toiled at their assignments.

In the Des Plaines Street Station—or, rather, in the little street beside it—Captain Bonfield, brave but mercurial, had assembled a small army of police. The mayor, Carter H. Harrison, had paid a visit, and considered the menace not too great; but Bonfield determined on breaking up the meeting. He marched his men north, across the square, and to the mouth of the alley where, under torchlight, Fielden, with Parsons and Spies beside him, was haranguing the crowd from a wagon.

And now listen to this, Mr. Editor. It is from a newspaper of May 5, 1886:

The police platoon filled the street from side to side, and swept the crowd before it. As the column of officers arrived at the wagon on which the speakers were standing, Bonfield cried:

"In the name of the state of Illinois, I command this crowd to disperse."

A hoarse muttering went up from the mob, which slunk back before the officers and were about to obey the command when from the alley behind the wagon a slight sputtering noise was heard, and what seemed in the darkness a spark of fire sailed through the air and fell in the middle of the street immediately between the two rows of policemen. As the object struck the ground a loud explosion was heard and a large gap was seen in the ranks of the officers. For just one moment a deathlike silence reigned. The officers were paralyzed with horror and the crowd was terrified at the consequence of its act. For only one moment, however, for with demoniac yells the rioters pulled revolvers and began firing into the little squad of brave bluecoats, who for one moment stood appalled. Then the officers

Chicago: A Portrait

closed up the gap in their ranks, and drawing their revolvers advanced with slow and measured tread, firing as they advanced, and firing to kill.

The terrified crowd began to scatter, and fled like cowardly curs, knocking each other down in their flight, and tramping on their prostrate comrades. In five minutes the street was cleared of all except the dead and wounded.

"And how many were dead?" inquired the editor, gazing into the alley, which seemed too narrow for a mass-meeting.

"Eight policemen died of their wounds, and sixty-eight were wounded, but survived. How many of the mob were killed, no one ever knew. . . . Four of the anarchists were hanged, two went to life imprisonment, but were pardoned some years later; one killed himself in his cell."

The street, save for passing street-cars, was very quiet. It had forgotten more history than some people ever learn.

5

It was thought that perhaps the gentleman from London could stand a bit of romance, so out came the almost forgotten story of Nina Van Zandt. That young lady, from a Pittsburgh family, appeared in public and in print after the accused men had been in jail for some months. She confessed to an infatuation for August Spies. It may have been a strange form of mental excitement; obviously was a sort of defiance. For, as Miss Van Zandt explained in her preface to a book she caused to be published—called "The Autobiography of August Spies"—"I determined to range myself on the side of the accused," and she cried scorn to "moralists"—mostly newspaper reporters.

West Side Excursion

Whatever her impulse, "the fair Nina," as she was termed, visited Spies in the jail day after day, chaperoned by her mother. She took him flowers. A photograph of her, bordered with *lignum vitæ*, hung in his cell. She absorbed his philosophic ideas. When the trial came on, there was Nina in a prominent seat. "She made it a point," said the chroniclers, "to display a most varied wardrobe."

The verdict of guilty was brought in. Then, during the long wait for the penalty, came the most remarkable part of the death-tinged love-story. The sheriff commanding the jail got tired of the visits and the publicity. He enforced a rule that only the wives of the prisoners might see them. At once Miss Van Zandt announced that she intended to marry Spies. But the sheriff, cruel as ever, refused to permit the ceremony in a cell. Promptly appeared the almost unbelievable story that Spies's fiancéé meant to marry him by proxy. Still more unbelievable, such a ceremony actually was performed. A justice of the peace, in his office in a then remote part of Milwaukee Avenue, pronounced Nina the wife of August Spies, with a brother of the latter taking the place of the groom. Dubious papers authorizing this substitution were produced. Under the wavering light of two kerosene lamps, the brother and the bride were united, while relatives of Spies looked on. Then the marriage party splashed through the mud to the street-cars; and Nina hurried to the jail, no doubt giving the sheriff a triumphant look as she went in.

After the execution, the proxy bride went into mourning and hung a photograph of August in the window of her home. And she wrote: "Had I married some old invalid, these moral gentlemen who assail me would have

Chicago: A Portrait

lauded me to the skies; called me 'a sweet girl.' I prefer the censure of those moral people." To which she added a stanza from Byron:

There is the moral of all human tales:
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last.

6

The car containing the editor and his guides was turned about. He looked at his watch.

"But you ain't seen the old Capone joints out in Cicero," protested the driver. "You ain't seen West Twenty-second Street, nor the Harvester plant, nor the big Sears-Roebuck buildings, nor Wieboldt's, nor that old-time store of John M. Smyth, where they say I dunno how many brides been outfitted. And you ain't seen the Western Electric, where there's thirty thousand people most of the time, nor the Crane plant. And we ain't been to Lewis Institute, where lots of our best men went to school to be engineers; nor to the Garfield Park conservatory, nor the Stadium that Paddy Harmon built, nor the juvenile court, nor the new county jail an' morgue—none of them things."

"It would be fascinating indeed," said the editor faintly, "but I really think . . ."

He had given out at last.



Chapter XIV

JOURNEY TO THE BORDER—AND BACK

I

NEITHER an English editor nor any other stranger can be expected to savor the West Side as a native does. But it should be seen, for in many ways it is the real Chicago.

The near West Side is a tremendous arena of toil and production. Its great plants thunder away on streets from which Nature has been driven brutally. Houses of workmen line the by-streets. There are incredibly numerous roofs, chimneys, water-tanks. There are files of wooden houses, crammed together, yet contriving a bit of yard, back porches, even window-boxes. Brick homes, sometimes corniced with iron spikes, lean toward each other in curious culs-de-sac. The two-flat building is everywhere. Spires

Chicago: A Portrait

of enormous churches, nearly every one topped by the cross, rise from misty regions where life seems forlorn—but is not always that. In some vacant lots homeless men make coffee in what are called jungles; and this looks odd, a short mile from La Salle Street.

Great diagonal streets flow southwestward through the immense West Side territory, creating, every so often, an intersection of three or four thoroughfares and a burst of commercial energy. Street-cars push on to the horizon. These diagonals, such as Blue Island Avenue, Ogden Avenue, follow roughly the river bank, like Archer Avenue. All of them, seventy or eighty years ago, were mere tracks among marshes, then plank roads, with taverns at stated points. When rivers were reached, the teams crossed on flatboats or splashed across at fords.

Before and during the Civil War, runaway slaves were hurried in secret along those roads, from Ottawa or other stations, to be hidden in the homes of good abolitionists.

2

When the near West Side was still young, it became fashionable. The Great Fire drove thousands of families thither. Streets now hideous were bordered with pretty homes, always with shade-trees. There were schools and churches, a few of which linger in a limbo both ugly and pathetic.

Through a region to the west, then considered distant, was cut a boulevard which bore at first the name of Reuben Street, but later received that of Ashland, from the name of Henry Clay's Kentucky estate. H. H. Honoré was one of the promoters. He subdivided the region, and built

Journey to the Border—and Back

for himself a handsome homestead at the southwest corner of Ashland and Jackson boulevards. Later, the house changed hands. There was seen sitting in its garden another Kentuckian, a man with a large head and heavy beard, which whitened as years went by. This was Carter Henry Harrison I, mayor of the city from 1879 straight through to 1887, and again in 1893. In that house, for twenty-seven years, he lived his lavish and emotional life, and raised his children, one of whom, Carter II, was to be mayor for five terms. And in that house Carter the First was assassinated, in the World's Fair autumn, by a disappointed office-seeker. . . . Years ago, the homestead gave way to an apartment-building.

Mr. Harrison and Mr. Honoré had something in common besides Kentucky origin. Both were outspoken, dauntless, and full of life. Of Mr. Honoré is told a story illustrating his humor. He was in a hotel room one night, trying to sleep, but annoyed by footsteps overhead. Finally he found his way to the room of the pedestrian, knocked, and demanded, "What's the matter with you?"

The man opened the door and explained nervously that he was walking the floor because he owed money to a friend and could not see his way to pay.

"Let the other fellow walk!" blurted Honoré, and returned to his room and to bed.

Old Ashland Boulevard at its best was beautiful, with its borders of trees and its decorative urns. In the nineties it boasted such residents as the wealthy contractor, General Charles Fitzsimons, the coal merchant W. P. Rend, the convivial William A. Pinkerton, son of Allan the Civil War sleuth; William J. Chalmers, noted maker of mining ma-

Chicago: A Portrait

chinery and brother-in-law of Pinkerton; Judge Christian C. Kohlsaas; Mike McDonald, once gambler and later capitalist—all these and more, in a row of spacious dwellings which confronted the pave with ivy-covered stone, or marble fronts, or French Renaissance effects.

That show street of old times now resists with difficulty the pressure of business, and its ancient mansions are coming down, one by one. Not far away, whole squares are occupied by an array of buildings which add no beauty, but which give that part of the West Side a greatness of its own. That is the hospital group, a truly tremendous medical center, with a score of hospitals, medical schools, and research laboratories. Three universities are represented there. There are four thousand hospital beds. In the center looms the immense County Hospital, a scandal in days when it occupied a dusty red-brick structure on the same site, but now well equipped and managed.

The district, they say, will some day be a park. It needs to be. Streets surrounding it now are about the last word in gloom.

3

As it flows northward, Ashland Boulevard comes to Union Park, one of the oldest in the city. Through it or beside it course those long and ancient thoroughfares West Madison Street and Washington Boulevard. The region, a lifetime ago, was the Gold Coast of Chicago. And Union Park, to little boys of those days, was a paradise. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor wrote of it:

I remember it as a vast region of lawns, trees and flower-beds, whither I went of an afternoon to watch a huge grizzly bear pace

Journey to the Border—and Back

back and forth in his pit-like cage, or merely to race with other children up an artificial hill which seemed to me to be a mountain in height. Alas, that mountain has become a mole-hill, and Union Park's blue lake, on the water of which I sailed my toy boats, now appears but little larger than a good sized fountain.*

Not only the zoo but the lake has now disappeared from this early park. A conventional but useful playground stretches there instead.

Chatfield-Taylor found in 1918, probably on Washington Boulevard, "a familiar block of 'marble fronts,'" and he noticed other houses he remembered, some of red brick and some of clapboards and shingles. He would have trouble finding them to-day.

In his book "Chicago" Chatfield-Taylor says:

When the West Side was at its social zenith, the righteousness of New England was in the hearts of our foremost citizens. . . . With upper lips clean-shaven and sombre broadcloth coats hanging loosely upon their lanky shoulders our fathers walked devoutly to church, our hoop-skirted mothers in bonnet and shawl treading meekly behind. Meanwhile, "fast young men" as they were called, speeded trotting horses past the church doors. With the opening of the West Side Driving Park out on the prairie near the present Garfield Park, West Washington street became their favorite haunt. . . . Our more tolerant citizens played stakeless whist and euchre, or chasséed to the strains of Johnny Hand's fiddle through the intricate figures of the "Prairie Queen."

Chatfield-Taylor and other authors have mentioned Cathedral Saints Peter and Paul, a church of great fame, and a congregation of the wealthy. Were they to look for it now they would find it in ruins.

* "Cities of Many Men," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Houghton Mifflin.

Chicago: A Portrait

4

But the city of to-day has so little time for retrospect. The young folks know none of this history. With purchases under their arms, with eager eyes fixed on the comic strips, they flee westward on, say, the Lake Street L.

The thronged cars rattle and sway on their tall trestle, soaring past roof-tops, past the endless rows of ridge-poles. The scene toward the north continues grim and smoke-bound, with the swart shapes of plants softened by acrid mist. Looking the other way, behold! more roof-tops, miles of wooden houses, worn stairways climbing to little kitchens; lots with two houses, or three, crowded in.

Stations are passed with a contemptuous hoot. Important streets, busy streets, are revealed for an instant: Rockwell, for years bordered by an immense stone-quarry—a quarry in the middle of a metropolis!—Washtenaw Avenue, California, Sacramento, Francisco, named long ago by people who thought they were tracing western boundaries. Southward, there is a glimpse of Garfield Park and its shimmering lagoon. Northward, the yards of the Northwestern Railway create a lake of smoke.

We rush west. We flash past Cicero Avenue, here not in Cicero at all, we pause at Central Avenue, which has no relationship to the Central Park Avenue just crossed. Suddenly the smoky and cluttered vales soften, village-like houses begin to appear—lo, a tree! Clusters of them. Open spaces. Strips of park along the track.

And the elevated train, as if itself eager to reach this better land, glides gently down to earth and deposits passengers on little platforms.

Perhaps twenty minutes have been consumed in this pas-

Journey to the Border—and Back

sage from turmoil to what is found to be peace. It is country, country with railroads and two much traveled motor highways crashing through. But a few paces from these highways there are shaded lanes, yards, barns, dove-cotes, dogs, children. The children roller-skate in the drowsy streets. The houses sleep. Many are wooden structures of the kind to which the American village gave birth thirty to fifty years ago. This is a village, anyway. Some parts of it you could not distinguish from pieces of Illinois a hundred miles down-State. Other parts remind one even of New England. Well, it is a cousin of New England. . . . And it is Chicago.

Should you crave the name of this territory, it is Austin. Its career as a settlement began just after the Civil War. By 1870 it had ten people who commuted to Chicago on the Northwestern, which was then not much more than twenty years old. By 1890 it was a full-fledged suburb, and a charming one, full of growing trees, and with something in the air and in the soil that suggested it belonged to the Des Plaines Valley rather than to Lake Michigan.

Well, the city stretched its limbs and Austin, like scores of communities, became a place-name, while its government passed to the tender mercies of those fellows in the Chicago City Hall. But its serenity remained unbroken. In the middle-aged wooden dwellings life seems just as far away as ever from the concerns of the Loop, from the spirit of the sky-scraper, from the sinister shadows of parts of the near West Side.

Meantime, south of Lake Street, there is a newer Austin, growing along the sleek boulevard called by the same name, the boundary of the City of Chicago. There Washington

Chicago: A Portrait

Boulevard is rediscovered as a well-favored, broad, and amiable thoroughfare for automobiles and the yellow buses. West Madison Street reappears, with shops of the bright and brisk present. Farther on is a park; a good-sized one, with a golf-course and a lagoon; looking comparatively new. It was laid out after the World War.

What is the name of it?

To an explorer in outlying Chicago the name seems appropriate. It is Columbus.

5

It's all new here. Somebody or other, one of those real-estate guys who sell little houses to people and very seldom swindle them, noticed some unoccupied acres and vowed to put them on the map. There they are now, occupied, penetrated by the very sightly boulevard that marks Chicago's western line; lots of air and sunlight; golf at the front door.

The elevated road, not elevated at all at this point, has a dumpy little station with a waiting-room which in a few years won't be big enough. Young husbands by the score emerge, mornings, from their bungalows, sprint to the station, snatch a paper, and begin to cross the miles of West Side. The car lazes along for a short distance; then the commuters cross the platform for an express. Columbus Park, with its environment of cozy dwellings and newish apartment-fronts, has been passed, but it is new country still; many, oh, many, home sites for sale. Streets you don't hear much about: Lotus Avenue, Leamington, Kilpatrick, Kil-dare.

The express climbs its trestle. One has risen as if in the

Journey to the Border—and Back

take-off of an airplane. The habitat of the young husbands falls below and behind. They are devouring their newspapers, shutting out the view, which is darkening; off to the left, there is a flash of the gilt dome in Garfield Park. To the right, over the chimneys of houses incredibly close-packed, is an appalling smoke-gray panorama; great billows of roof-tops, gashes of street, shoulders of factories, the church spires.

Mozart Street, next to Francisco Avenue, is crossed. Oakley. Leavitt. Names of men forgotten. Streets of tragedies forgotten. The L has turned north, then east again. It has swooped over a dreadful valley, in which a park, named after Governor Altgeld, furnishes a patch of relief but little beauty. The flying car says "good morning" to dusty Damen Avenue, at the foot of which, where it descends to the river, stands a cross marking the place of Father Marquette's bitter sojourn in the winter of 1673-74.

Without warning, there loom up to the right the forms of a collection of huge buildings. These monsters create cañons in which people move, Lilliputian. Who lives here? What is being made here? The white uniforms of nurses, the bits of activity seen through a host of windows, make reply. This is the hospital group; this is the benign fortress of science.

6

In a flash, however, the train has arrived at a junction where, coming from the south, there passes it another train, the windows crammed with heads. These people look different, somehow. They are from a strange province of this farther West Side.

Chicago: A Portrait

The place they have come from, we learn, is one of the most populous and well-kept regions in Chicago; a Jewish "city," the new home of the race that once largely filled the narrow streets near Maxwell and Halsted. Now they are masters of a district whose avenues are lined with good apartments or neat houses and boast shade-trees. Not shaggy and thoroughly happy trees; they could scarcely be that under city conditions. But they and the parkways where they stand furnish leafy clusters under which mothers can sit fondling baby-carriages; and the little lawns are hospitable to children in their mystic games.

That amazing band of concrete, that endless West Side bazaar Roosevelt Road, goes rumbling through this district, which contains a square mile more densely populated, it is asserted, than any other in the city. North and south stretches Independence Boulevard, broader than Michigan Avenue, tree-bordered and lined with homes of the more well-to-do, who may be even more well-to-do than they seem. It is a population as homogeneous, racially, as even the Black Belt. There are innumerable kosher shops. There are three synagogues within two blocks. In windows of some of the trig little two-flat buildings with stone facings sit wrinkle-faced *mamas* who cannot have been long transplanted from a real Ghetto.

And what stands at the very heart of this district, in Independence Square?

A group of statuary, erected on some Fourth of July nearly thirty years ago; a cluster of children, with the flag curling over them and the words, now faded, "Dedicated to Youth."



UNION STATION FROM THE RIVER

Journey to the Border—and Back

Any school-time afternoon theré pours from a gigantic building across the street, a whole square of building and ground, youth enough to populate a good-sized village of Palestine. The exits of the Theodore Hertzl School, named for the founder of Zionism, emit in streams, in shrieking, fleeing multitudes, the children of the race that has captured a great area of Chicago; kids proud of the soil they live on, and of their city. The whole district is their playground, even the broad sidewalks of Roosevelt Road; Douglas Park, half a mile away, is their paradise; the Jewish People's Institute is their social center.

7

At the elevated junction, people from the new Palestine unite once more with the streams of workers of other heredity and from other dwelling-places; they pass within a short distance of the quarter where for two generations their compatriots kept a foothold.

The traveler is back in the "old" city. The near West Side is attained again. Three blocks or less toward the south is Hull House. Near by is one of the first parks established in Chicago—Jefferson; once green, now drab. A little farther is Vernon Park, bordered by the venerable MacAlester Place. They are grimy enough. More evil-looking still are the streets now seen from the car window. At the feet of factories grovel a few houses, in awful disrepair. One notes an abandoned three-story dwelling which, in no distant epoch, must have been beautiful. It is now like an eighteenth-century French nobleman who has been dragged through the gutter.

But this muddy and tattered quarter presently passes,

Chicago: A Portrait

like a nightmare. The river once more. "Canal Street; Union Station!" Passengers disembark. The train moves on in lighter mood. Over the river, lifted in mysterious pride, are the gray-pink shapes of the sky-scrapers.



Chapter XV

HOW THE "OASES" CAME

I

BUT the Loop has been visited. There must be a return to the West Side, fascinating in its scope and traces of the past, in order to tell how it got its parks.

These parks are both old and new; new in their development and old in their origin. For at the same time when Cornell and others were breaking into the remote prairie south of the city limits, a body of men were performing the same service for the West Side. They included Henry E. Greenebaum, one of the generation of Germans who came to Chicago soon after 1848; W. L. B. Jenney, architect of the Home Insurance Building; Isaac R. Hitt, C. C. P. Holden, and others. Mr. Jenney became architect and engineer, after the first park board was appointed by

Chicago: A Portrait

the governor in 1869. Few people recall that it was to one of the fathers of the sky-scrapers that the West Side, which might have been more bleak without his help, owes its original design of parks, connected by boulevards.

These planners of the seventies did not face as great a wave of popular scorn as their South Side contemporaries. But it required care to put the recreation areas where they would, in those days, "be accessible from public means of travel," and not too far from the business and residence centers. At first they seemed very far indeed; for a mile or two west of the river Chicago was but a straggling city. Yet there were highways, such as they were. Ogden Avenue led to the area that became Douglas Park; West Washington Street to Central Park, now Garfield, and Milwaukee Avenue ran near the acres where grew up Humboldt Park.

Over the prairie stretches that joined the three were traced boulevards, which for a good many years found little traffic. Those are the same boulevards, now concreted, and rechristened with names such as Independence, Franklin, Sacramento, which make it simple for motorists to complete the circuit. At a time when those roads were of dirt and their tree borders were in embryo, the horse-cars jingled out into the country, and gave way to stubby trolley-cars, which in turn were supplanted by the long and speedy pay-as-you-enter of to-day. In addition, the elevated lines stretched out into the western territory like the tentacles of an octopus, a branch for each park; the motor-buses came upon the streets; and with each extension there grew new settlements, communities, little cities, clustering around or near where the landscape enthusiasts had planted trees, shaped gorgeous flower beds, and dug lakes.



A LOWER CURVE OF THE RIVER

How the "Oases" Came

"Every person, to be happy," said one of the early planners, "must occasionally see a tree, and he must be able to look over a stretch of water."

This was said at a time when transportation was slow, and Lake Michigan lay almost beyond the reach of hard-working folk. A terrible homesickness gripped many men and women from the Danube or the Mediterranean when they came to live in the harsh streets without a green thing, except their own little gardens and window-boxes, and without a sight of water.

So the park architects were careful to provide, in each of the large oases, a good-sized lagoon, and natural-looking, too. They made tree branches droop over places where the waters lay like a mountain pool. They introduced wild growths from rivers and marshes. They stocked some of the ponds with fish. The soil was sulky, and it was necessary to bring in huge quantities of specially prepared earth. Edens in Chicago have required ingenuity.

In all three of the principal parks—Douglas, Garfield, and Humboldt—a succession of gardeners have toiled, with the pride and friendly rivalry of their craft, to create more and more beautiful displays of perennial plants, of rose blooms, of words lettered in petals against lawn, of palm growths, aquatic curiosities, tasseled shrubbery. Garfield Park has one of the largest park conservatories in the world. It acquired quite early a band stand of real marble, alongside a sunken garden. Humboldt has a rose display which in the season is an explosion of color and perfume. All three have greenhouses or water-courts or lily ponds or nurseries, differing in design but alike in purpose.

All, of course, have long provided means of boating

Chicago: A Portrait

and, in the season, fishing; and, besides the usual athletic fields and gymnasiums, Garfield and Douglas have golf-links on which many a champion has dubbed his first drive. That any of these playgrounds is now remote would make a child smile. That any is exclusive is still more absurd. No Chicago park could possibly be that.

2

The man who has left the deepest impression upon the West Side parks is Jens Jensen. That dreamy but outspoken native of Denmark came to the United States in his twenties, and after a short stay in Florida reached Chicago during the chaotic decade of 1880 and 1890. At first a "common laborer" among the blooms of Humboldt Park, he rose by 1894 to be its superintendent. The development of his genius coincided with the rebirth of the city after the World's Fair. He was able then to practise, happily and freely, an art based upon his passionate belief in the use of native growths, the creation of designs typically American. He understood, as one writer put it, "the thing that the dune, or the moraine, or the flood plain, or the spreading prairie is trying to say." From the first, he held the views that made him burst out, only a little while ago, into the words: "European races have spoiled much of the scenery. They try to imitate Versailles and other French landscaping."

A man of learning in his field, but a man with an income only moderate because he would not comply with plans to spoil the scenery, Jensen sympathized with and yearned over the swarming people of the West Side. Many a day, it has been said, he wandered over the region, his wife

How the "Oases" Came

at his side and babies in arms, noting what could be done for congested districts. Perhaps he was thinking thoughts such as he expressed years later: "You in Chicago may pride yourselves on your drives and your boulevards, but of what use are they if the people in certain districts are living in filth?"

So he toiled for years, going up the scale to general superintendent of all the western parks, shaping them in a growing beauty, taking up gladly the new work to be done when they were enlarged. He loved to see people, the swarms from foreign-speaking quarters especially, rest in the copses and avenues he created. Meantime, for some years, he had the warm support of a civic leader, steady as a rock, Bernard A. Eckhart, then president of the west-park system.

In 1909 there was a political change. Relations between Jensen and the bosses became strained. He was ousted; a public protest was made; and the political plotters were forced to retain him as landscape architect and consultant. His salary went down, while his reputation went up. Matters drifted on for perhaps ten years more. Then came the administration of Governor Len Small, controlling two of Chicago's park systems—for possibly some readers need to be reminded that the West Park Board and the Lincoln Park Board are named by the Governor of Illinois, while the South Park Board is appointed by county judges—and Jensen was thrown out.

He had little to say. There was a protest, but not a very determined one, and Jensen turned to other endeavors. Such was the fate of an uncompromising and earnest artist, one who could inspire an anecdote like the following:

Chicago: A Portrait

Jensen once planned a tiny Japanese garden for a little hollow in Humboldt Park and called upon one of his lieutenants to construct it. The man worked hard, but seemed unable to catch the idea.

"Can you feel music?" Jensen asked him.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, all that is needed of you to carry out this work is some poetry in your nature. I am sure it is there, but it hasn't come out. I want you to watch the programs of the Thomas orchestra and the next time that they play Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song' I want you to go and hear it. Then come out here and get to work on this again."

The man heard the "Spring Song." He felt what Jensen wanted him to feel when he worked on that garden. He built the garden which was the scene of an outdoor sculptor exhibit one summer. It is known as a gem of its kind.

3

Among the western parks, conspicuous on mounds or peeping from coverts, are numerous works of the sculptor. Many are of considerable age. More of them do honor to artistic heroes of Europe, or to foreign patriots, than to celebrated Chicagoans. One finds them often a memorial to the traditions which the immigrants left behind, and which their children tend to forget.

In Humboldt Park stands the bronze figure of Alexander von Humboldt, on a pedestal of granite eighteen feet high. He holds in one hand a flower, in the other a book; at his feet is the globe. The city dweller, intent on modern heroes, might find it hard to say why this man was honored; hard to realize that very early in the nineteenth century he was almost as well known throughout Europe as Napoleon or Schiller, for he had been a founder of the modern study of physical geography and meteorology. His figure, cast in Germany after Felix Goerling's

How the "Oases" Came

design, stands staring over a region once largely German in population.

Humboldt Park, besides honoring Von Humboldt and Fritz Reuter, gives a home to statues of Leif Eriksen and of Kosciusko. It has reason to honor a Scandinavian, since people of Scandinavia clustered about it, and Kosciusko was bound to stand so near a Polish community which, unless recent migrations have brought a change, rivals Warsaw in population.

As for Douglas Park, it has no memorial to Stephen A. Douglas, while Garfield Park has no statue to James A. Garfield. Similarly Logan Square contains no figure of General John A. Logan. Douglas Park honors Karol Havlicek Borovsky. Garfield Park contains a monument to Queen Victoria, a statue of Robert Burns in noble posture, one of an Irish patriot, John Finerty, and a figure of Lincoln as a rail-splitter. There is a curious casualness about all this. As a newspaper writer once put it:

Among the pageants dealing with Chicago history, a skit could be written, in the grand style of fantasy, showing the city's statues descending from their pedestals and hunting their proper environment.

As it is, Logan stands in Grant Park, Grant stands in Lincoln Park and the young Lincoln carries his ax in Garfield Park; Phil Sheridan rides in Lincoln Park, and nobody stands in Sheridan Park. Carter Harrison I is in Union Park and not in Harrison Park. Steve Douglas is on the lake front, far from the park that bears his name. Even Pop Anson is not in a ball park, but in Oakwoods cemetery.

It matters little enough. Perhaps, indeed, appropriateness is not so important as the spirit which admitted loved figures to *some* spot, somewhere. And occasionally one finds logic at work, as in the removal to Union Park of

Chicago: A Portrait

the policeman with upraised hand, recalling the Haymarket "massacre." He stands there opposite the statue of Carter Harrison I.

Lincoln can stand anywhere. The small figure of him in his youth is not ill at ease in a locality so often frequented by children wearing worn garb, and fated, possibly, to work hard all their lives.

On a February afternoon, a year or two ago, toward dusk, among bare trees and hard by a lagoon coated with ice, the booted rail-splitter stood in a solitude emphasized by empty boulevards. The light was fading among the thickets, and the sun slid down into wreaths of faintly crimson smoke.

Along a path, trudging and tripping past the administration building, with its crude gilded dome, and past the blue-gray pond, came a body of school-girls. They wore wrinkled coats and caps that came from no fashionable shop.

Hurrying along the curving path, they arrived at the rail-splitter statue. In a thick circle they stood, books under arms, some quaintly serious, some suppressing giggles. There was a short speech, and then a wee girl came forward with an enormous wreath of bay leaves, which she laid at the foot of the statue. And darkness fell.

The boulevards which join one park with another are of a fine breadth, and the trees between whose lanes motorists drive helter-skelter have grown tall. Those who planted them died a generation ago. Many a tree of that period—

How the "Oases" Came

Upon whose bosom snow has lain
And intimately lives with rain—

spreads generous arms over roadways that cleave thickly settled neighborhoods. These boulevards were laid out when space seemed plentiful. They now bring a sense of spaciousness into places where, if one merely turns a corner, he can find forty houses occupying a stunted street.

It is not a long drive from Garfield Park to Humboldt, and little longer to a very modern development, Logan Square. At that point, where the planners of the seventies could hardly have foreseen a city within a city, is a community complete with theaters, churches, auditoriums, prosperous shops, and the imposing terminal of an elevated railroad. It has acquired a tall monument, put up to commemorate Illinois's hundred years as a State (1818 to 1918).

Until only six or seven years ago a venerable woman, granddaughter of a pioneer who once farmed a huge tract there, held on to her acres; and there was also a baseball ground which stubbornly lay in the heart of a teeming district. The lady, a noted recluse, finally sold out and became one of the wealthiest women in Chicago. Pressure of business development erased the ball park; and Logan Square became what it is.

Eastward from it, Logan Boulevard, another busy motor route, runs toward the river. The Sunday tourist there flees gaily on to Lincoln Park. But the lover of quaint nooks may linger and prowls among smaller streets that know no business development, concealing themselves behind the rear elevations of stores or filling-stations. One

Chicago: A Portrait

may read the blue corner signs and wonder what lover of Copperfield and Micawber named Dickens Avenue, and what music-lover caused Mozart Street to intersect it, what admirer of Avon and Edwin Booth insisted on a Shakespeare Street, and what courageous person, in a period when evolution was heresy, brought to this district a Darwin Place.

There are tinier streets than those. Two visitors with nothing better to do lately explored a curious network of pavement that somehow, a long time ago, got jammed into a triangle between three business streets. There are scores of cottages thronging those streetlets which open from one another, none as long as a normal block. One finds doll-houses, but large families dwell there. The boys cannot play in the yards, for these are hardly twenty feet square, and are filled with shrubs and perennials—clothed carefully, at the time of the visit, with jackets protecting them from the frost.

No, the boys scamper and squall in the streets, but they are safe enough there, since not a vehicle invades this curious spot, with its St. George's Court, its St. Helen's Street, its Julia Court. (Who, please, can this Julia have been?) The girls skip rope in a sheltered alley, and from a window peers the withered face of an ancient Polish woman, whose history it would be worth a lot to know. There would be worse places for a retired shoemaker to live in, but Julia Court and St. Helen's Street are not big enough for the children.



E. H. Seward '21

"BEHIND THE BOARD OF TRADE"

How the "Oases" Came

cleaving the thick blocks of houses and cutting fragments of other streets into strange shapes.

Mighty Milwaukee Avenue, the old Northwestern Road to Wisconsin, follows its original track very far into regions which until lately were almost vacant, but now are occupied by what amount to large interior cities. Where once stood the hotel of J. Dickinson, with a Pottawottomi village near by, is now the flourishing quarter Portage Park, with an actual park, and all the energy in the world. The Indians used to portage across it, from the Des Plaines to the north branch. Another important locality is Jefferson Park, once a country township, earlier a station for trappers and farmers who pursued the long highway to the hamlet of Chicago. Elijah Wentworth had the tavern there. He sold dinners, it is said, for thirty-seven and a half cents, whisky for eighteen and three fourths cents a pint. His accounts must have been difficult to keep.

Along both sides of Milwaukee Avenue the foreign-speaking people settled thickly, as along Halsted Street. There came thrifty settlements of Germans and Scandinavians, a swarming Jewish quarter at Division Street, and, near there, the great settlement of Poles. At one side the tower of St. Stanislaus Church looms over little streets that have been populous beyond belief. One block has contained as many as three thousand inhabitants; another nearly two thousand. Within one and a half square miles live perhaps fifty thousand!

On and on, southeastward, in view of immense gas-tanks or railway trestles, runs the Milwaukee Avenue car, crashing across the tracks on bisecting streets, passing wide shop windows and banks placarded, "Oldest Bank on the

Chicago: A Portrait

Northwest Side," or, "Deposits Absolutely Safeguarded"; past curious old structures on which *avokats* and lawyers letter their names on neighboring windows. The glimpses down side streets are by turns picturesque and hideous.

There, as on Archer and other avenues, it takes grit to live. And yet people of sensitive natures, intellectuals indeed, have picked the district as a residence, just to help. As Hull House was formed by people who couldn't stand the misery of the immigrant, so Chicago Commons grew, first on Milwaukee Avenue itself, then a little west of that street. Graham Taylor, a slender clergyman from Connecticut, came to Chicago at World's Fair time, to be a professor. Soon he was looking into the real life of swarming foreign quarters; and in 1894 he went to live there with his family. In his book "Pioneering on Social Frontiers" he says that Chicago Commons has taken part "in movements for the better housing of families; for safeguarding immigrant families from exploitation; for the protection of juveniles," etc. That fails to express how Dr. Taylor has been a neighbor and adviser of poor folk struggling with problems of language, of law, and of bread and butter. It says nothing about his stern but ever friendly efforts for better politics.

"There's always some good in everybody," says the professor at eighty.

He and other city patriots have lent a strong hand in building the playground system which supplements the big parks, and saves the worst of the West Side from being an outright hell. The settlement people have been leaders in getting children into the sunlight and out of the hands

How the "Oases" Came

of taskmasters, reforming conditions which once made Carl Sandburg write:

Of my city the worst that men will ever say is this:
You took little children away from the sun and the dew,
And the glimmers that played on the grass under the great sky,
And the reckless rain; you put them between walls
To work, broken and smothered, for bread and wages.



Chapter XVI

CAPTURE OF THE FORESTS

I

AT A time when Chicago had twenty-five thousand inhabitants there was a valuable patriot, John Stephen Wright, who dreamed of parks. He admitted it was only a dream. He said there would be "a park, or parks, in each division of the city. They are all improved and connected with a wide avenue . . . and surround the city with a magnificent chain."

That "magnificent chain" at length arrived, and there came another, whose semicircle was drawn through regions which in Wright's time had only lately been vacated by Indians. They were the thick forest groves following the beds of rivers that flow, swiftly or lazily, on the outskirts

Capture of the Forests

of Chicago. The forests were captured by the people less than twenty years ago. This victory required no muskets; it needed only the exertion of will and of law.

It is pleasant, and important too, to think of these forest preserves of Cook County as the former and favorite habitat of the Indian. The forests of Compiègne, of Fontainebleau, of St. Germain-en-Laye, are laden with the tradition of kings; in their shades walk the ghosts of armored huntsmen and ladies fair. Those surrounding Chicago recall the Pottawottomies, the Sacs, or Sauks, the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Winnebagos. Relatively, the woods are little changed since the red man roamed them a century ago. The city never reached them.

2

Compiègne suggests Charles the Bald, Joan of Arc, Louis XV, Napoleon. In Chicago there is one forest that bears the homelier name of Billy Caldwell, also known as "the Sauganash." It was a good thing to honor a brave whose life was wrapped up in the early history of Chicago.

This Indian whose name is borne by broad woodland acres in the northwestern part of Chicago was first seen about Fort Dearborn in the earliest years of the nineteenth century. He knew the place when it had only a fort and a cluster of cabins; when not a brick had been laid. He became a friend of the scattered group of soldiers and traders, and had the best of most of them because he had been well educated in the Jesuit schools of Detroit. It became known at once that he was "an Englishman," since his father had been a certain Captain Caldwell, of the British Army; hence his nickname of "the Sauganash

Chicago: A Portrait

[Englishman].” His mother was a Pottawottomi woman. There was also given him, by the Indians, the respect due to one who had been a close associate of Tecumseh.

Billy was a fine figure, tall and powerful, and so built as to receive the further nickname of “the Straight Tree.” He was straight in his loyalties, as well. Having been not only the son of a British officer but a captain himself in the Indian army organized by King George’s followers, he made no pretense in the War of 1812 that he sided with the Americans. But after the massacre of the Fort Dearborn garrison, according to the story most historians emphasize, he saved by soft words the Kinzie family, cowering in their log house across from the fort. He and the chief Black Partridge, along with Shau-bo-nee, a still more powerful Indian leader, and Alexander Robinson, are remembered as the great friends of the white settlers.

About 1820, Billy came to live in Chicago for good. He was a voter and judge or clerk of election in the years when the polls drew French half-breeds, members of “first families,” and government officials together in picturesque balloting as citizens of Peoria County, to which the embryo Chicago first belonged. Later Billy held the lofty office of justice of the peace. He was getting to be an old Indian—nearing fifty—but he was still stalwart, bright of eye, and a keen woodsman.

The Pottawottomies signed a peace with the United States Government at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Billy was a figure on that occasion; and, for his good offices, the Government awarded him about sixteen hundred acres of land lying along the north branch of the Chicago River, perhaps six miles from the fort.

Capture of the Forests

This is the tract that now lies accessible by sleek motor-roads, that furnishes camp-grounds for hundreds, specimens of wild life that Boy Scouts may study, a haven for birds and a sanctuary for flowers. The "treaty elm" still stands there. But Billy Caldwell, amiable but thriftless, let the land go soon after he got it. Although the Government had built a house for him, he chose to move West with the tribes in 1833.

His name lives in Chicago history, however, in another way: The energetic Mark Beaubien, who became a Chicago resident in 1826, decided to build a tavern at what is now Lake and Market streets. Billy Caldwell "the Sauganash" met Mark while he was scratching his head to find a name for the hotel.

"Americans," said Billy, "name their hotels after big men."

Mark grinned and replied: "Very well. I'll call my tavern 'Sauganash.' "

Indian history lies under the fallen leaves of many another of the forest tracts which the county has turned into popular resorts. Sauk Trail, Salt Creek Valley, Injun Clark, the Skokie, are as suggestive as the Sauganash Reserve. And the forest rangers can show to campers such relics as fragments of the old French fort among the lovely hills of Palos Preserve, Indian mounds here and there, ruins on the north shore, where the eighteenth-century French priest Father Pinet is believed to have been stationed. In some glade in the Des Plaines Valley, Marquette conferred with Pottawottomi chiefs. Near Irving Park Boulevard and the Des Plaines River is commemorated the name of the chief Che-che-Pin-Qua, whom the whites

Chicago: A Portrait

called Alexander Robinson. He worked for peace not only at the time of the massacre but also in the Winnebago uprising and when the treaties were signed. Along what is now Milwaukee Avenue and the north branch lie the lands reserved for Jane Miranda, a first settler, and Victoria Mirandeau Pothier, who was an eye-witness of the massacre.

It was Chicago's good luck that the plan to reserve these tracts got results before it was too late. The groves and copses, in large part, have never been touched by leveler or builder, or even by ax or spade. The Indian trails can be identified; some have been carefully restored. The timber is, in part, the same that bent over tepees; the children of those trees cover other spots.

3

This never could have happened had not the great demand for more parks, and wilder ones, come to a sort of second birth, twenty or twenty-five years ago. After the great movement of the sixties and seventies, there came a lull. The city was absorbed in building new prosperity, besides passing through desperate crises. Its growth in population outstripped its ability to provide fresh air and recreation.

But the late nineties, when many a new social movement was born, brought strong efforts to improve the happiness of the masses. Such men as Lyman J. Gage, Graham Taylor, and Allen B. Pond, and women of the Hull House crowd, were laboring in various lines for a new future. Others, like Charles Zeublin, Albion W. Small, George Hooker, and George C. Sikes, who took sociology

Capture of the Forests

seriously—one of their groups was named, unromantically, the Municipal Science Club—strove to impress welfare needs upon a citizenry largely busy or callous. Political quarrels and trickery impeded all this. Yet as early as 1899 one victory was won, in the establishment of a city Commission on Small Parks. The big-hearted Henry G. Foreman, of the south parks and the county board, spoke out vigorously. A few years later, still with Foreman urging such matters, came a Cook County Commission for an “outer belt of parks and boulevards.” Spurred by beauty-lovers such as Dwight H. Perkins, and with many a suggestion from Jens Jensen, what became the forest-preserve campaign at last began to be heard from.

Just then the great Chicago Plan was taking form, under the leadership of men who included D. H. Burnham, Franklin MacVeagh, Edward B. Butler, and John V. Farwell, Jr. And in the handsome book published by the Commercial Club in 1908 the demand to save the Cook County forests came in for strong treatment. We read:

Natural scenery furnishes the contrasting element to the artificiality of the city . . . Should not the public see to it that everyone may enjoy this change of scene? The existing public parks go far, but not far enough. . . . The spaces to be acquired should be wild forests, filled with such trees, vines, flowers or shrubs as will grow in this climate. The people should be allowed to use them freely.

Then the plan was sketched:

Opportunity is to be found in the extension of the lake entrance at Glencoe westward until it reached the valley of the Des Plaines; then the park stretch would extend south along that valley to Riverside, and, taking in the valleys of Salt and Flag creeks, still southerly, to the drainage canal. Turning to the east, the line would extend along

Chicago: A Portrait

the Calumet Feeder, Stony Creek and Little Calumet River to and including Lake Calumet and thence to the lake front.

Substantially, that had been the plea of Henry Foreman and others, years earlier. It became, roughly, the chart for the present system of forest preserves, which, however, were not developed until a good while after other projects urged by the plan. Charles H. Wacker, the commission's chairman, and his aides, were busy getting the lake-front in order. In time, however, the forest-preserve project got through the legislature, and in 1914 it was ratified by referendum. The Cook County Commissioners, in the following year, took up their work as ex-officio commissioners of the forest preserves.

Here enters a husky and genial German-American named Peter Reinberg, a florist with broad acres of buildings and blooms, known as "the Rose king." Just as Wacker was raised up, as it were, to be the champion of the Chicago Plan, Reinberg became the soul of the forest-preserve enterprise. It was a mark for political spoilsmen, real-estate sharpers, and the kind of people who object to everything. Reinberg and his advisers smoked out and blocked the thieves, and won over the objectors. They also obtained a favorable decision from the supreme court in a suit brought to test the constitutionality of the law.

Actual work among the forests began in the spring of 1916, at first in the Palatine region, in the northwestern part of the county. Nearly twelve hundred acres of wooded and rolling country, full of natural springs, were brought under care. Lakes were stocked with fish, provision was made for bathers, and trails marked. This preserve became known as Deer Park; the actual deer came later.

Capture of the Forests

In succeeding years the Des Plaines Valley, the north branch of the Chicago River, and the Calumet waters came into the scheme. Those rivers, depressing to the view where the city overshadowed them, were wistfully beautiful in outlying regions, and the saving of their woods became an endeavor into which Reinberg, Perkins, and others put their hearts. Then there were the splendid Palos Hills, which rose in surprising waves above the prairie; the site of old French forts. There was the Beverly Ridge, where Indian signal-fires had been lit; and Elk Grove, once known as the land of bubbling springs; the Turnbull tract, on the historic Green Bay trail; the "old Sauk" trail; the ancient home of Alec Robinson; Billy Caldwell's tract with its historic elm, and still others. Also were developed preserves bearing names of World War meaning—such as Cantigny, St. Mihiel, the Marne, Belleau Wood, the Argonne Forest.

In the north lay the long and broad Skokie Marsh, with its thousands of acres of softly varied coloring and its fringes of woodland. "Quiet Lake" Indians called it when they used to portage, by means of its tributaries, over to the Des Plaines. Real-estate men, intent on their own idea of development, coveted the region. Between 1917 and 1920 there was a series of arguments, with the Skokie Preservation Association fighting the agents for truck-garden promoters, and the question went to the courts. There the case was decided in favor of those who wished to save the land for a preserve. In his annual message for 1921—his last, for he died a month after delivering it—President Reinberg included the mild words: "We hope that land-owners, actuated by civic pride, will coöperate

Chicago: A Portrait

to fix reasonable prices and avert undesirable condemnation."

A hope which, in such matters, is not always to be fulfilled.

But the Skokie was saved, and its waves of grass and flowers furnish a perspective over which owners of homes on its rim may look, through exquisite mist effects, toward the sunset. Animals and marsh-birds live furtively but safely in its recesses. And even in winter it is beautiful.

4

The comprehensiveness of the Chicago Plan, which many people even now imagine applies mostly to such matters as boulevards, the lake-front, and general rearrangement, cannot be grasped without realizing how carefully the forest idea was presented. It even went so far as to suggest a zoological park. This proposal hung fire until 1920, when Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick presented to Cook County a site comprising a hundred and five acres lying west of Riverside. To this the forest-preserve commissioners added ninety-one acres through purchase. A special organization called the Chicago Zoölogical Society was formed, and John T. McCutcheon, noted cartoonist and traveler, became its president.

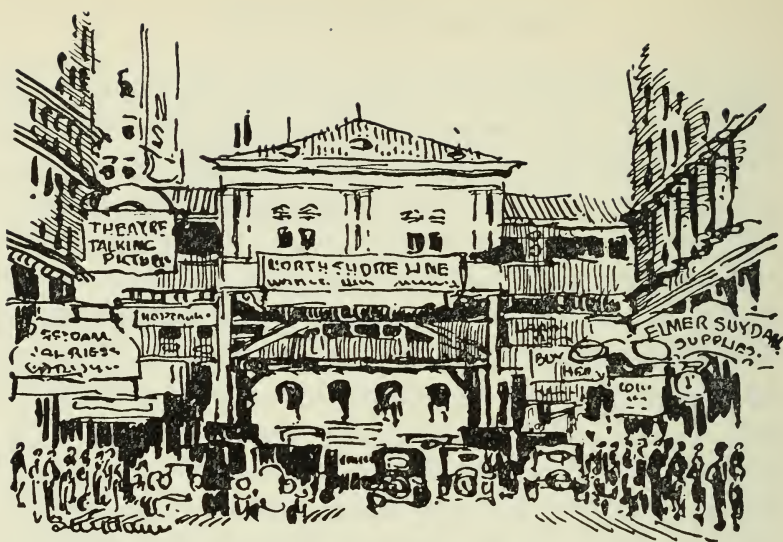
Work was begun in 1927, and continued pretty steadily. This was to be no array of cheap cages and barren, stony-floored pits, like zoos of old, but a home for wild animals which would be a haven and not a horror. Large rocky tors for bears, a "goat hill" about one hundred feet high, for mountain creatures, a wooded knoll for monkeys, and ranges for elephants, hippopotami, llamas, deer, buffalo,

Capture of the Forests

and various roaming beasts are among other features. A reptile house, and a house for insects which may be observed through magnifying glasses, were promised. The zoo is being built to hold five thousand specimens. And, to quote Mr. McCutcheon, "they need no more live in fear of their predatory enemies."

The forest preserves include more than thirty-three thousand acres. Management and policing of this great chain of parks requires an army of men. Visitors during a year number millions. Camp site permits are issued by hundreds, canoeists enjoy the streams, and golfers in multitude the links. At Camp Reinberg, near Deer Grove, the county each year gives outings to children from the city. In the season there is hunting, of some forms of life. But the wild birds remain undisturbed. And there is a society that helps preserve the wild flowers.

The forests have good supervision, free from political taint, at the hands of Charles G. Sauers and Ransom Kennicott. As a help—and also a warning, perhaps—to the political county board, an advisory committee of citizens was established in Reinberg's day, and resumed during the term of Mayor Cermak as president of the board. General Abel Davis now heads this body which suggests, criticizes, and watches. Even a modern office-holder knows, however, that if he plotted against the forest preserves (and was found out) he would risk political death.



Chapter XVII

SUBURBIA

I

THE stampede of motor traffic bound for the forest preserves on a Sunday is matched by a rush of people many times as great, six days a week. This is the morning invasion of the city, and the glad escape from it at dusk, by the dwellers in the suburbs.

How much of this sickle-shaped fringe of life can be called Chicago is a question. As one goes north, south, or west, the allegiance to the metropolis weakens. But surely as far south as Will County, and as far north as Waukegan, and as far west as the Fox River, it is Suburbia. Within the County of Cook, which is far scattered, yet united by one of the forms of government and by a large

Suburbia

part of the tangled and oppressive taxing system, there are scores of villages, towns, even cities. At the Fox River is found another long line of them, and if one continue west, over the lovely gentle slopes, he comes into the region of the Rock River. That is no long drive from Chicago, but it is another world, in landscape and in feeling.

The occupation of these magnificent square miles of meadow, valley, and ravine is drama, could one only picture it well enough. It has seemed slow, compared with the mad invasions of some parts of the United States, yet the story of most of these Chicago-land villages is not a long one. Few had their origin even eighty years ago. A great many are no more than fifty years old. Some sprang up yesterday. But the chief movement arose in the late sixties or the seventies. Perhaps the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, which made an enormous impression in Chicago—indeed, it was celebrated by street parades—had something to do with this pulling up of stakes and fleeing to the open country near the big city. Great farms were gobbled up for trifling prices. Subdividers and surveyors toiled like ants. Carpenters were called upon to build pretty houses and, seizing hastily the best house plans they could find, responded with a will. Meantime, the railroads, grown open-handed owing to the prosperity piled up within fifteen years, merrily ran lines to the outposts; and the towns grew.

Many nervy men took part in the movement, but the pioneer who ever seems the most spectacular was Samuel Eberly Gross. He was a Pennsylvanian who was born to come West. He needed space for his message, of which later publicity seems like an echo, crying, "Own your

Chicago: A Portrait

Home," "Cash Down, the Rest Monthly," and all the rest. Becoming Chicagoan in 1866, he founded within twelve years no less than twenty suburbs. Some kept their identity. Others are to be found welded into the trunk of the city itself. On many a railroad time-table, marking places now close in, are names like Gross Park, Argyle Park, Dauphin Park, which once were the remote subdivisions of the tempestuous Gross, with little stations where the trains paused dubiously and but for a moment.

The fortune the great promoter acquired through all this, including thousands of houses which he built, finally vanished by way of a most singular outlet. Mr. Gross, rather late in life, developed an urge to be an author. One of his works, "The Merchant Prince of Corneville," was a poetic drama. He asserted that Edmund Rostand had borrowed from this when he wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac." He sued and won the decision; but in order to gain this victory, so it appears, he undermined his fortune, and in 1909 went into voluntary bankruptcy. A few years later he died.

2

Scorn not the real-estate promoter, whether or not he has the writing itch. He deserves his monument along with the statesman, but seldom gets it. His loud, cheerful voice, his excursions, his gaudy advertising, have been the heralds of the metropolitan area. Towns now populated by 15,000, or 50,000, or even 60,000, confirm the faith of founders who for half a lifetime saw them remain tiny, with just a few "mansions"—usually costing not more than thirty thousand dollars—and with a little handful of people who

Suburbia

boarded trains, of a morning. After the World's Fair many of them boomed. They had later boomlets, in rising and falling waves. During the last ten years they have had the greatest growth of all. A lot of them have doubled in population since 1920. Chicago proper gained 674,733 inhabitants during the decade ending in 1930. The rest of Cook County gained 254,373.

These towns or cities, the largest of which are Oak Park and Evanston, each with more than 60,000 population, represent escape. But this is partly a fiction. Even across the border, people stammer when asked whether or not they belong to Chicago. In a big public crisis, as when the city is involved in one of its insane and vulgar quarrels over possession of the municipal government, the suburbanites argue and joke about campaign matters just as if their votes would settle those matters. The fact is, of course, they vote only at home. And thus, in a thousand issues which affect them as intimately as if on their very doorsteps, they are impotent.

The whole situation points to a real metropolitan area some day, with unified, and also simplified, government. Political scientists like Charles E. Merriam have urged this for years. As it is, the bond between the towns is quite intangible; it is based upon the deep instinct, which the suburbanites try sometimes not to admit, that "we're all Chicagoans." Meantime, a useful body called the Regional Planning Association, headed by Daniel H. Burnham II, works steadily at the task of coördinating and improving the border towns, mapping through routes, drawing together the metropolitan area as a unit.

Chicago: A Portrait

3

The explorer, if he starts at the southeastern corner of the county, gets across the Des Plaines River the best way he can, and then journeys through various villages, each of which has historical interest.

Thus, Elmhurst is an elderly village, once captured by social leaders and wealthy men—of whom Thomas B. Bryan was one—as a site of good-sized estates. It did not remain another Lake Forest, but became just a good home town. Riverside lies on the site of a splendid old farm, once belonging to a city treasurer who kept open house, but failed to care honestly for the funds and went to ruin.

In Oak Park, as the late William A. Barton wrote some years ago, “we kindle the fires of our homes where the Indian’s tepees were erected; our paved streets have obliterated his trails; the sacred dust of our dead mingles with the dust of his dead on the shores of the Des Plaines at Forest Home.” The first white settlers of Oak Park were an English couple, Joseph and Betty Kettlestrings. They were religious people and friends of temperance. This tradition held on in Oak Park; it became a village with powerful churches, and an anti-liquor area. According to Dr. Barton, two trucks were one day being driven, one after the other, toward the gentle town. The driver of the front truck turned and yelled:

“How’ll I know when I get to that place?”

The second driver yelled back:

“When the saloons stop and the church steeples begin, you’ll know you’re in Oak Park.”

Through Maywood, and through the ancient village Des Plaines, and then up a shaded drive that follows the

Suburbia

curves of the mild river, thus to the Skokie, and across that marsh with its whispering tassels. Such is the route. Soon the voyager will see high ground, a border of trees, splashes of white or brown which are houses, and he will have reached the North Shore.

4

The terrain is a table-land, high enough at the county line to overlook Lake Michigan from an eminence of more than seventy feet. Westward it describes a graceful slope to the Skokie; a slope steep in some places, in others gentle, but ever marking a valley whose mists hold hints of wistful memory.

This fortunate region, the North Shore, which is generally considered to have its climax at Lake Forest, was almost solid woods when the white man came. Through its sweet thickets and among its dappled copses ran a network of Indian trails. Some are traceable to-day by means of distorted branches, pulled down as markers a century ago and now grown thick. Others of the old paths have become motor highways or village streets. A type is Green Bay Road, whose curves are no more than the design implanted by moccasined feet. White men in covered wagons, on horseback, or in stage-coaches, deepened the track. Now balloon tires polish it.

The North Shore woods, fruit of all that the soil of the old lake bed could give them, dripping from showers and nurtured by heavy snows, have been thinned, but not spoiled, by the progress of Suburbia. They have been ingeniously employed to shade homesteads, whether these be estates or the smaller lots belonging to home-owners con-

Chicago: A Portrait

tent with eight rooms, or even six. Thickly these trees line corridor-like lanes which have remained woodland landscape despite the coming of sixty-foot pavements. They follow faithfully the rims of cliffs. Along the edges of ravines that charmingly vary the contour of the plateau toward the north, trees and shrubs live in the tangled freedom that they love. And although much of the forest is second growth, there are frequent clusters or solitary specimens of old trees which were born before ever a European came. Each of these veterans has its story, if only one knew it.

In the North Shore villages within the county line, and north of Evanston, dwell something like fifty thousand people. Each town has an individuality. They are all a little younger than their Lake County neighbors, Highland Park and Lake Forest, and their growth has come at the peak of the big suburban movement, with fast transportation. Glencoe (in the dim past called Taylorsport) * soon developed from a place of scattered houses to a village of brisk building but, so far, no touch of city.

Winnetka has become populous and wide-spread, wealthy and efficiently self-governed. Its school system is celebrated. Kenilworth sits primly between Winnetka and Wilmette, which, with more than fifteen thousand people, is the largest of the series. It is veritable suburb, but bears traces of the enormous city to the south. At its northeastern corner is an area that, by a legal freak, belongs to none of the villages, and is called "No Man's Land." It is loud

* In some earlier period, it is said, the settlement had a Platt Deutsch name meaning "eternal punishment"—who knows why? Certainly, Glencoe no longer deserves it.

Suburbia

with colors and with modern uproars of which conservatives have been heard to speak disparagingly.

5

Like a sentinel against the greedy metropolis, whose lights redden the clouds by night, stands Evanston—a city itself, yet virtually a suburb. For the most part its streets are serene and pass under archways of giant trees. It has large dwellings in the best modern, or nearly modern, style, which contrast interestingly with older “palaces” like that of General Charles G. Dawes and that long occupied by D. H. Burnham. In some other spots Evanston has surrendered to apartment-buildings; and its center, despite Fountain Square which manages still to look its age, is built up with hotels and stores that, possibly, verify the greeting-sign, “Shopping Center for 200,000 People.”

The first white settlers arrived almost as early as when Chicago itself became a village. Evanston is spread over land considerably lower than that on which the North Shore suburbs rest, but rising toward “the Ridge.” At one point the shore bulges into the lake, forming that which in discovery days was called Grosse Point. According to one authority, Marquette landed there in 1674 to escape harm from floating ice. At a time when the locality knew only a scattered cabin or two, and just a little later than the years when the squaw-man Anton Ouilmette lived in the region that took his name, one Stephen Scott landed at Grosse Point from his schooner, and took root in the woods. West of that point, Colonel E. H. Mulford had a home and kept taverns.

Grosse Point lost its final “e” and then became Ridge-

Chicago: A Portrait

ville. Later, Dr. John Evans, a noted Chicago citizen whose name is found tied to a score of early enterprises, built a summer home on the shore. Soon other seekers for freedom from a city grown greater than they had dreamed, ventured north; and then came an addition to the community both unexpected and important. A young lawyer named Grant Goodrich, with several other energetic Methodists, had conceived the idea of a university. In Goodrich's small office in Chicago, over a hardware store, he met several friends, including Dr. Evans, Jabez Botsford, and another who became locally celebrated, Orrington Lunt. They knelt in prayer, and then passed a resolution to found, under Methodist auspices, a "literary university."

Northwestern was chartered in 1851, and a search was made for a site. One day Mr. Lunt drove out with a lawyer friend, who, while making a call, left him alone in the buggy. Mr. Lunt began to explore. "He started," says one account, "from the old road that corresponds to what is now Ridge avenue in Evanston, and spied a beautiful tract of virgin oak and maple trees overlooking Lake Michigan. . . . He suddenly felt the inspiration of a great thought, threw up his hat and said to himself, 'This is the place.' "

Mr. Lunt, whose daughter still lives in Evanston in age and honor, gave the university its first five thousand dollars, and befriended it as long as he lived. The school opened its doors in the Autumn of 1855. Its first president was Clark Titus Hinman, who had headed Newbury Seminary in Vermont. When he came he attracted other Newburyites, some of whom, like the Pearsons, Hemenways, and Dempsters, founded Evanston "first families."

Suburbia

The original college hall, whose corner-stone was laid in 1855 in the presence of the "élite and cream of Chicago society," is still in use. There remains also weather-beaten Willard Hall, hailed in publications of the seventies as a "beautiful building, costing \$50,000, just completed for the Evanston Women's College for Ladies." (Later it joined the university.) Of its presiding genius, the writer quoted, Everett Chamberlin, remarked casually, "The president is Miss Frances Willard, a most respectable lady and a preceptress of acknowledged ability." Her career, it will be admitted, justified the compliment.

Mr. Chamberlin also wrote:

Evanston bears the stamp of its devoutly inclined founders. Its garb is cut as squarely as though it were of the cloth; and its morals are as strict as those of a New England village. By a wise calculation, the founders of the university inserted a provision in its charter providing that for a distance of four miles from the university building [sic] it should not be lawful to sell liquor of an intoxicating kind. The residents of Evanston are, therefore, compulsory teetotalers, so far as public drinking is concerned. The fact is to be commended.

A staid and scholarly place it was. Yet laughter visited it now and then. Abraham Lincoln went to the little city in 1860, met the bearded leading citizens, and smiled inwardly, it may be, at their solemn regard for him. A quartet sang. After this, Lincoln put his arm around one of the singers and said:

"Young man, I wish I could sing as well as you. Unfortunately, I know only two tunes. One is 'Old Hundred' and the other isn't."

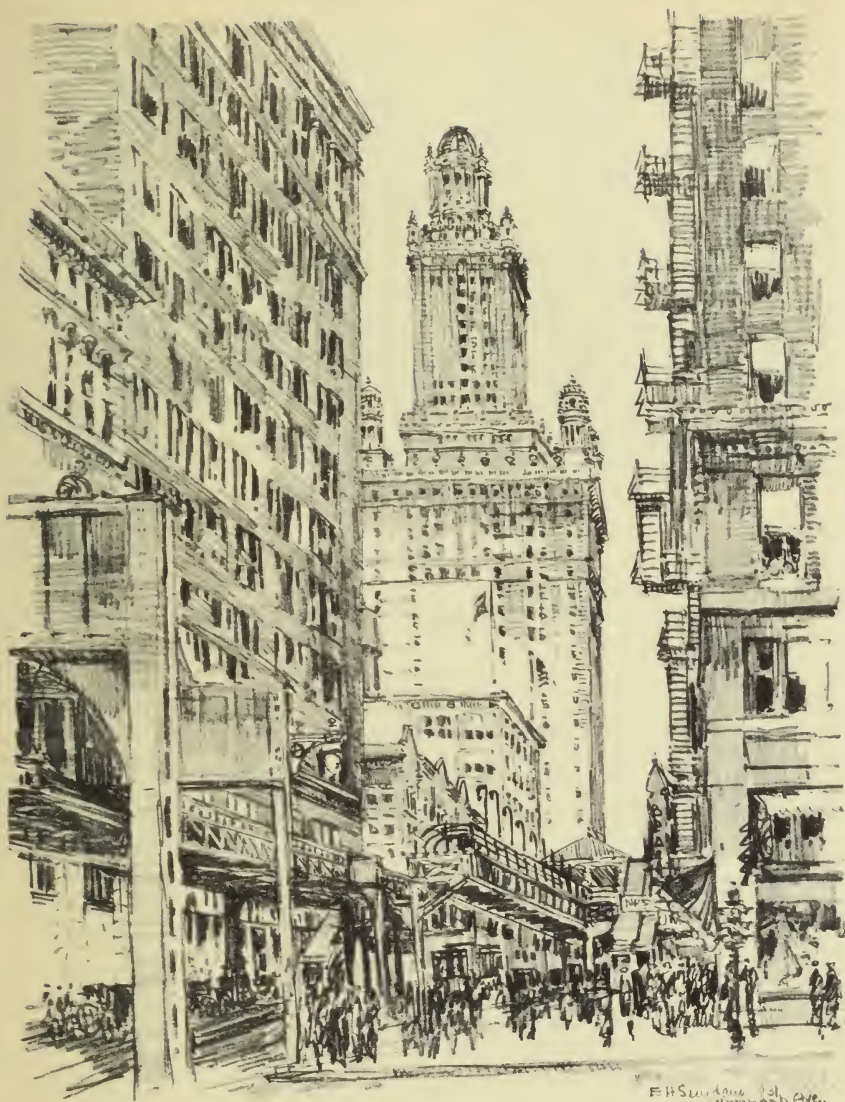
At which, it is related, none of the group ventured a smile.

Chicago: A Portrait

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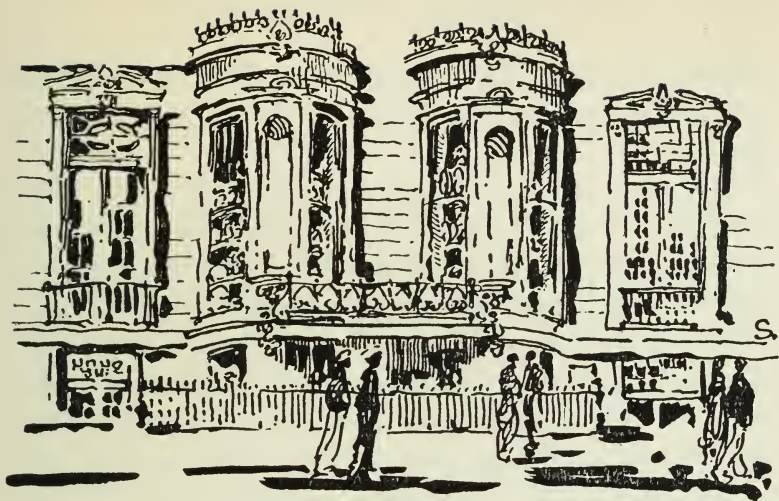
For generations, that Evanston of classic shades, often admired, sometimes satirized, grew on the border of menacing and sinful Chicago. It gained, in or out of the university faculty, such pioneers as Professor Henry S. Noyes, Daniel Bonbright, the Judsons. One of its students, Edward Spencer, became a hero when the steamer *Lady Elgin* was wrecked off Highland Park. The town had mighty fighters in the Civil War; its John Beveridge and William Gamble rose to be generals. Frances Willard became one of the most noted women in the United States. Important civic figures such as Lyman E. Cooley and Judge Harvey B. Hurd were citizens, and so were the Deerings of harvester fame. In financial crises of the university William Deering was ever a friend. More noted than any became James A. Patten, he of "the Board." He sat in the mayor's chair, backed the city's progress, and his ample stone house on Ridge Avenue was symbolic of a generous soul. Of his benefactions to the university, more later.

It is to such men that Evanston owes its renown, and Northwestern University its attractive row of buildings on Sheridan Road, south of the picturesque lighthouse. The long curving highway is especially beautiful at that point where it skirts the western edge of the old campus. It seems to take a mood of pensiveness, as it flows southward to other regions, from this placid heart of an "old" city.



FHS
S. W. Ave.
Wabash Ave.

ON THE RIM OF THE LOOP



Chapter XVIII

DOWN THE SHORE TO "UPTOWN"

I

A LITTLE more than thirty-five years ago there lived a poet, in an old remodeled frame house out in the suburbs. The house "had all the modern conveniences, including a genial mortgage. About it were the oaks, in whose branches the birds had built their nests before Chicago was a frontier post. He could sit upon the 'front stoop' and look across vacant lots to where Lake Michigan beat upon the sandy shore with ceaseless rhythm."

Such is the picture drawn by Slason Thompson of the home of Eugene Field the poet, in a place deemed sufficiently far from the city so that he might dream there for a long time. The lot was large; it was a serene corner of earth. The birds sang happily. Flowers flourished. Field

Chicago: A Portrait

named the place "The Sabine Farm," in what another biographer, Charles H. Dennis, calls "a mild Horatian jest."

Earlier than that, Field and his family had a rented cottage a few blocks farther west, "in the green open spaces of Buena Park," as Mr. Dennis describes the region of that day. The cottage, to quote Hamlin Garland, a frequent visitor, "swarmed with growing boys and noisy dogs." And the poet's bedroom overlooked a vacant lot belonging to his friend and landlord, Robert A. Waller, known as the founder of Buena Park. It was Field's contemplation of the grassy area that inspired his lines:

Up yonder in Buena Park
There is a famous spot,
In legend and in history
Yclept the Waller Lot.
There children play in daytime
And lovers stroll by dark,
For 'tis the goodliest trysting-place
In all Buena Park.

Mr. Field did not live long to enjoy the Sabine Farm. Had he occupied it until old age he would have found his place of retirement hemmed in by apartment-buildings, the street that passed it swarming with automobiles, and the green and charming landscape to the north virtually overspread with concrete, brick, and stone. A flat-building has replaced the Field homestead.

Regret it or not, all this is the work of a generation.

The city has pressed forward to the very border of

Down the Shore to "Uptown"

Evanston; or rather, to Calvary Cemetery, the old Catholic burying-ground which intervenes. People still young can remember when Rogers Park, Edgewater, and Buena Park itself, were villages. Not long before, Lake View—now a mere place-name and a designation in tax books—had an identity too. Until not so many years ago the region still possessed its town hall, which stood at Halsted and Addison streets and boasted an assembly room in which the village life, artistic and religious, centered. In the seventies Lake View acquired the United States Marine Hospital, still a brave old building, whose gray-stone body and mansards survive quaintly amid structures given to smart apartments and shops. Its predecessor stood near where the Michigan Avenue bridge now bestrides the river.

Rogers Park was originally a quarter-section of land which the Government sold to a hard-working Irishman named Philip Rogers. As charcoal-burner and vegetable gardener, he saved and bought more land, which in 1869 passed to his widow and to Mrs. Patrick L. Touhy, wife of another energetic Irishman, who had married into the family. Touhy built a homestead that stood for many years. It had a square tower which, to quote an early writer, "gives a view of the lovely wood that surrounds the house, and covers an area of eighty acres running eastward to the lake."

Then or later, horse-cars achieved a laborious progress to the suburbs; stub-end cars drawn by nags all skin and bone. Eugene Field, writing in the eighties, could not resist a quip about them. As he phrased it: "The oldest house in Chicago stands on the west side and was built in 1839 A.D. The oldest horse in Chicago works for the

Chicago: A Portrait

Lake View street-car company, and was present at the battle of Marathon, 490 B.C.”

Sheridan Road was then mainly a hope, but down in a long diagonal, among the groves, ran the famous old highway North Clark Street. It was a section of the ancient Green Bay Road, which was a toll road, with a toll-gate house at the Indian boundary line. This line lost its historic designation when it took the name of Rogers Avenue. In pioneer days it had a string of taverns. When stage-coaches began to ply upon the highway they received such titles as “ten-mile house” (at Calvary Cemetery) and “seven-mile house” (at Rosehill Cemetery), indicating the distances of those places from the Chicago City Hall. The cemeteries, it will be seen, were landmarks. There may have been few living occupants of the land; but there were plenty of dead.

Just below Calvary was a strip called for a time “No Man’s Land,” but afterward invaded by Everyman and his wife. This is the Howard Street district, which became a bright-light area with amazing speed. Rogers Park, just south of it, hums with life and with wheels. It glows feverishly at one place, where stands a prodigious movie theater, just back of which, in sharp contrast, lies a group of red-brick buildings clearly academic. This is the North Side headquarters of Loyola University, outgrowth of old St. Ignatius College. Since 1870 it has become an institution enrolling about six thousand. Only arts and sciences are taught on this North Shore campus, on whose border stands the sky-scraper building called Mundelein College. Other schools are downtown, and the high-ranking medical school is on the West Side. An unusual feature of Loyola is an administrative council that includes non-Catholics. Another

Down the Shore to "Uptown"

thing the average university cannot claim is that half of the faculty, being Jesuit fathers, teach without pay.

It was a good while after Rogers Park was settled that there came the invasion of the forests—oak, elm, ash, and maple—which brought about the village of Edgewater. The first developers, in the eighties, were sparing of the trees, leveling only just enough to admit of streets. A few score houses went up, in a style rather favoring the Queen Anne and pseudo-Colonial types. Meanwhile, toward the west and farther south, Irving Park, also an ambitious village, was acquiring "beautiful residences." Even in World's Fair time it was Suburbia, with houses well apart from one another, and the city far away. "Many are the pleasures," says our early chronicler, "which draw the Irving Parkite from his cosy fireside to the glowing grate of his neighbor." Of course this is still true, though the grates may glow with electric flames, and the pleasures include contract bridge.

Argyle Park, in which region one may now marvel at several immense movie palaces and a monster dance-hall, had the energy of Samuel E. Gross to help it. There were gas, water, and macadamized streets in no time; also, a wonder even in the nineties, a "regular force of men to take out garbage and shovel snow." On a westward area grew Ravenswood, whose earliest career dated back to 1868, but which had a setback in the seventies. The trouble was that an official of the Michigan Southern Railroad obligingly disposed of lots to many of his employees. When the railroad consolidated with the Lake Shore, the general offices went to Cleveland, and Ravenswood for some years was dead. It revived, however, as the city grew

Chicago: A Portrait

toward it, and became populous and eventually wholly urban.

3

It seems valuable to give these glimpses of what is now often described sweepingly as the "farther North Side." People cling to the old names, although, to the casual eye, there is a solid stretch of streets and roofs. In a sense, the identity of villages remains. It is usually at those original centers that one finds the groups of brilliant shops, the public halls, theaters, and junctions of thronged transportation lines, to which the surrounding residents look for what they need.

But the character of the far North Side is distinct. It is a region of the apartment-dweller. One who explores it will find rather a surprising number of the good-natured, somewhat worn wooden dwellings, of the village days; he will discover stone houses of some pretensions; he will espy many a vacant lot which, for all one can tell, may be a goodly trysting-place. But, in most parts of that region the "improvements" of the modern age have consisted chiefly of buildings in which many families live together comfortably or restlessly, friends or strangers.

There is a danger of exaggerating the artificiality of life in such places. It is true that some of the flat-dwellers are birds of passage, shifting their pathetically simple furniture from Birdcage Manor to Goldfish Villa, or back again, with every spring. It is a fact that numbers of them remain tenants all their lives, never setting foot on an inch of soil that belongs to them. "The delicatessen for cuisine; the radio for education," some one wrote. Yet there is no proof

Down the Shore to "Uptown"

that people with these tastes, making sociologists look grave, are any worse citizens than many who have gardens and mansards of their own.

On the contrary, the number of improvement clubs, literary groups, women's organizations, and so on, flourishing in this realm of the apartment-building is no less than elsewhere. The flaring movie house is offset by the community-house and the church. In the great high schools young people lively enough for any escapade are organized into groups that make them think, that draw them toward music and art. And parent-teacher societies are as influential here as elsewhere.

From the life in pretty flats, as from the really overcrowded districts in other parts of the city, the instinct of many people is to escape. Thousands of them come from small towns. They perch briefly in some cage—"modern apartments, one to three rooms"—until they can choose a spot on one of the enormous breezy spaces that lie so close at hand. Often whole battalions of families, whole societies of young husbands and wives, migrate together. In some suburb or far corner of the roomy city, on the plains or amid groves, they set up neat doll-houses, with lawns and avenues as spick and span as a magazine page. There in their brand-new sections they do a bit of pioneering, with plumbing that works, and with a notable habit of organizing. They have their civic associations, parent-teacher associations, dramatic clubs, new-members committee, Fourth-of-July celebration committee, and even publicity committee. The object almost seems to be to make every resident a committeeman.

Meantime there are always enough new-comers or con-

Chicago: A Portrait

firmed apartment-dwellers to keep janitors busy. There are nearly 450,000 people who live east of the Chicago River and north of what is generally considered the border of the near North Side. Something like 300,000 live in wards that border the lake; while toward the west, in regions opened up within recent years, populations have doubled. Great tracts were vacant land as late as 1920. As for the situation nearer the lake, up to the nineties some of the suburban railroad trains took on board only a single passenger each morning.

4

The elevated railroad system serving the northeasterly region, the interurban traversing it, the steam lines, buses, and private automobiles now convey tremendous cargoes of people daily, back and forth. Observed superficially, they seem mostly young. They are brisk, up to the minute, well enough dressed; in some cases, too well. It is a little over-wide a generalization to designate them, in a mass, as devotees of the delicatessen, the sandwich shop, the chop-suey parlor, and the beauty salon. Yet many of them must be, or there would not be such flourishing industries of that sort at the chief bright-light centers.

One of those centers, not five minutes away from the place where the poet Field lived among his trees, is Wilson Avenue, between Broadway (the old Evanston Avenue) and the lake. A slight observation would make one imagine that no staid residents cared to live thereabouts. But all kinds of people go there. One day in a recent year fifty thousand persons were counted passing the corner of Wilson and Broadway. From Wilson Avenue to Argyle, and be-



"NEAR NORTH SIDE" VISTA

Down the Shore to "Uptown"

yond, Sheridan Road is frequented by youths with no obvious business, couples yawningly in search of new amusement, girls in garish costume, women of blasé aspect, leading poodles equally blasé.

"Bluff. . . . Three-room flats. . . . Instalment furniture. . . . Chop suey. . . . Life on credit." Such are the hints thrown out by that land of streaming lights, that mob of lightsome people. Churches seek to lure them with large-lettered placards, but more amble by than go in. As a sharp observer, Ralf Gall, writes:

Boys in dogskin coats smoking dollar pipes; hatless, hoping to be mistaken for college men. Girls in high-heeled slippers, fur jackets, fur coats (they starved themselves for those coats, perhaps) in Russian boots, in light colored galoshes. They stand before the jewelry store near Broadway, and arrange themselves at the glass. They stand before the music shop farther down, and do the same thing. They hesitate at the gift shop—"Well, what's it to you?"

Wilson and Sheridan. . . . People with nothing to do but stand in the orange hut solemnly drinking orangeade. The girl in white shoves a goblet into a thing that spurts water on it; pushes down the pump handle; and there you are—another dime gone.

North and south on Sheridan. . . . Fellows and girls; men and wives, greybeards and their mamas. Store fronts are arranged like cages for white mice, with little race tracks in and out around walls and posts. The girls pull the fellows to a standstill, and they wander about the race tracks. . . . Easter hats are out, displayed on the heads of futuristic wax models. . . . Dresses, frocks, and "formals." Purple—Lord, what purple! Red, like salami sausage. Blotting paper green. Banana yellow. Oodles of machine lace, and sweat-shop beading and embroidery. That riding habit—"who says a girl can't wear a derby?" And that golf outfit—m-m-m-m!

After twelve. . . . People without overcoats hurry into the eat shop on Clarendon avenue. (Gene Field's house was a few blocks south.) They buy ham, dill pickles, cream, and a half pound of cof-

Chicago: A Portrait

fee. Goin' to be a little party up in Eddie's room. . . . High school kids just from a dance crowd into the waffle shop, where white-jacketed fellows are frying waffles right in the window. . . . Throngs pour out of the great dance hall. Pumpkin-colored cabs block traffic. Coppers cuss.

If it be summer, along the beaches from north to south, Lawrence avenue, the old Wilson beach, Clarendon, Buena avenue, Hogan's alley, boys and girls arrive from all over the North Side in cars. Or, if they live in the furnished rooms of the Wilson avenue district, they walk along the streets in bath-robos. . . . Boys and girls light fires and sit around them, occasionally chirping up in sentimental song. A piece of roofing-iron keeps off the wind. Driftwood is flung on. The sparks fly. . . . The lake, with its curl of white, rolls dark and dreamlike before them. . . .

Many a sociologist, who might scorn such vignettes as meaning nothing, has studied Uptown Chicago—to use its commercial name—and has both marveled at its sudden growth and analyzed its types. These scientists have found the city a rich laboratory, and in the Wilson Avenue district they observe a center of fragile domesticity, of married couples both members of which earn pay-checks, of women in defiant independence. Children are relatively few. Both husband and wife have their main interests outside the home. The families thus emancipated live, and prefer to live, in rooming-houses, in kitchenette apartments, in residential hotels. Over the portals of any number of the buildings of old Buena Park one sees signs offering such miniature “homes,” sometimes with emphasis on the presence of “sleeping-rooms,” and often adding, as a great inducement, “shower-baths.”

Ernest R. Mowrer, of the University of Chicago, published in 1925 a study which found that there were

Down the Shore to "Uptown"

sixty-eight divorced for every one thousand population in the Wilson Avenue district. He mentioned as underlying causes what he called the "restlessness of women" and the "romantic complex." Mr. Mowrer's data have since found support in court records which show that in a summer month of 1930 the divorces in the Forty-eighth ward, approximately the region Mowrer studied, reached the number of twenty-one, the largest proportion in the city. It is interesting to add that the same statistics show no divorces at all in a West Side ward, the Thirty-first, and a striking decrease in divorce figures all over the West Side, as compared with those of the North Side. But desertions—that is another story.

5

A half-mile north of Wilson Avenue is a newer district vividly suggesting prosperity, a more solid kind. A huge bank building stands there to prove the case. There were close to five million dollars of savings deposits in that bank a year or so ago. Giant movie houses and other industries furnish a gaudy glow upon the intersection of the impressive streets, Lawrence Avenue and Broadway. On the street-cars of these streets ride sixty thousand, seventy thousand, even a hundred thousand people some days. West of the L, life grows quieter, an air of suburb returns. The staid citizen whom it was hard to find at Wilson and Sheridan hurries to his stone-front dwelling, turning his back on the array of delicatessens and beauty-shops.

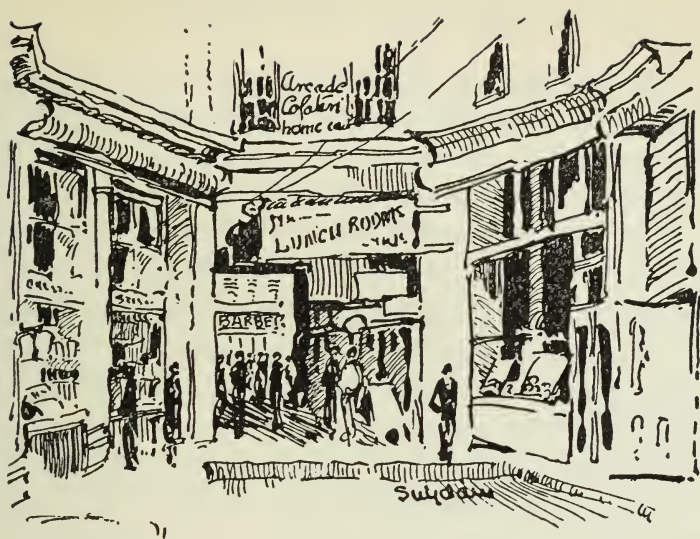
Yes, viewed as a whole, Uptown Chicago probably merits its boast of being the shopping center of a million.

Chicago: A Portrait

A sanguine view of it, or what might be called a semi-official version, runs like this:

The spirit of Chicago, typified in its well-earned motto of "I Will," has nowhere been better exemplified than in that section which lies to the north, approximately bounded by Argyle, Clark, Montrose and the lake. Here is a community complete in itself, within whose borders one could live quite satisfactorily and never step beyond them. Though but a section of a city, it has in itself every accessory of a city—delightful places in which to live, dozens of smart and utilitarian shops, great churches and strong banks, and every imaginable form of entertainment.

Yet an academic writer was so hasty as to assert that, in Chicago, everything converged toward the Loop!



Chapter XIX

TEN-MINUTE TRIP FROM NEW TO OLD

I

THE circuitous journey, having led far into the country, among sylvan growths, and down through the avenues of a brand-new Chicago, crosses one old boundary line, Irving Park Boulevard, and approaches others.

The map becomes a puzzle. The lake shore slants ever more sharply toward the southeast. Famous old streets, bearing such great names as Lincoln, Clark, and Sheridan, try to follow the shore. Lincoln Avenue has come in from distant Niles Center, an old village lately brightened by the lively hosts of "young marrieds." Clark Street has shed its Evanston alias of Chicago Avenue, and has resumed its urban title, which it acquired in the earliest days.

Chicago: A Portrait

It is amusing to note that when the town decided to name a street after the hero George Rogers Clark, it mistook the spelling of his name and gave it a final "e"; an error rectified, with some embarrassment, later on.

Broadway, very unlike the New York Broadway—but every city must have one—crosses crooked Sheridan Road twice, then, to a stranger, it seems to continue for untold miles southward. Yet what is the lettering displayed on the red-painted street-car waiting to begin a journey? It is "Halsted Street."

How did Halsted Street come here? Is this the same one met back there at Hull House, in the Ghetto, in the region of "queer people?"

It is the very same. It will lead one through a dozen different strata of life, down through roaring and smoking vales, along the edge of industrious Goose Island (properly named, because it really has a neck and is an island) past the Stockyards, and through windy stretches, on to a remote place called, barrenly enough, Seventy-ninth Street.

But the region of its northern terminus, its source, as it were, deserves a visit.

2

This is the upper North Side, which, however, is not Uptown. It is a locality developed a good many years ago by men almost forgotten, except as their memories live in street nomenclature. Most people of before-the-fire knew not such streets. Their city world was bounded by North Avenue; they did not dream of a farther north. But in the immense revival after 1871, men of iron, men who feared not to adventure and to spend, old Indian-fighters and

Ten-Minute Trip from New to Old

shouting lawyers and devotees of stern religions, broke into the meadows and woodland patches, and the city expanded. With it expanded their fortunes. How many of the wealthy families of to-day enjoy the fruits can hardly be realized.

Halsted Street itself was named after a Philadelphian whom William B. Ogden, the first mayor, interested in Chicago at an early day. Mr. Ogden's own street, met with on the far southwest side, cuts through to this northern territory and ends its course at Lincoln Park. Barry, Sheffield, Belden, Larrabee, suggest Chicago names of ancient origin, and families that still have many representatives. An important artery, which passes through many phases before reaching its western limit, and extends east to Lincoln Park as a parkway, bears the name of a once famous attorney, Alexander Fullerton. Another street that gains luster by turning into a parkway, derives from a North Side pioneer brewer, Michael Diversey.

At Diversey Avenue and Lincoln Park there was a noted house on broad lines, belonging to the family of Lehmann, the State Street merchant. Coming to that corner, the explorer discovers a building very striking in pattern, a Pantheon-like structure sitting opposite a golf-course, and with houses anything but Roman at its back. The Elks built it a few years ago as a memorial to those fallen in war. Solid marble; tall dome lined with gold-leaf; solid bronze door; one can believe that the building and fittings cost three million dollars.

No great distance west of this region dwell multitudes of foreign-speaking people, the population driven here and there by successive urges: in one place Slavs, in another

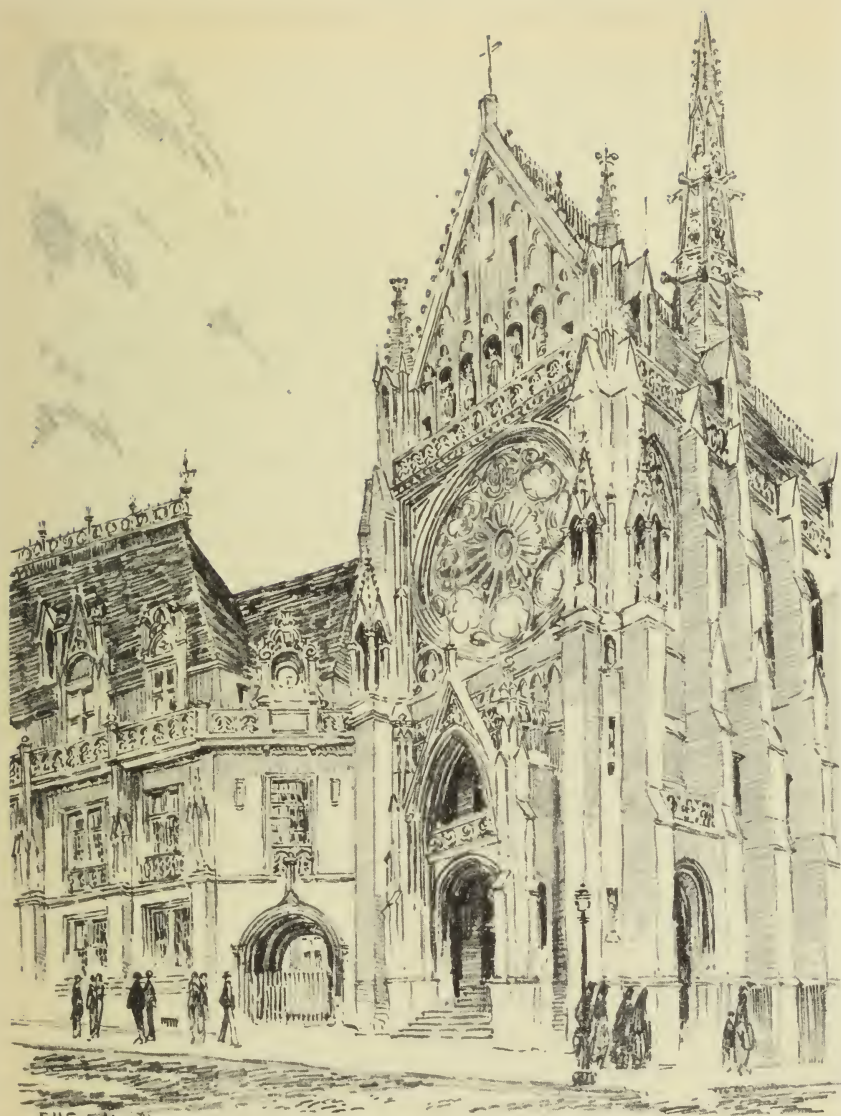
Chicago: A Portrait

Russians or south-of-Europe folk or remnants of the great Scandinavian, German, or Irish contingents who first settled there. Close to the slantwise crooks of the river, factories possess the land, with clusters of dusty cottages and coils of little streets, sad to look at. But as life flows eastward, it brightens, it opens, the trees flourish, the cross-streets wear a sedately prosperous look, and the lake is just beyond.

3

This is a locale of houses united each to each as firmly as in many parts of Philadelphia. They seem old, yet well-preserved; for the North Side has not, like old Prairie Avenue and sections of the West Side, begun to crumble to dust. The region is also prolific in church spires. One of these is visible whichever way the gaze is directed. Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists set their mark on the place years ago. Just before the Civil War, when the intersection of Halsted and Fullerton avenues was very far out, earnest Presbyterians created a seminary campus there which is a delightful "antique," within a few minutes' ride from the bright lights of Uptown.

The grave old brick buildings, blackened and ivy-grown, seem unlike Chicago. They claim relationship to Amherst and Mount Holyoke; they are in the pattern of the sixties and seventies, austere and mansarded. New structures have been added which furnish a sharp contrast; but still dominant are the red-brick monuments of that bygone age. They were erected soon after the land was furnished by William B. Ogden, Michael Diversey,



MEMORIAL TO AN ARCHBISHOP

Ten-Minute Trip from New to Old

his partner William Lill, and Joseph Sheffield (father of Sheffield Avenue). Of course the chief endowment came from the harvester king, Cyrus McCormick, an ardent Presbyterian always, and the descendant of a long line of Calvinists.

There labored for many years, with a student body growing from fifteen into the hundreds, a galaxy of scholars and orators the most famous of whom was Dr. Herrick Johnson. It was he who once debated with James H. McVicker the question whether the theater was an immoral amusement. It was exciting at such times, in the staid cloisters of the seminary; and most of all when the Rev. David Swing, before a tribunal on which the seminary faculty figured conspicuously, was being tried as a heretic.

In somewhat later days, when land was still easy to get and many schools were reaching out for it, the Order of St. Vincent established a college at no great distance from the Presbyterian center. As decades passed, it turned into De Paul University, which now has about three thousand students either on its North Side campus or in its modern building downtown. With the support of prominent laymen, it has been strongly built and gives instruction in a wide variety of subjects, including business management, journalism, music. With the large Catholic population of Chicago, it is no wonder that the Church has always been vigorous in its efforts, and has acquired great property holdings in the city proper, besides its far-flung acres at Mundelein, well outside the border.

Had an idea which, it seems, was once seriously mentioned come to anything, the center of the Catholic world might have been in or near Chicago. This very startling

Chicago: A Portrait

idea was credited to P. D. Armour ("the great") who is said to have proposed to a noted Catholic layman, W. J. Onahan, that the pope's residence be removed to Chicago.

"I'll build a bigger church for him than St. Peter's," said the packer, according to this story, one authority for which is W. T. Stead.

"But it would be impossible; for one thing, it would cost five hundred million dollars," gasped Mr. Onahan.

"And a good investment, at that," retorted Mr. Armour.

However, the Vatican remained where it was.

4

Whoso enters the near North Side by way of Halsted Street or Clark had better wear his sociological clothes, or love the picturesqueness of shabby things. A searcher for beauty or glitter should veer to the southeast.

Harvey W. Zorbaugh, in an admirable book, has pictured the near North Side vividly:

It is a teeming area in the heart of a great city of 3,000,000 souls. Within this area, a mile and a half from south to north, and scarcely a mile wide, live 90,000 people—a population as large as that of the State of Nevada. Just outside the central district it is being rapidly invaded by business and industry. Save for the Gold Coast clinging to the lake shore, it is a disorganized area, a slum area. North of the encroaching industry and commerce, and west from the Gold Coast to La Salle street, is a vast area of furnished rooms, housing some 26,000 people. Through the center of this area runs Clark street, a street of bright lights and vice, the Rialto of the half world.

About Clark street and Chicago avenue are colonies of Greeks and Persians, and a little east of them is "the village." (Usually called "Towertown"; Chicago's nearest approach to Greenwich Village.) In

Ten-Minute Trip from New to Old

the vicinity of Wells street is a cosmopolitan area, an interpenetration of all manner of people from the Old World, especially of Poles and Hungarians. West again, from Sedgwick to the river, and north to Clybourne, is Little Sicily, pursuing the rear guard of the old German population north across North avenue. And into the heart of Little Sicily comes the Negro. *

Mr. Zorbaugh writes interestingly of migratory, coffee-drinking Greeks, and of the Persian colony, which he estimates as including about three thousand people. He describes it as "a religious sect, driven to America by religious persecution. It is Assyrian first, and Persian afterward." The group lives (or did live) peacefully enough in a region containing folk of more than twenty-five nationalities. Just as, in a section west of the river, there has been an Armenian colony, dwelling without struggle, next to a settlement of Turks!

Gangs develop, of course, in these regions of the rickety cottage and the swarming lodging-house. They have fought one another near the river for generations, from the day of the Market Street gang to the present. Feuds, blackmail, kidnapping have flourished especially in what has been called Little Hell—a sobriquet now seldom heard, just as the crimes of Little Sicily have paled before those flaming in "better" parts of the city. No better brief description of the Little Hell district has been given than that of Mr. Zorbaugh:

Dirty and narrow streets, alleys piled with refuse and alive with dogs and rats, goats hitched to carts, bleak tenements, the smoke of industry hanging in a haze, the market along the curb, foreign names

* "The Gold Coast and the Slum," by Harvey W. Zorbaugh. University of Chicago Press, 1929.

Chicago: A Portrait

on shops, and foreign faces on the streets, the dissonant cry of the huckster and peddler, the clanging and rattling of railroads and the elevated, the pealing of bells of the great Catholic churches, the music of marching bands and the crackling of fireworks on feast days, the occasional dull boom of a bomb or the bark of a revolver, the shouts of children at play in the streets, a strange staccato speech, the taste of soot and the smell of gas from the huge "gas house" by the river, whose belching flames make the skies lurid at night.

Yet the "occasional bark of the revolver" came to be drowned by the rattle of machine-guns elsewhere, just as the average of deaths at Death Corner (Oak Street and Cambridge Avenue) came to be less sensational than it once was. The corner of Oak Street and Milton Avenue also had a dark notoriety. One who enjoys the irony of street nomenclature will remark the presence of the name Cambridge in this sorry district, and still more the presence of the shade of Milton. Equally curious it is that the latter slum street, full of tragic mothers—and daughters—was originally named after Fredrika Bremer, who wrote and toiled for womankind.

The dusty street that honors Captain William Wells; La Salle Street, now a wide boulevard, and North Clark Street: these are, *ad lib.*, considered the eastward boundary of the "Slums." Lower North Clark Street resembles the worst of West Madison and South State. The same kind of placarding: "Red Hots" . . . "Jitney Lunch" . . . "Loan Bank; Loan Bank; Loan Bank" . . . "Dogs; birds" . . . "Musical Instruments"—can any one tell why there are so many music shops in poor districts?—"Undertaking Parlors" . . . "Come to Jesus." Sandwich-men carry boards telling of good square meals for twenty-five

Ten-Minute Trip from New to Old

cents. One with a special flourish announces, "Three pairs of socks for every pair of shoes purchased."

A little farther north there is a landmark at whose bleak walls people still gaze with a shudder: the garage in which seven gangsters were ambushed and slain by machine-guns on St. Valentine's Day of 1929.

Amid the startling contrasts of life on the lower North Side has long stood a mighty technical high school, named for the superintendent of years ago, Albert G. Lane. It is leaving the quarter for a finer home. Squarely in the ruck of the Chicago Avenue region rises the Bible Institute founded by Dwight L. Moody in 1886; near by, the church where he preached. Within the same area are such landmarks as Bush Temple and old North Side Turner Hall, once a center of prowess in athletics, song, or argument for the sturdiest of Germans. Another landmark, which has been busier than any, is the Chicago Avenue Police Station. And now, thrust upward in clean, powerful lines above the flux of things in this old and romantic quarter—whose decline is told by the presence of two Salvation Army headquarters—looms the new Y. M. C. A. Memorial Building. It is erected with funds left in the will of a newspaper publisher who lived his adult life within a mile of it, Victor F. Lawson.

5

The variety of human expression one sees in that section cannot be beaten except in parts of Paris. The change in the district as it is and as it was is more startling still. Frederick F. Cook, in his "By-gone Days," wrote of the near North Side of 1862:

Chicago: A Portrait

The noble, lake-bordered expanse is divided into lordly domains, embellished with lovely gardens. . . . The north division, east of Clark street, and to the farthest limits, presents an unbroken stretch of woodland. . . . Not only is every street shaded, but entire wooded squares contain each only a single habitation. Mr. Arnold's plot [that of Isaac N. Arnold, the first city clerk] retained much of its original aspect up to the fire, and he could point out fine specimens of oak, ash, maple, cherry, elm, birch, hickory, and cottonwood. And to think that in a single night all this wealth of nature disappeared as if it had never been!

So it was. The flames of October, 1871, devoured all save a few stout structures of stone, like the waterworks at Chicago Avenue, a part of the tower of St. James's Episcopal Church, and a gable of the venerable New England Congregational.

But on a square of land especially shaded, filled with shrubs and dominated by an old roomy mansion with a huge veranda, the fire was fought back. The house belonged to Judge Mahlon D. Ogden, brother of the first mayor. It had been designed in 1837 by J. M. Van Osdel. It fronted on Washington Square, whose trees were turned to ashes by the conflagration; and it had protection on another side from the big grounds of the Ezra B. McCagg estate. Seeing that these open spaces were preventing the flames from licking the Ogden house too fiercely, some of the fire-fighters, exhausted and soot-blackened though they were, decided to save it. A corps headed by General W. E. Strong, son-in-law of Mr. Ogden, hurled on the sparks buckets of water from near-by wells and cisterns; they threw water-soaked carpets over the roof even as it smoked. . . . And, among the heaps of ashes and tortured trees, the Ogden house stoutly held its place.

Ten-Minute Trip from New to Old

It became, long after the death of its owner, a sight for the curious, the only North Side dwelling that was saved. For a time it was used by the now extinct Union Club. Then, as matters went, it might have turned into one of those sightless old invalids that remain here and there; and the land might have gone over to industry.

But that was not to be its fate.



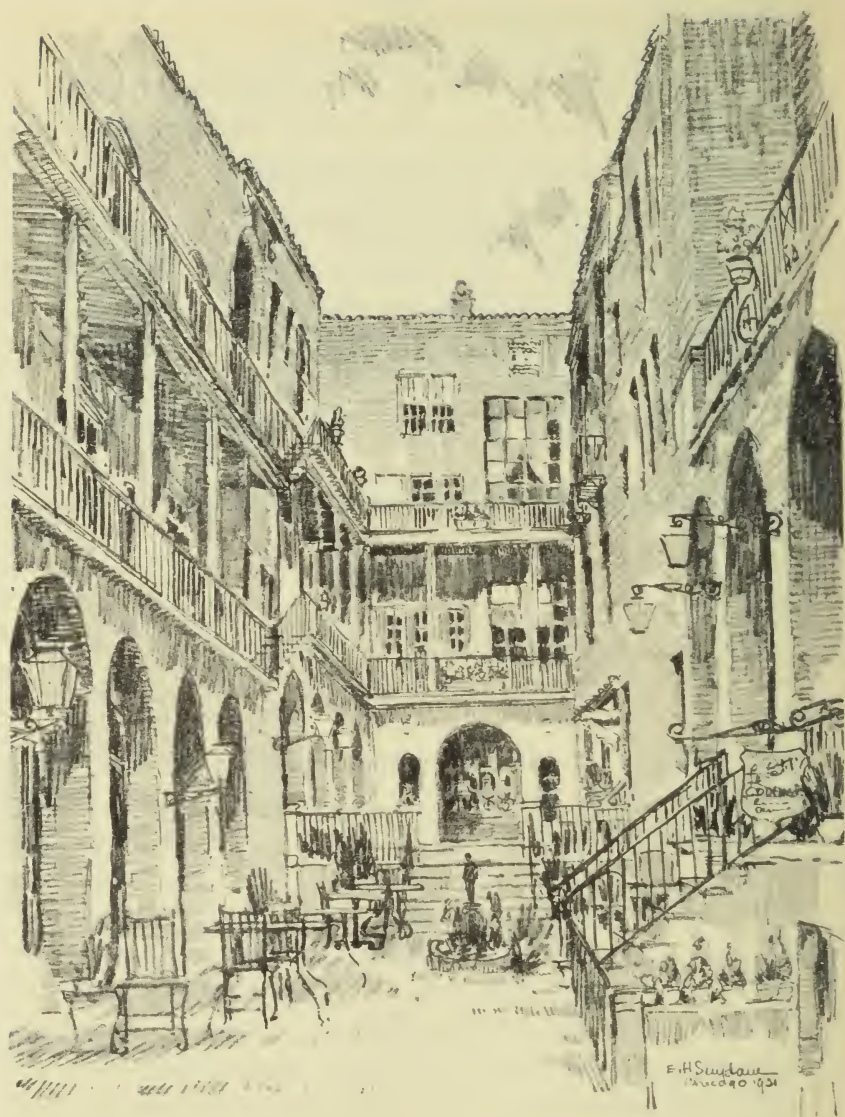
Chapter XX

BOOKS AND "BUG SQUARE"

I

IN THAT time when leading citizens had their broad-beamed homesteads amid private parks, there were two who got their heads together over a document that became famous.

One of them was making his will, and it gave him great concern. He was William L. Newberry, who had come to Chicago during its first days, acquired land from the Government for a trifling price, held on to much of it while others let go, and thus, as his last years came, had a large fortune to dispense. His counselor was Mark Skinner, also of the pioneer group, a keen, gaunt man whom wealthy people trusted, a lawyer of the first rank, a Chicago patriot.



A COURT THAT RECALLS ITALY

Books and "Bug Square"

Mr. Newberry was cautious with his money. He had worked for every penny. Skinner was determined that some of it, a great deal of it, should go to Chicago public enterprises. Mr. Newberry was not opposed to this; indeed, he had contributed to such enterprises already. But what should become of the great sum he would leave?

The discussion between client and attorney, neighbors in that region of elm-shaded mansions, must have been protracted. Skinner appears to have given his stern friend several suggestions. That which eventually triumphed was that the fortune, or much of it, should be devoted to a public library. But Mr. Newberry had a wife and two daughters. He was anxious that not only they but any descendants should enjoy what he had amassed. Hence the difficulty.

Skinner said, in effect: "What if your daughters die without heirs?"

"That is hardly to be expected," argued the client.

"But it *may happen*," insisted the lawyer.

In November, 1868, two years after the will was drawn, the aging capitalist decided, more or less hesitantly, to undertake an Atlantic voyage. His wife and daughters were in Europe. As reliable a narrator as Joseph Kirkland asserts that Newberry, so careful about expense, refused to take with him a good nurse who had been attending him. One day on shipboard he was taken critically ill, and died soon after, in his state-room. The ship's officers, who would have buried him at sea, were prevailed upon to change their minds, and the body of the Chicago pioneer was brought to his homeland.

There stood the will Mark Skinner had drawn, pro-

Chicago: A Portrait

tecting the widow and daughters while they should live and pointing to a project of Chicago's future. Skinner's surmise proved to be right. The daughters never married, and died before 1877. The widow died in 1885. By that time the value of the property, which was largely real estate, had grown to \$4,300,000. It was a huge sum in those days, and certain relatives, nieces and nephews, contested the will in court for years prior to Mrs. Newberry's death. However, the testament drawn so expertly by "Judge" Skinner withstood the attack, and though half of the estate went to the heirs, the other half was turned over to a trusteeship as the foundation of the great Newberry Library.

Whoever peers through the trees of Washington Square and looks across that ancient park to the long, blackened but noble building fronting the northern border may imagine the spirits of two men hovering upon the cornices—not only that of Colonel Newberry, but also that of his wise friend Mark Skinner.

2

The career of the little park itself is just as familiar, and its story equally engaging. It was established in 1842, and developed under the eyes of the fashionable folk who lived near it. The Great Fire came, the fine old homesteads were leveled, a new North Side grew up, many stone-fronts eventually became rooming-houses, and the slum crept close. From Chicago Avenue and west of Clark Street derelict men or workmen with a grievance or evangelists of many "isms" came to rest on the benches of Washington Square. They fed the squirrels or sat skeptically perusing salvaged

Books and "Bug Square"

newspapers or gazed at their battered shoes. Casually enough, there arrived evening gatherings, held under the flare of torches. Soap-box orators denounced the Government, the capitalists, the police. The capitalists heard of this and smiled. The police were seldom roused to interfere. Mission workers, parading the "bad lands," would stage a rally with drum-beats, and gain few converts.

Washington Square remains "Bug Square" (or "Bug-house Square"). And there will be recalled, as a coincidence of names and aims, that other "Bug Club" in Washington Park, five or six miles to the south.

3

When at last the path was cleared for launching the great library project, its friends lost no time. Mr. Skinner was mainly responsible for administering the estate. He worked zealously at it, remembering how he and Mr. Newberry, with others, had started in a little two-story room the Young Men's Association, precursor of the city's public library; how, too, the Chicago Historical Society, in which both men were interested, had its collection, before 1861, in a building belonging to Mr. Newberry.

But as the nineties came in, Mr. Skinner, then more than seventy years old, felt unable to continue in the library enterprise, and it was given into the hands of E. W. Blatchford and William H. Bradley. William H. Poole, author of Poole's "Index to Periodicals" and head of the Chicago Public Library, was engaged for the new enterprise, and the assembling of the collection began. It was housed at first in a building on Ontario Street, overlooking a square that had been the grounds of Mr. Newberry's home before

Chicago: A Portrait

the fire devoured it. Then it was decided to build on the Ogden lot, and Henry Ives Cobb—who at about the same time was designing the first group on the University of Chicago campus—was employed as architect of the library building. He shaped it in Spanish Romanesque style. It was occupied in 1893.

The first board of trustees was headed by Mr. Blatchford, and included as members men as noteworthy as Franklin H. Head, General Alexander C. McClurg, Franklin MacVeagh, John P. Wilson, and Judge Lambert Tree. General Walter C. Newberry, nephew of the founder, also was a member. Later boards, and presidents such as Edward L. Ryerson and Horace Oakley, have contributed to the development of the library. At first it was intended to be of general scope, but in 1894 the Crerar Library was founded, and to avoid duplication the field was divided so that sciences were left to the Crerar, popular works and circulation to the Public Library, and art to the Art Institute, while the Newberry concentrated on history and the humanities. It became a reference library only. Under Mr. Poole and succeeding librarians, methods were developed which gave to students private quarters for work and department assistants to make it easy for them. Restrictions and annoying red tape were, and are, few. Many a student, pestered by surly attendants in certain European libraries, and by filling out form-cards as big as a napkin, has turned to the Newberry with deep relief.

The collection now comprises more than 450,000 items—volumes, manuscripts, and pamphlets. It is the constant resort of the historical student and of research workers in the field of early printing, and it serves thousands of

Books and "Bug Square"

people, not so scientific, who are curious about their local history or their genealogy. Groping for family origins is an increasingly popular sport. But the growing body of people who investigate knotty points of history are the more serious clients of the Newberry.

A Chicago stalwart, one of the strong but modest men who saw the city through some of its worst crises, gave this library one of the buttresses of its collection. He was Edward Everett Ayer. Son of a hotel-keeper in Harvard, Illinois, he went West in 1860 with a wagon-train bound for California. It is said that Buffalo Bill also traveled with the caravan for a time. Mr. Ayer, after working in California lumber-mills, enlisted in the Union Army, and saw much service on the Mexican border. He also took a hand in warfare against the Indians. Sometime during that period he read for the first time Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." The power of that work, combined with Mr. Ayer's contact with American Indian life, awoke in him a passionate zeal for study of the aborigine, of the discovery of North and South America, and of related subjects. He grew wealthy after removing to Chicago, and got together an extraordinary collection in his field. A charter member of the Newberry board, he continued one of the library's great friends, and in 1911—fifteen years before his death—presented to the library the fruit of his hobby, forty years' work.

No student of Americana passes the Ayer Collection by. It contains more than forty thousand items. The standard works about Columbus are there; it has fifteenth- and sixteenth-century editions of the explorer's famous "Letter." It has sixteenth-century editions of Oviedo, twenty-

Chicago: A Portrait

nine different editions of Peter Martyr, and fifty-three of Las Casas. There are whole libraries of the records of Hennepin, Champlain, Captain John Smith, Lewis and Clark; and a complete set of the "Jesuit Relations." Some time ago the task of making transcripts from the Spanish archives at Seville, Simancas, and Mexico City was undertaken, and more than a hundred thousand pages of these are now stored away.

In the field of Indian lore the collection contains material of unquestioned value concerning the life-history, customs, religion, language, etc., of the American aborigines, and the texts of a number of the colonial treaties with the tribes. There are valuable paintings and drawings by Elbridge Burbank, Charles Bird King, and Grace Hudson, as well as examples of the Indians' own art. The collection also has a rich Hawaiian and Philippine section.

Another benefactor of the Newberry was John M. Wing, for a long period a successful newspaper man and owner of trade journals. He had no immediate family, and his chief interest in later years was books. A companion bibliophile, Horace H. Martin, interested him in the Newberry, and he decided to make it the home of his collection, which had to do with incunabula and examples of fine printing. He was given a room in the library building, and there he worked happily among his treasures for several years. Upon his death in 1917 it was found that the bequest of this recluse and student to the library was about \$250,000. He directed that the income be used to purchase books treating of the history and development of printing, engraving, and illustrations from the dawn of those arts. In 1920, Dr. Pierce Butler was made custodian

Books and "Bug Square"

of the collection and, largely through his work, many rare items were added, bringing the total to more than eight thousand volumes. At its beginning the collection had three hundred and six books printed before 1500 A.D. Soon it acquired many volumes from the Kelmscott Press, the De Vinne library, and others; it acquired Caxtons, Jenson, Schaeffers, etc. It includes a 1465 Lactantius, said to have been the first book printed in Italy, and a leaf from the noted forty-two-line Bible.

Among other notable collections in the Newberry, as listed by Librarian George B. Utley, are the following:

The Bonaparte collection of linguistics, made by Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I; eighteen thousand volumes.

The East Asiatic collection of works of history, literature, philosophy, art, and religion in the various Oriental languages.

Theodore Thomas's musical library, including scores edited by the great orchestra-leader; presented by Mr. Thomas's family.

The Ephraim Dawes collection on the United States Civil War, given by General Charles G. Dawes. This includes about eight hundred regimental histories and five hundred personal narratives. It makes the library strong in Civil War records, as it is also in historical material relating to Chicago.

Though the preoccupied city throngs know little enough about the Newberry Library, Mr. Utley is justified in concluding that it is "thought of by the public as a treasure house of rare and beautiful books, manuscripts and prints." That is what it was meant to be.

Chicago: A Portrait

4

If the contents of that stately building are thrilling to the student, so are its surroundings fascinating to one in search of the picturesque. Successive waves of life have beaten upon the old square and adjoining streets. The region is becoming what sociologists call a "depressed area," but depressing it is not, except to one who insists upon sparkling newness.

Dearborn Avenue, once described as "thickly inhabited by people of culture and wealth"—such people as Dr. R. N. Tooker, Dr. Ralph N. Isham, George B. Carpenter, William D. Kerfoot, William M. Hoyt, Frederick A. Keep, John De Koven, Francis B. Peabody I—has become, in the neighborhood of the square, largely a domain of rooming-houses. But, surviving in the midst of rows of sad-looking structures, with their crumbling cornices and "stoops," is that exquisite relic the New England Congregational Church, more than seventy-five years old. Its transition from a church that drew "people of culture and wealth" to a congregation of all sorts went with the metamorphosis of the whole district. It found itself, at last, with its fragment of Plymouth Rock and its Pilgrim baptismal font, next door to that assembly-place of radical-speakers, experimental playwrights, and emancipated types of all sorts, Jack Jones's "Dill Pickle Club." For Tooker Alley (was it named after Dr. Tooker?) acquired the club, and the murmur of the church's antique organ was mingled with the shrill voices of debaters and lecturers on "daring" themes.

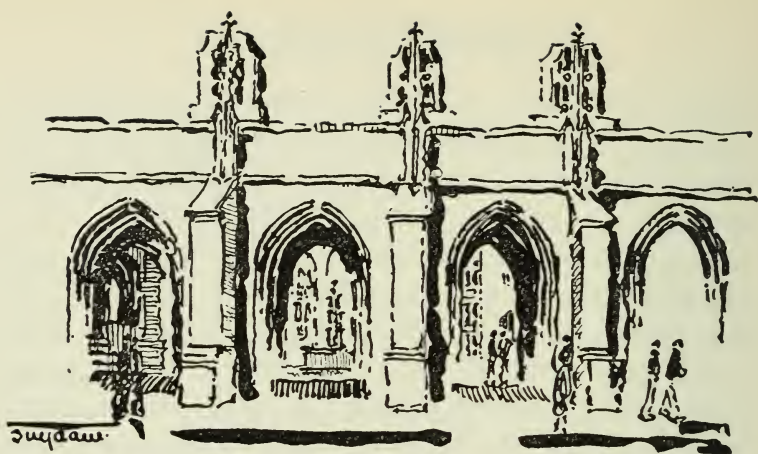
A short block to the north rises the spire of old Unity Church, for these many years the meeting-place of the

Books and "Bug Square"

Masonic Oriental Consistory. On beyond are visible new structures, thrust in among the old. The square sleeps there, with its ill-nourished trees and its busy pigeons and sparrows. It is all very quiet in the daytime.

No long distance away are other landmarks, now seeming almost puny as one views them against the tall, arrogant structures on the eastern sky. So seems St. James Church, once called the "Kinzie church," a delicate cream-colored relic of the fifties, with its modest and enduring tower. It houses such beauties as the memorial to heroes of the Civil War, a survival of the Great Fire, and the chapel in memory of James L. Houghteling. It has remained fashionable, though all about it old mansions are given to lodgings or offices. Not gigantic seems any longer even Holy Name Cathedral, standing on the lot acquired by the Catholic archdiocese in the city's first youth. History it suggests, and a long series of famous ceremonies. Often nowadays people point out to strangers the places where, less than five years ago, the cathedral was peppered by machine-guns in the murder of a hoodlum.

Under so many placid surfaces here and there in Chicago glow hates and feuds which explode with the suddenness of an earthquake.



Chapter XXI

ASPECTS OF THE "GOLD COAST"

I

THE multitude of roomers creeps toward it from south and west, the tradesmen and small manufacturers threaten it, the sky-scrappers, hotels, and specialty shops steal upon it along "the avenue"—but the Gold Coast, beset, has not yet surrendered. It has already lasted, as a Mayfair or Faubourg St.-Germain of Chicago, longer than most of the old aristocratic districts. For all any one can swear, it may keep its pride for another generation, and so break a record.

This is almost the only part of Chicago in which may be found, living on the same soil or within hail, large numbers of the children, grandchildren, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, of residents who took the land when the city was young. Perhaps it is not sentiment that causes this, unless social gregariousness or the customs governing "the right

Aspects of the "Gold Coast"

place to live" constitute sentiment. Ever since the wane of Prairie Avenue, and long since the social decline of Ashland, Jackson, and Washington boulevards, that part of the North Side lying between boundaries, not too definite, such as Ohio Street, Dearborn Avenue, and North Avenue, with the old Pine Street (now North Michigan) and the Lake Shore Drive completing the rectangle, has been socially triumphant. But the Gold Coast has gradually become narrowed, and intruded upon, until it is much smaller than it was. No one who is anybody, they say, could possibly live too near Clark Street; and only those whose family and possessions make them immune to criticism dare venture north of Lincoln Park. Yet there are a number who are hardy enough to do so; and perhaps there will be others.

They are grouped closely, these folk who count as social thoroughbreds, on a tier of streets whose golden attributes are laid on only a few blocks from east to west; a tier whose length, from south to north, is a doubtful mile. In a Social Register of forty, even thirty, years ago, names would be found of blue-bloods living in Buena Avenue, or even Evanston Avenue (now bustling Broadway). Not so to-day. The people admitted to that mysteriously powerful roster are confined within an area that makes it an easy walk from one function to another—if it were proper to walk to them.

There is something that seems foreign to the restlessness of movement, the carelessness of tradition most of Chicago exhibits, in the loyalty of the social clans to that little tier of streets. Within it there have been numberless movements from one short avenue to another, or from

Chicago: A Portrait

house to hotel or apartment-building; but there they are, the descendants of the earlier Gold Coasters, not two minutes' ride from their old homes, or even from their birthplaces. The McCormick family, whose generations and offshoots fill nearly two pages in the Social Register, still has its town habitat within the small rectangle. Imposing stone mansions of some of the earlier members are now to be found standing gloomily in an area of transition, deserted and barred against invaders; but the later generation is near enough to stroll down there and hold a reunion, any time. Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who was Anita McCormick, clings to Erie Street; Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick, who is seldom found straying far from Chicago, holds on in the dignified dwelling at Bellevue Place and the Drive. Harold F. has the great house, with cupola and mansards, his mother occupied so long.

There are Couches, Cranes, Beldens, Carpenters, Bordens, Porters, Keeps, Meekers, Blairs, MacVeaghs, Otises, Ryersons, Spragues, and Wallers—all names that connote a long Chicago tradition—in the same district which their forefathers built up. The daughters of the pioneer attorney B. F. Ayer, the sister novelists Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank and Mrs. Cecil Barnes, live in time-mellowed houses that came down with the generations.

The descendants of Potter Palmer have kept a more tenuous hold upon the region he helped reclaim from the sand-dunes. After Mrs. Palmer's death in 1917, the castle stood empty until Potter, Jr., acquired the interest of his brother Honoré and resumed occupancy. Many of the rooms remained unaltered, but a good deal of the art collection, including the Anders Zorn portrait of Mrs. Palmer,

Aspects of the "Gold Coast"

went to the Art Institute. After some years the house was sold to Vincent Bendix, inventor of the Bendix drive—not the Lake Shore Drive!

2

Running only for six gilded blocks, from Division Street to the edge of Lincoln Park, is Astor Street, named after John Jacob Astor.

"Why the devil should we have a street called by the name of a New York millionaire?" raved some of the local patriots in a certain era.

There is no lack of reason. The John Jacob Astor thus memorialized (the original John Jacob) contributed, at long distance, to the destiny of Chicago. Of the fur-traders who ventured around the lakes and to the tip of Lake Michigan, early in the nineteenth century, a good many were Astor's men. One who left a broad and brilliant mark on Chicago history was Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard. That mighty woodsman and shrewd business man first saw Chicago in 1818, and died in it in 1886. He had a packing business before 1830, a warehouse on the river in 1836, a directorship in Chicago's first bank, the Illinois State, in the same year, and in the forties promoted mightily the canal which was everybody's pride.

Hubbard's name adorned a little street, called a place, which in later, unromantic days, became Seventh Street. Astor Street, named for his one-time employer, kept its proper title. However, as if to even things up, one of the southerly forest preserves bears the name Hubbard Trail, because the great woodsman opened that route to Danville in his ardent youth.

Chicago: A Portrait

Horatio O. Stone, who subdivided the district in which Astor Street runs, knew well all the early trading history; but when he operated, and the name of Astor Street appeared, some people suspected a ruse, an implication that Mr. Astor himself was interested. This was unjust, others said, to the real-estate promoter, if he really named the street. He had come to Chicago at the age of twenty-three, after having been, among other things, a laborer in building the Lackawanna Canal. The year was 1834. "H. O.," to use the familiar form, got a job chopping timber for piers to buttress the harbor, and lived for a time in Beaubien's Sauganash Tavern. Later, he had a hardware store. In due time he went into realty, as did men like S. H. Kerfoot, John Stephen Wright, W. L. Newberry, and many others.

Astor Street at first was more or less a sand-dune. Now it is a double row of dwellings, a sedate and protected spot. Some houses stand on narrow lots; a few of these no more than twenty feet wide. Many of the buildings are niftily English or French in pattern; many are small but elegant. Anyway, they look rather alien to Chicago. And the street has its contrasts, beginning as it does alongside the red-brick, rambling residence—a "period" house—of the Catholic archbishop, and ending with lofty apartments put up by exclusive coöperative groups.

The "coöp" apartment has been luring people away from big houses with gardens. But when they can capture a top floor, ingenious folk who like to spend money on such things build sky gardens, with trees in urns, marble benches, and elaborate flower-boxes; or they put in Italian villas with fountains and a lawn; or they have terraces delightfully sunned.

Aspects of the "Gold Coast"

There is a good deal that is new, to catch the eye of an aviator.

3

For the most part, the Gold Coast turns no frozen face upon even the humblest people who walk its streets. Shabby, or merely cheaply clad, folk from over west cross the region constantly for a wistful view of the lake; thousands stream over the Lake Shore Drive to bathe at Oak Street beach. That immense summer playground, lying in the curve at Bellevue Place and directly across the boulevard from Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick's house, draws a variegated throng. On a hot day it is a Sargasso Sea of heads. It is a (literally) submerged tenth. Wherefore, from time to time, some of the Gold Coasters, though not Mrs. McCormick, have grumbled about it. Once the question was taken to law—or at least to lawyers—and the beach remained.

The Coast has had other arguments, one of them within the last decade, about improvement of the Drive. The issue was whether the Lincoln Park commissioners, who have jurisdiction, should develop a widened single roadway or build a parallel drive, leaving a row of trees between. On the one hand, it was argued that a wide single driveway was preferable, as it would be good for business construction when it came; on the other hand, property-owners spoke up for "the people." They said the plain citizen should have the trees and a goodly promenade, whence he could see the lake. Mrs. McCormick cast her vote that way. So did others, including B. A. Eckhart and George H. High. The latter, double-dyed Chicagoan that he was, said, "For one, I don't want to be deprived of the sight of people using the promenade on the lake and the beach."

Chicago: A Portrait

The decision went to the "average man," and to the trees; though a good many of these went down.

Still another division among the Gold Coasters came over admitting hotels and apartments to the upper part of the Drive. The hotels of course got in; and many a landmark disappeared.

The Drive changed so rapidly between 1910 and 1920 that it was a surprise to many a returned traveler of that time. Not only did it acquire the coöps, in which many a family found a less onerous and less heavily taxed domicile than the old homestead; but the street traffic grew heavy; the honk of horns became deafening, the odor from motor exhausts pervasive. New wealth invaded the Drive; new families mingled with the old. By 1924, or before that, people had come to see its development as resembling that of New York's upper Park Avenue, and they predicted that before long it would be a region of still more luxurious apartment structures, north of Lincoln Park. A noted investment broker was moved to report: "There are 1,000 families in Chicago, who spend a total of \$35,000,000 a year. Rents in the best buildings [he did not say so, but he was thinking of the Lake Shore Drive] range from \$6,000 a year to \$15,000."

These rental figures made New Yorkers wrinkle their noses in scorn. But, then, Chicago was so young. . . .

In the kind of life lived on the Gold Coast a Balzac would have found plenty to write about. He would have gloried in the family legends, the tragedies, and the environment—that mixture of glitter, decay, and bohemianism. The book of the sociologist already quoted, Mr. Zorbaugh, gives various shrewd observations, some of which were

Aspects of the "Gold Coast"

supplied him by expert witnesses who remained unnamed. Say these informants, there are clubs to which one must belong—family clubs like the Saddle and Cycle, whose building and tennis-courts hide south of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and the Racquet, below Lincoln Park; *one* woman's group, the Friday Club* ; the Casino, whose low, unpretentious building squats across from the Fourth Presbyterian Church. As for churches? Nothing but the Fourth Presbyterian, St. James Episcopal, or St. Chrysostom's will do. "Churches mean nothing; people for the most part simply don't go." (A comment somehow inharmonious with the Sunday morning parade.)

The following testimony is significant, scarcely twenty-five years since Mrs. Potter Palmer the elder reigned in the castle.

Society has no leaders such as it used to have—gracious, charming, genuinely hospitable older women. . . . They could invite whom they chose—an eccentric or a dandy, on occasion—and the fact that this person was invited to this house insured his courteous recognition by all. . . . Chicago society is in the hands of young people—cliques of very rich young people. . . . The pace is so fast, competition is so keen, that in practically all the smart cliques there is no one left of the type who is there because of good family, personal charm, and culture. . . . The society of today is topsy-turvy.

Which reads a little as if contributed by some one of the elder generation.

Many of the Gold Coast people are highly energetic, generous to charities, hard workers in this or that move-

* One's curiosity about the identity of Mr. Zorbaugh's informant is increased upon noting that he (or she) failed to include the ancient and honorable Fortnightly Club.

Chicago: A Portrait

ment, and willing to live in or near Chicago more than half the year. They go into politics, they write books, they support civic causes, after their own manner. Few of the younger crowd, however, will be able to look back upon a career equal to that of Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen. Her grandfather, Edward H. Hadduck, drove from Detroit in the early thirties in a prairie schooner carrying \$200,000 in gold to Fort Dearborn. The next year he was assigned to a government post in Chicago and lived in the fort, where his daughter—the third white child to see the light in Chicago—was born. She was married at an early age to John De Koven, a Connecticut Yankee and one of a large contingent who came to the city in 1856.

Streets that now thunder with traffic were tree-arched lanes when Louise Hadduck was a little girl. One home was at Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street; a later one on Michigan Avenue looking down Park Row. The lake came close up. Louise Hadduck roamed its shore. One of her playmates was Tad Lincoln, then living with his mother at the old Clifton House. She has told in her book, "Growing Up with a City," how she once fell into the water from the breakwater. Another time she had the grisly experience of discovering, under one of the humpy sidewalks of the period, the body of a murdered man.

Where that giant product of engineering, the Michigan Avenue Bridge, now rises and sinks, the grandmother of Mrs. Bowen, she relates, "used to pull herself across the river on a ferryboat drawn by a rope. On the north side of the river she used to pick blueberries, ready to fly any moment if she heard an Indian approaching." And Mrs. Bowen tells how her grandfather came home one day, "took

Aspects of the "Gold Coast"

off his tall hat," and said to her, "I just sold the corner of Washington street and Wabash avenue for a good sum, and I'm going to divide the money between you and your mother.' " *

That property is now one corner of Marshall Field & Company's retail store.

John De Koven took his family to live on Dearborn Avenue near Washington Square. Next door lived Charles R. Larrabee, a good business man who came of the Larrabee clan of Ticonderoga, New York. They were among stanch members of St. James Church and took part in the more staid social life of the North Side. Mrs. Bowen recalls the highly exclusive but far from convivial Cinders Club, which met in a hall on Chicago Avenue. At one feast the members were shocked by the appearance of quill tooth-picks served with the coffee and inscribed, "Presented by Kinsley." Liquor was barred from those gatherings; indeed, in several sets a young man who got drunk received no further invitations.

Miss Jane Addams, in "The American Magazine", once told humorously of how Louise De Koven, at the age of fifteen, appeared

in the first high dog-cart which the city had ever seen. Both she and the liveried man behind her were at times vigorously stoned as a demonstration of democracy, and on one occasion the groom, exasperated by these missiles and holding democratic principles as his own, jumped down from the cart as it was crossing Rush street bridge, flinging his despised coat and high hat into the back of it as he hotly announced, "You can take this livery over town if you want to, but

* "Growing Up with a City," by Louise De Koven Bowen. MacMillan, 1926.

Chicago: A Portrait

you can't take me." The undaunted young girl drove on without looking back.

Mr. De Koven in 1890 married a daughter of Charles Larrabee, his first wife having died in 1886. In the latter year Louise De Koven was married to Joseph T. Bowen, and later they established a home on Astor Street, a good-sized dwelling with a garden. After Mr. Bowen's death his widow continued to live there, and the drawing-room became the scene of many conferences on matters of public welfare; for this granddaughter of an early settler had a rare interest in Chicago, and sympathy with its unfortunates. She had made personal visits many times for the United Charities; had seen the worst of squalor and tragedy in the "bad lands."

So, although she had property to manage, the greater part of her energy went into hard work for Hull House, for hospitals, for the juvenile court, for help to the immigrant, for woman's suffrage, for visiting-nurse work, for investigations and welfare management of all sorts. She was president of the Hull House woman's club, and, as her friend Miss Addams writes, "erected for its expanding needs the first woman's club building in Illinois." She also gave a club-house for boys. And for many years she headed the Juvenile Protective Association, outgrowth of the great movement of the nineties to give children a square deal.

Such is one type of Gold Coaster.

5

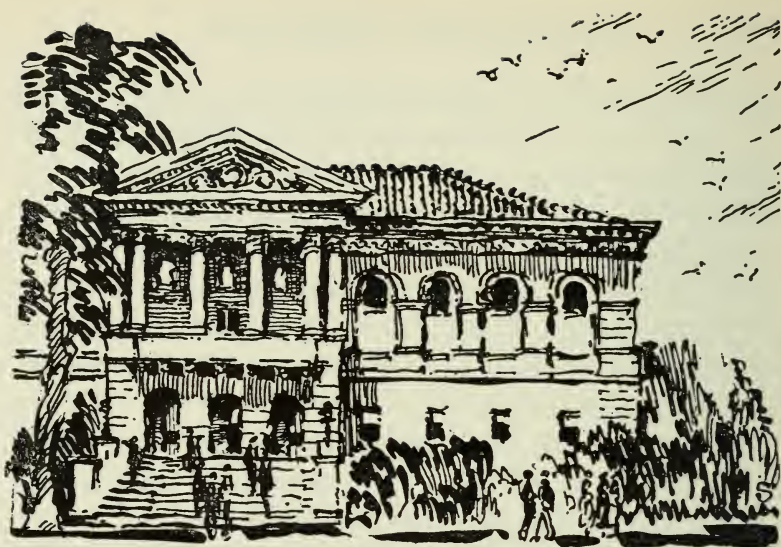
Exclusive it may be, snobbish a part of it is; yet one ventures the speculation that, as compared with intensely

Aspects of the "Gold Coast"

aristocratic groups in Paris, in London, or in Rome, Chicago's "high society" is democratic. It often walks to work, or strolls on the beach among "nobodies." And—maybe it isn't important, but there is no ban upon riding downtown on the State Street surface cars! In the throng swept aboard at corners are not only workmen, radicals, landladies and roomers, Chinese and negroes, but blue-bloods. The conductor greets them alike with, "Now, please hurry, folks; be careful, folks."

And the car hurries downtown with a less harsh grinding of wheels, one fancies, than on some streets where the pace and the struggle are more desperate.

The spire of Holy Name Cathedral is visible the whole way down, dwindling, merging with the faint mist. Even as one attains the river it is still there, a delicate pencil-stroke, a reminder. . . .



Chapter XXII

VENERABLE LINCOLN PARK

I

THE high-born of the Gold Coast have estates in the suburbs, in New England, in Florida, even in Europe. The mufti legions of the North Side have an estate six miles long, and hold undisputed sway over a water-front few principalities can outdo.

This is Lincoln Park, the undulant stretch of land covered with clumps or lanes of trees, with meadows and lagoons, with buildings and statues, which lies along the shore from far north in the city almost to the central district. Its boulevards are a link in the highway to the North Shore towns; and it is queen over a park system that includes several connecting boulevards and a number of smaller breathing-spots.

Venerable Lincoln Park

The waterside aspect of Lincoln Park is magnificent. A beach drive begins where tall houses of the Gold Coast end, and runs between the concrete wall that fends off Lake Michigan's waves and a limpid and narrow lagoon full of oarsmen, like the river Thames. The drive goes on, leaps to a good-sized island, then from that to a meadow—with golf-links, of course—which brings up at a yacht harbor. Within this harbor, whose languid waters reach Lake Michigan through a strait, boats big and little lie at anchor. And always, on the left hand, rising sharply and tall by day, and twinkling with thousands of needle-points of light at dusk, are buildings in which favored people live. There is a knoll occupied by a bronze equestrian figure of an Indian; a statue called "The Signal of Peace." From that knoll, northwestward, down a gentle slope and toward the array of hotels that have grown there within recent years, is a view that has few equals within metropolitan limits.

The beauty of other Chicago parks is not forgotten; but this one has had the advantage that men of superior wealth nurtured it. And while other parks were hemmed in by city barriers, Lincoln Park could grow northward at the will of the people who vote bond issues. Still further, it has been the depository of the sand-bringing lake, which has seemed determined that Chicago should spread out toward the shore of Michigan.

2

There is a lot of unique history back of it all. A diligent secretary of the Lincoln Park Board named I. J. Bryan scoured for the facts and wrote them all down in a book published more than thirty years ago. Through his account

Chicago: A Portrait

one may picture the scene as it was about forty years before that.

To begin with, it was canal land, a part of the enormous domain ceded to Illinois to further the great canal to the Mississippi. A few months before Chicago advanced from town status to city, the State had recognized that the little place needed a burial-ground, and as soon as the city charter came along, that Chicago of four thousand inhabitants laid out the cemetery. It occupied, roughly speaking, the southern area of the present park. The city paid \$8,000 for it. North of it was a patch called "the Milliman tract," bought by Jacob Milliman at canal sale for \$725, and for which his heirs obtained \$138,000 from the commissioners in 1875, after the place had become a park. There was also a waste of sand and marsh, still farther north, which, in the panic of a cholera epidemic in 1852, the city bought for a quarantine camp, only to find, as the epidemic abated, that the purchase was needless.

One may, then, look back and see the lower part of the noble playground as a shelf of gloomy sand-flat and scrub-oak, upon which the waves worked their will, and into which, year after year, were lowered the bodies of pioneers who had died in their little adopted city. Over much of it spread rank growths of poison-ivy; and through a western area ran a stagnant stream called the Ten-mile Ditch, a drainage affair in which boys snared frogs.

During the fifties the city grew rapidly alongside and beyond this cemetery, and there began to be heard objections to further burials. In 1859 they were officially banned in part of the area. Then the sand waste farther north began to be considered a park, and on paper it was, but

Venerable Lincoln Park

the money spent was "hardly enough to pay the hire of a gate-keeper, and not enough to keep cattle out of the park." More years passed, and the final prohibition against burials came in 1866. The year previous, a few weeks after the great Lincoln funeral demonstration in Chicago's court-house square, this first of the larger recreation spots in the city had been christened in honor of the Emancipator.

There were no more burials, but the removal of the bodies to Rosehill Cemetery and elsewhere was a slow process. Monuments and slabs had to be moved, too; owners of lots had to have in exchange lots in other cemeteries, and some of those who wished to sell held out for high prices. No more exasperating problem ever faced the creators of a park. Even by the early seventies not all the coffins were gone. Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, in her reminiscences, tells how as a little girl she was driven through a part of the district, and as she puts it: "We saw countless open graves, with a piece here and there of a decayed coffin. . . . The whole place looked exactly as if the Judgment Day had come."

Mr. Bryan, for his part, describes how "the bodies of a thousand Confederate soldiers, who had died in Chicago prisons, had been interred in what is now a part of the baseball grounds. There was a dead house or morgue near North avenue, immediately east of Dearborn avenue, and a smallpox hospital a few hundred feet farther north."

It is recorded, also, that the famous merchant John V. Farwell, friend and supporter of Dwight L. Moody, had a tract in the southeast corner of the soon-to-be park, just where North Avenue now joins the Lake Shore Drive. He had put up an axle-grease factory and a stone mill, protecting

Chicago: A Portrait

these with a pier. This land was bought from him in 1872 for \$100,000. As Mr. Bryan remarks, "while the price was lower than that paid for other lands in the park, the investment seemed not unprofitable for the deviser, as he had paid \$8,000 for the same land in 1866, when only four acres of it was above water." To Mr. Farwell's pier, and the land the lake gave him, was due his profit. No one asserted that the merchant, with his principles, tried to hold up the park board.

The enterprise that strove against a gruesome origin, an axle-grease factory, and financial troubles remained until 1869 a city project. The land, scarcely a mile long, which the developers had to play with, was worked upon, some planting was done, small lakes dug, and drives started, under the care of Swain Nelson as landscape gardener. Then came the great park movement, when delegations from all sides of the city swooped upon the legislature and demanded State support. Iver Lawson, father of the publisher, was one of those ardent for the cause of Lincoln Park. E. S. Taylor was another. The bill was passed—a little earlier than the other two—and the first board of commissioners was named. It consisted of Ezra B. McCagg, the well-known attorney, John B. Turner, Andrew Nelson, Jacob Rehm, and General Joseph Stockton. It was for the last-named that the west drive, which passes the conservatory, was named. Mr. McCagg became the first president.

3

It would be tedious to follow the early boards through their struggles for legal authority and their fight to sell bonds. They and their successors had a more dramatic

Venerable Lincoln Park

battle to wage with a friend who was also an enemy—old Lake Michigan. In storms, tremendous waves beat upon and washed away the edge of the park and of the newly established Lake Shore Drive, with a force, it is said, of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. The park, reclaimed from death and axle-grease, threatened to move into the lake. Various protections were tried, and the lake defeated them all. One vain effort was to pile brush, cut in the Des Plaines Valley, on the shore and weight it down with stones. The lake laughed at this. Oak slabs were tried, then boxes. Breakwaters were built; they did not last. Finally, sea-walls and tougher breakwaters were erected, and by the late eighties the lake seemed curbed. Yet, that its rage still defeats even modern engineers was shown in a big northeaster of a few years ago, when giant waves crushed parts of the beach drive like paper.

Such are a few glimpses of the embattled early life of Lincoln Park and its tributaries. There is a quaint ring, too, to this detail: The park area was so infested with poison-ivy that a small army of men for years was busy digging it up; and even in 1884 people who had been poisoned by the ivy were suing the park authorities for damages! And here are some other news items, from the board's records:

The first "Keep Off the Grass" signs were posted in 1875. Out of courtesy to the heavy German population of the north side, these signs were printed, half in English, half in German.

Park swings were put up in 1876, and pony-phaëtons, still a popular feature, were first rented in 1892.

In those staid seventies the question of band concerts on Sunday became moot; the board asked its attorney John N.

Chicago: A Portrait

Jewett for an opinion; he upheld the right to hold the concerts on the Sabbath, although he expressed his personal view that they were improper and undesirable. Despite so solemn a warning, the public got its music.

The bears of the seventies occupied a pit that was not secure against their ingenuity as climbers, and occasionally one would escape and maroon himself on an ice-floe, or would roam the North Side. A smart cinnamon fell into an old cemetery vault, and was rescued much subdued. Another climbed a tree on Pine Street; a brave policeman was assigned to stand there all night and prevent him from coming down.

Mr. Bryan supplies an answer to the question, asked by so many motorists of to-day, "What is that old tomb, standing in the most public part of a park like this?" It bears the single word, "Couch." Mr. Bryan explains that this vault, in which lies buried Ira Couch, founder of the Tremont House, was so constructed that the park board found it too costly to remove. It remained as a reminder of early days.

One of the first tennis games that was played was halted by a stubborn taxpayer who said he owned that part of the park, sat down in the middle of the court, and finally was hustled away by a policeman.

In 1892, a fly-casting club sought permission to practise that art in the park lagoons. "This," says Mr. Bryan, "was considered an insidious attempt upon the peace and happiness of the gold-fish in the park ponds, and was sternly refused."

But of all the quaint facts the thoroughgoing secretary unearthed, perhaps this wins the prize: In 1874 the commissioners, eager to enhance the wild life within the people's



NORTHWARD TOWARD LINCOLN PARK

Venerable Lincoln Park

preserve, bought in New York thirty-seven pairs of English sparrows, paying a dollar and a half a pair, and set them free among the trees!

4

Through sixty years, Lincoln Park received the affectionate care and the expansion that brought it at last far beyond the visions of its founders. From the sixty acres with which it started, it grew until now its area is figured in square miles. Little change has been made in the layout of the first part that was developed. The chief buildings still occupy that land; the lagoons and drives are about the same.

It is worth noting that this groundwork was laid in the decade just after the Great Fire. Despite loss of park records, undaunted by the confusion and financial disaster of the city, those early North Siders kept on. Immense quantities of soil were brought in, to enrich the sand-hills, which shifted with brisk winds; and clay was obtained here and there, some from excavations for public buildings replacing those destroyed. Raising grass on that soil was a struggle. So difficult was it, indeed, that it was long before the cultivation of flowers could be undertaken. But undertaken it was, under Carl Strombach as head gardener; bulbs were brought from Holland, plants from the Smithsonian Institution. Finally, large greenhouses became possible.

There grew upon the little Sahara small clumps of scrub-oak, so perishable that within twenty years scarcely one remained. As early as 1870 the planting of elms along what is now the center drive was begun. They were not baby trees, but forest growths a foot or more through the trunk. The purchase and transportation of them cost money; but the

Chicago: A Portrait

park men were "doing this right." Hundreds of maples, birch, willows, lindens, sycamores, larch, everything that would grow in the climate, were established and nursed through their new careers on the rim of the mischievous lake. There was lavish expenditure for shrubs of all kinds, and deep thought in setting them out to make lanes, dells, borders.

And the friends of the park were busy planning to place amid this greenery works of the sculptor. The first to be unveiled (1884) was presented by Martin Ryerson, father of the noted art patron of to-day; it was John J. Boyle's Indian group called "The Alarm." There followed within a few years a heroic figure of Schiller, given by Chicago German-Americans; one of La Salle, from Lambert Tree; of Linné, from Swedish-American citizens; a statue of Shakespeare, given by Samuel Johnston; of Franklin, the gift of Joseph Medill on behalf of the Old-time Printers Association; of Hans Christian Andersen, presented by the Danish-Americans; and a bronze bust of Beethoven, from Carl Wolfsohn, noted pianist and teacher of artists such as Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and Augusta Cottlow.

The two most imposing sculptural works in the park are, of course, the Lincoln Monument and the Grant Monument. Hundreds of ceremonies have been held before that tall figure of Lincoln on its platform. Millions of motorists have driven by the mounted Grant, which gleams among the trees at night, and know not its story.

The Lincoln Monument antedated "The Alarm" in its inception. Eli Bates, lumberman and philanthropist, who died in 1881, left forty thousand dollars for it in his will. Augustus St. Gaudens was chosen as the sculptor, and in

Venerable Lincoln Park

1887 his work was unveiled almost on the spot where Confederate soldiers' bodies had lain. The sculptor was not pleased with that ceremony. It rained, and he thought there was something lacking in grandeur.

On October 7, 1891, a procession headed by men of the Army of the Tennessee, and marshaled by General Nelson A. Miles, swept down the park center drive in military array for the unveiling of the Grant Monument. It had been shaping for several years under the hand of L. T. Rebisso, an Italian exile; and the raising of money for it had been going on since 1885. The subscription was launched soon after the death of the warrior-president at Mt. McGregor, and a hundred thousand people contributed. More than that witnessed the unveiling of the horseback rider on his lofty granite pedestal. "The Signal of Peace," after the enlargement of the park by means of made land, was given its present commanding place on a hill. Like the La Salle statue, this solitary figure of an Indian horseman carrying a flag of truce was the gift of Lambert Tree.

More recent additions to the park collection have included statues of John P. Altgeld, Garibaldi, and Richard Oglesby; a daring study of Goethe which excites alternate admiration and criticism; the Eugene Field memorial group, the late result of a popular effort begun years ago; and the equestrian Sheridan, executed with vigor by Gutzon Borglum.

A memorial that recalls one of the most astonishing lives ever lived in America lies in the southern part of the park, a rough boulder marking the grave of David Kennistown. That almost immortal man is said to have been in the Boston Tea-party, and certainly was in the Fort Dearborn

Chicago: A Portrait

massacre. He came out of the latter with his scalp, and afterward survived a chapter of accidents: his skull was crushed by a falling tree, his collar-bone was broken in another mishap, his legs were fractured in the premature discharge of a cannon, a horse kicked him in the forehead and spoiled its contour. He recovered from all this, was four times married, and had twenty-two children. Before he died in 1852, aged one hundred and fifteen or thereabouts, he became a curiosity in a dime museum.

"And sure, who had a better right?" an Irish citizen of those days is said to have remarked.

5

Into this estate of theirs, countless streams of people pour, throughout the warm months; and hundreds of thousands more motor through it.

A good many visit, with profit, the Academy of Sciences, occupying the building presented by Mathew Laflin to house a society and a scientific collection whose origin was in 1857. Other thousands visit the fine aquarium. Even more—perhaps a majority holding to their parents' hands—spend hours in the zoo, which few of them know had its beginning as far back as 1868. In that year a doughty ship-builder named O. B. Green purchased from Central Park, New York, a pair of swans which he gave to the new Chicago enterprise. Gentle precursors, they, of a large aggregation of the descendants of Noah's Ark, and heralds of a bird life whose wild varieties live in a seven-acre sanctuary.

The athletes have an increasing range. With the immense expansion of the park, they have occupied more golf-links, and the yachtsmen are getting more water for

Venerable Lincoln Park

their growing sport. The Gun Club destroys eight hundred thousand targets in a year. Bathers crowd beaches; archery, tennis, roque, flourish. There are rowing regattas annually, or oftener.

The park contains one institution that is not merely for pleasure, but for the salvation of babies. This is the Daily News Sanitarium, started in 1886, the second sanitarium of the kind in the history of the country. It occupied for a long time a building which it finally outgrew; then, in 1921, this was replaced with a much larger and finer one. Mothers and children find there, the year round, needed care by doctors and nurses.

And now the park acquires another building which will add to its interest. The Chicago Historical Society is going there for its third, and permanent, home. Since 1877 it has occupied its stone building on Dearborn Avenue, a structure deemed wonderful when built. Nine years before that, the society, whose beginning was in 1857, had put up at a cost of sixty thousand dollars a museum, believed to be fireproof, in which were stored about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of items, including a remarkable Civil War collection. Virtually everything, inside and out, was destroyed by the Great Fire. The society's stalwarts, William H. Brown and the Newberry-Ogden-Scammon group, were too much burdened to rebuild at once; then they pulled themselves together, John Wentworth put his big shoulder to the task, and friends poured in treasures from their private libraries, then or later.

But the handsome and really fireproof 1877 building has long been outgrown. Valuable manuscripts and many other treasures have to stay in storage; no room to display them.

Chicago: A Portrait

The new structure, to cost about one million dollars, will be spacious and adapted to "period" collections.

Nor need any one fear that its colonial brick body and long low lines will be out of place, even among the subdued tints and slumbering statues of Lincoln Park.



Chapter XXIII

UNIVERSITY IN "TOWERTOWN"

I

IT is the intention to have a look at the new campus of Northwestern University, which has grown on the flattened sands of "Streeterville." But one is arrested by that survivor in brilliant North Michigan Avenue, the Water-tower.

Is the name less poetic than Tour St.-Jacques, or Leaning Tower? Chicago cannot help it. The good old relic was put there for useful purposes, and the city never was so self-conscious as to dress those things in fancy titles. But though this tower and the building it belongs to were christened "the Waterworks," and so remained, they are loved. Efforts to have them removed for the convenience of motorists have been fought off; and though they horrify many a

Chicago: A Portrait

modernist in architecture—well, there they are. The tower is visible all the way up the avenue from the river. At night its cheese-color is tinted by an alluring flood-light of rose. The avenue would be lost without it.

On a windy March day in 1867, Mayor Rice stood on a platform draped with the stars and stripes and spoke to a "vast crowd" of the glories of this structure. The corner-stone was laid, with no more nervousness on the part of the amateur mason than usually attends those things. Water was then let into the tunnel connecting with the lake "crib"; a bore laid along the line of Chicago Avenue, at the end of which the waterworks of the fifties had done their best. The enthusiasm of the crowd could be understood only if one knew how much trouble it had been, not so long before, to haul drinking water in barrels. There were two heroes that day: Ellis S. Chesbrough, who devised the tunnel plan, and W. W. Boyington, who designed the building. The latter had just erected the old University of Chicago, with a turret ornament which was greatly liked; so he gave the Waterworks little turrets.

Long before there was a Masonic Temple or an Auditorium, people used to climb the water-tower for a look over the landscape, or go into the engine-room to see the million dollars' worth of machinery. There was a little park which helped the stone structure save itself from leaping flames in 1871; the park attracted residents of the Gold Coast of that period. John V. Farwell built him a house on the street overlooking it from the north, and his brother Charles, the senator, built next door. On Tower Court, just west of Mr. Boyington's masterpiece, Levi Z. Leiter came to live, and E. S. Isham, the able lawyer, had a home in the court.



CITY CAMPUS, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

University in "Towertown"

One can find those houses to-day, but there are people in them selling such things as fashionable gowns or furniture. The giant shaft of the Palmolive Building, northward, is another reminder of new times; while, tucked in west of the court, is the beautiful Quigley Memorial and Catholic Seminary. All this pertains to "Towertown", whose architecture resembles a family in which some members, wearing lace caps and brooches, feel their ages, while others are flaunting one-piece costumes and smoking cigarettes.

2

The car line runs sulkily along Chicago Avenue until it reaches almost the exact spot where Captain Streeter defended his "District of Lake Michigan" against rude constables. And there, on the wind-swept acres of made land, with an immense sky over it and the lake at its feet, is the Northwestern University group. A field-artillery company (the 122d) has its armory near by, on another side looms the elephantine Furniture Mart, and on beyond, the Navy Pier thrusts its towered length out into the lake. But the university buildings rise undaunted and undiminished. They form a gray mass imposing in size and distinctly expressive of what they are. Within their walls there is an English cloistered garden, with a sun-dial. And all about are level lawns whose infant trees will some day make a forest border. Northwestern is adventuring there, just as the University of Chicago did on the Midway, establishing on soil where nothing grew a work that will outlast any of the skyscrapers. Northwestern pioneered in Evanston and now it pioneers in Streeterville.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the Evan-

Chicago: A Portrait

ston campus is entirely of the nineteenth century. To the old buildings put up there so long ago have been added structures of modern design. By the gift of James A. Patten there came the huge gymnasium on Sheridan Road, scene of indoor sports and of the annual music festival of the North Shore. Later Mr. Patten financed a group of dormitories. In more recent years has been created the women's campus, including sorority houses near old Willard Hall. Groups of buildings in the popular Gothic pattern have been erected for the Garrett Biblical Institute (Methodist) and the Western Theological Seminary (Episcopal), which used to be on Washington Boulevard in the better days of that street. A new school-of-music building and a library building bearing the name of Charles Deering, of the harvester family, are on the program; for the library named for Orrington Lunt and built in 1893 could not cope with the modern age. More thrilling to the undergrads is the enormous Dyche Stadium, the only university monument which thousands of people ever frequent unless they favor basket-ball in the Patten Gym.

The circumstances of Mr. Patten's gift are told with spirit by Miss Estelle Ward in her "Story of Northwestern University." President A. W. Harris had called a student meeting in June, 1908, ostensibly only to boom college spirit. He took the platform and told how, at lunch in the city, a friend had beckoned to him and asked about the needs of Northwestern.

"I plucked up my courage," went on President Harris, "and said: 'One hundred thousand dollars.'

"'Can't you raise that before I call you?' he asked. I did, and this friend has given one hundred and fifty thou-

University in "Towertown"

sand dollars for a new gymnasium. His name is James A. Patten."

A typical student demonstration followed this. But, as Miss Ward tells it, "they would hardly believe their good fortune until the donor himself arose to confirm the news."

Mr. Patten then made a short speech. All of his speeches were short. And "once out of doors the news spread rapidly. Cheers violent and prolonged could not alone express the student emotion. Bonfires were swiftly kindled, and speeches and songs filled the air until daylight."

Northwestern has been gracious to the past in keeping so many of the primitive halls. In Streeterville it had no past to bother about. Everything, soil and all, is new. The group has a sky-scraper feeling, since the medical unit rises to a great height; yet in the main it recalls the Gothic; and the architect of the Hall of Commerce, James Gamble Rogers, designed a tower clearly arising from the same impulses as his Harkness Memorial at Yale.

The city campus is what stamps upon the people's minds the fact that Northwestern is a Chicago institution. But a good many years before that campus was developed, one of the university's ablest presidents, Henry Wade Rogers, insisted that Northwestern belonged to Chicago. In fact, its professional schools were in the city even then. President Rogers, who was inducted in 1890, practised what he preached, keeping his main office in Chicago, and commuting thither along with business men who made their money downtown but kept their homes in the neighbor city. After about ten years, President Rogers resigned. The development of the university continued under later presidents, James, Harris, Holgate, and Hough. In 1920, Walter Dill

Chicago: A Portrait

Scott, professor of psychology and an alumnus in the class of 1895, became president. And at about that time arose the Greater Northwestern movement, destined to establish once and for all the fact that Northwestern belongs to Chicago.

Considerably before that period—during the World War, it was—the present city campus had been marked down by shrewd trustees including Business Manager William A. Dyche, Philip R. Shumway, and Nathan William MacChesney. But the purchase was not then possible. The death, in the last months of the war, of a young American lieutenant hailing from Chicago, led to an important gift. His body had been found buried in a French garden, with the epitaph, "American soldier who died gloriously for liberty." He was George A. McKinlock, Jr., the son of parents who had long lived in Chicago. In his memory they gave Northwestern University the funds to purchase the land on which the group of buildings was erected, and the place became, as commonly called, McKinlock Memorial Campus.

The greater movement which had been started, following a conditional gift of \$600,000 from the General Education Board, was going merrily along. It received more encouragement when Mrs. Levy Mayer, widow of the noted Chicago attorney, presented \$500,000 for a law-school building to be called Levy Mayer Hall. Then Mrs. Montgomery Ward came forward with a big surprise: a gift of \$3,000,000 to establish the medical center. That vast plant, with the new Passavant Hospital as its neighbor, now overlooks Lake Michigan like a true monument to the merchant who spent a good part of his life guarding the

University in "Towertown"

downtown lake-front from buildings that did not belong there. East of it is the School of Commerce, built partly by public subscription but made certain through the gift of \$500,000 by the Wieboldt Foundation. This last is the agency through which Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wieboldt, who gave Wieboldt Hall of Modern Languages to the University of Chicago, dispense their philanthropies. On beyond Levy Mayer Hall is the Gary Library of Law, presented by Judge Elbert H. Gary, who was a Northwestern alumnus and trustee.

Into these structures, which house part of the College of Liberal Arts, the Medill School of Journalism, teaching and research in law and medicine, dentistry, and commerce, the university moved all of its professional schools. Most of them had been at work in the old and shadowed rooms of the Tremont House, historic hotel in Chicago's Loop. It was great to get into the sunlight and the mighty silences of Streeterville!

3

Within buildings less than ten years old there cannot be found the poetic mildew of age, nor the treasures which universities pile up from their antiquity. But on the McKinlock Campus there are beautiful things, and they will grow old soon enough.

In the law building is found Lincoln Hall. It is a lecture room in which Professor John H. Wigmore, as dean of the Law School, took great interest. The room, a small reproduction of the House of Commons, is colored in charming soft tints. The corridor outside is given to portraits, documents, and other historical items concerning Abraham

Chicago: A Portrait

Lincoln. To the eastward is a lounge called Lowden Hall, with a fine portrait of the donor, Frank O. Lowden, a former Governor of Illinois. Like Levy Mayer, Mr. Lowden was an alumnus of old Union College of Law, which became the Law School of Northwestern University.

The little Gary Library building ends the series. It houses the collection of the late chairman of the United States Steel Company, and is strong in legal works in foreign languages. There are also works in Old English. Elsewhere in the law building are halls named for noted alumni—Sherman Booth, Harvey B. Hurd, and Thomas Hoyne.

With the long perspective of its colleges and graduate schools, Northwestern now can point to many alumni and alumnae of distinction. Among its graduates have been as celebrated (and as different) figures as Elbert H. Gary (class of '67) and William Jennings Bryan. It has had enrolled eminent physicians like Dr. Frank Billings and Dr. Franklin H. Martin. Several former governors came from its law class rooms—not only Frank O. Lowden but Charles S. Deneen, and Herbert Hadley of Missouri. Its graduates who made notable military records, especially in the World War, have included Abel Davis, Nathan William MacChesney, Noble B. Judah, Dr. George E. Mayer, war surgeon, and Helen Scott Hay, hospital supervisor on the eastern front during the war. It has had alumni such as Dean Wigmore and James Taft Hatfield who took important positions on the faculty. It has given birth to university presidents, including its own President Scott, Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, President Marsh of Boston University, and President von Kleinsmid of Southern California.

University in "Towertown"

The university has grown very big. It enrolls during the year, in all departments, more than fifteen thousand students, and its faculty numbers over one thousand. Its endowment funds in 1930 amounted to \$25,500,000 and its educational budget was \$4,292,000. This is another of those universities whose property and activities bring it into the class of big business.

Because of its large enrolment and its physical energy, there have been people disposed to speak of Northwestern as "a big college with a grand football team." This is a poor description of a university whose activities have been drawn more and more into the field of research. It has thus far developed no Nobel Prize winners, but much of the work in its laboratories, as in bacteriology, experimental surgery, and physiology, has brought important results. The new medical building houses the first institute devoted wholly to neurology. In astronomy Professor Philip Fox, now director of the Adler Planetarium, and Professor Oliver Lee have made noteworthy studies. Dr. Melville Herskovits is well known for his work on the ethnology of the American negro. Dr. Arthur I. Kendall opened the way to more effective study of, and combat with, bacteria that had preferred to remain invisible.

Better understood by laymen are such things as the laboratory of scientific crime-detection, which coöperates with the county authorities, and in which was developed by Leonard Keeler that device which makes criminals nervous, the lie-detector. Important in another field, that of aviation, is the institute which is studying the laws of the air. Important to business and to government is the institute directed by Professor Richard T. Ely, for research

Chicago: A Portrait

into land economics and public utilities. And there comes up once more the name of John H. Wigmore, whose work on evidence and whose brilliant surveys of legal systems have set him high.

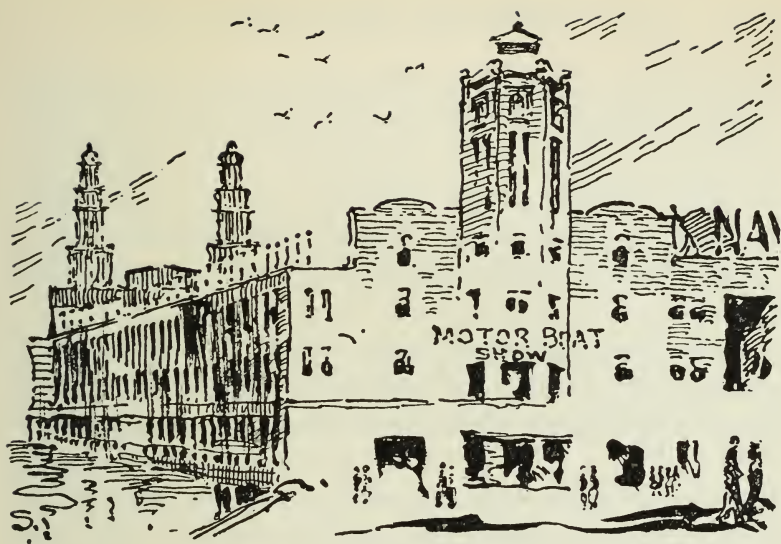
One discovery made by a Northwestern professor proved to be more than full of dynamite. During the World War, Dr. W. Lee Lewis, now head of the Department of Chemistry, was put in charge of a research unit in gas warfare. He discovered a new gas called methyl, or, more commonly, Lewisite. Its manufacture was begun, and when the war ended there was enough of it, we are told, to destroy an entire nation.

"The government was greatly puzzled what to do with this product," writes Miss Ward in her history. "Finally it was transported in large iron containers, by slow train and infinite caution, to the seaboard. It was then shipped fifty miles to sea and lowered into water three miles deep."

4

What may issue from those grave buildings on the land an ignorant ship-captain once claimed as his, who knows? They stand there, summoning thousands of young men and women, who skip gaily across Towertown to class. A good many may have only the desire to get rich. But there will be others, willing to take the steep and bleak road to Discovery.

And in the byways of Towertown, in cramped studios and in chambers containing only a battered piano and a chair, there are sculptors and composers feeling their way. There are poets, too. The doughty Streeter would be dumb-founded at all that.



Chapter XXIV

STORY OF A PRODIGIOUS "FRONT YARD"

I

LET us suppose the window-aery of the sky-scraper club regained. The Tavern is its name; a tavern in the clouds. It has an outlook in four directions.

To the north lie the sights just seen: Lincoln Park, far out in a blur; the Gold Coast, a maze of roofs, and with dustier roofs west of them; that dear water-tower, so puny, squarely on the slope of the boulevard; the Northwestern University buildings, the campus, dwindled, toy-size and napkin-size.

Toward the east and the south are the directions in which to look. For a moment it all seems to be sky and water. The damask lake has grown enormous, its horizon

Chicago: A Portrait

very distant. It is a blue robe laid down, with its azure crossed by pale bands. There is nothing on it at the moment; no fleet, no fishers' craft, nothing but the hovering smoke of some freighter bound south. Sky and sea are innocent of anything save clouds and cloud-reflections. "Power, naked power; naked as the prairies, greater than the mountains."

The scene just below is the harbor, a carpenter's and mason's job of docks and buildings. And here is the Navy Pier, with its heavy brown body prone in the water, and its twin towers; a thing for ships to tie to. There are warehouses and sheds; there are webs of trackage, with freight-cars. Bear to the right, and you see still more tracks, also an assemblage of beetle-backs, which are parked automobiles.

But as the view swings southward, it takes in a tremendous area freed from all that. Rather, it never was thus burdened. It never was there until a few years ago. It is lake turned into land. The people who did it had no other thought then to enlarge by many square miles the space where Chicago could see the sky and water and erect buildings of which the city is very proud, not less because there is not a stroke of business done in them. The city, in many localities so close-packed and so niggardly of land, here has cast away all thought of limitations, and attains the dome of heaven for a roof, and the whole lake-front for a lot-line.

A European visitor looked out from one of those sky windows, and his eye traveled to the distant curve where a cluster of hotels, puny and blurred, stood in their haze.

"So that is the end of it?" he inquired.

Story of a Prodigious "Front Yard"

"Oh, no; the park extends farther."

"Park, did you say? *Ma foil* it is an empire!"

2

The plain within whose borders Venice sits upon its mud-banks was made, say geologists, out of debris brought down from the Alps by a dozen rivers. The terrain has pushed to the eastward, like Chicago's lake park. But Chicago has no mountains from which earth and powdered rock could come; so its waterside plain is the product simply of men and machines.

Underneath the lawns and boulevards, and the tree rows that have been shaped, for some reason, all in straight lines, lie untold tons of refuse which during a good many years have been sent there. The city has reduced thousands of structures to rubble and slabs of dirty plaster, and piles of indescribable rubbish; and a great deal of this has been used as the basis for the new land. There have been hurled there, also, immense quantities of earth brought up in excavating for new buildings, and tons upon tons of the grim mixture of old iron, rusty springs, mud, broken furniture, tin cans, boxes, more mud, mattresses, and Heaven knows what that are found in dumps. The great city, as rapid in decomposition as it is in creation, has simply discharged its waste matter into its front yard. And this alone would be horrible.

But year by year the park builders have spread over this layer of odds and ends, new sand from the exhaustless heaps that lie waiting. And special machines have pumped water, which released more stuff from the lake bottom. Then there has been applied the top dressing of black soil,

Chicago: A Portrait

freighted from long distances, from meadows down-State, sometimes. Abandoned farms have been purchased entire, for this soil.

In a past not distant, such a task would have enlisted the able-bodied men of a whole county, and would have been inherited by their sons. But the debris has been brought to this lake shore largely in freight-cars running under the streets—the famous system that has been in operation for twenty years. In the twilight of those tunnels the little cars acquire their loads of rubbish, make a short journey around mysterious bends, and discharge where needed. All this goes on with no thought on the part of the folk above-ground; and they give hardly a glance at the growing acres, until behold! a lawn, with trees, has made its appearance.

Meantime, there must be measures taken—a good deal as described in the defense of Lincoln Park against the lake—to prevent the land from being washed away. None is made without the prior building of a breakwater. This is of long, stout pilings, good-sized tree trunks brought from a distance, and stone fills from quarries. Dredges pump up material from the lake bottom and furnish the final buttress. Inside this protective wall the city waste is dumped, and the process continues, with covering and seeding.

All this, like the occupation and development of those prairies south, west, and northwest, is part of the epic of a city which in most matters of site and foundation has had to be its own servant.

Story of a Prodigious "Front Yard"

Park as a matter of course. They see its broad motor roads, the sunken lawns, the monuments, and accept them as part of a normal landscape. But there are people who easily remember when all that was a vague dream; a book of pretty pictures. For, as late as twenty years ago, it was nothing else. It was a hope. And many of those who hoped the most were inclined to mutter, "I'll never live to see it." But there it is, and here they are.

No one now living took part in the first struggle that concerned a section of this lake-front. It was a legal battle which ninety years ago was a *cause célèbre*, Chicago's Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce. The second permanent white settler, Jean Baptiste Beaubien, was the claimant to the territory now valued at scores of millions, between the lake, the river, Madison Street and State Street. Those streets scarcely existed when Beaubien brought his suit, in 1836. On the north end of the tract was Fort Dearborn the second. Beaubien had purchased for the unprecedented sum of one thousand dollars a log house with a field which he cultivated. When the Indians left—taking with them a son of Beaubien, whose first marriage was to an Indian woman—the pioneer was not long in setting up a preëmption right to the tract described. The case went at length to the United States Supreme Court, which decided against Beaubien. He died in 1863, asserting to the end that he had been right. Twenty-four years later, a group of heirs revived the case, and it dragged on through more argument before it was finally disposed of.

There are few who remember the lake-front as it was while the Beaubien claim was still tavern talk, in the forties and fifties. We depend upon the few engravings or photo-

Chicago: A Portrait

graphs of the period. They show a Michigan Avenue lined with "mansions" and churches; a strip of park that was a favorite trysting-place; a lagoon on which, according to the sprightly artists, sail-boats floated, and, farther out, a band of pilings on which, precariously enough, locomotives with generous funnels drew railroad cars.

For before the Beaubien claim, in its first incarnation, was cold in the court records, there had arrived something knottier to dispose of than the claims of an early trader. It was a corporation, the Illinois Central. When it came it was deemed a boon; the city fought to get it. In a short time it was being denounced as an octopus, and more than half a century after that it was still being referred to as "an old man of the sea, astride the neck of Chicago."

All these many years visitors, attracted by the drama of Chicago, have looked down upon the lake-front and wondered about those strands of railroad, cutting through a wonderful park. "Yes, it's too bad," has answered many a guide; and then stumbled when he tried to explain it. In ancient charters, in tomes full of argument and court testimony, the secret—which is no secret at all to well-posted citizens—lies smothered in words. One wrenches from that ancient library the picture of a city of about thirty thousand, with three railroads, the Northwestern, the Michigan Central, and the Michigan Southern. People had heard about the charter granted to a new railroad piercing the State, and wished this railroad to come in. Roswell Mason, well known in Chicago and later mayor, was building it. The tireless John Stephen Wright had signed up petitions to Congress when the road was first projected.

Story of a Prodigious "Front Yard"

The period was 1851 to 1855. Old Devil Lake was worrying to death the people who lived on its rim. Joseph Turner Ryerson, in "Chicago Yesterdays," has recalled a "severe storm on the lake which washed away one third of the width of Michigan avenue." To Mayor Walter Gurnee, whose own lot was threatened, some people ascribed the idea of admitting the Illinois Central to the lake-front so that the corporation—which was rich, though not very rich—would fortify its tracks with a breakwater and save the city, which was poor, the expense. It may not have been Mr. Gurnee, for when the city council had approved the epoch-making franchise, he vetoed it. The sentiment of the Michigan Avenue "swells" had become an outcry.

"What!" cried those owners of mansards and iron stags, "have a noisy, smoking railroad at our front doors? No!"

But the residents north of the river, and those on the West Side, exerted pressure the other way. There were violent mass-meetings in old Jackson Hall. There were street gatherings under torches. Parades led by horsemen spattered with mud, which flew up everywhere, passed along Michigan Avenue and Lake Street. The passionate North and West Siders won in the city council by ten to six. Then came Mayor Gurnee's veto, the passage of the measure over it, and finally a modified act which he signed. It is worth noting that Long John Wentworth's "Democrat" was for the railroad, although at a later time he was found denouncing it as violently as any one.

Those who considered the Illinois Central an old man of the sea began fighting it at once. An act of ejectment was sought in 1852 and disposed of by the United States

Chicago: A Portrait

Supreme court in 1861. Eight years later, in what came to be described as the "legislature of malodorous memory," the railroad was confirmed in the ownership of submerged lands east of its right of way. The measure was repealed in 1873, but there lingered a legal snarl which ran through courts, legislative chambers, and committee rooms for the length of a healthy lifetime.

The Attorney-General of the United States, in 1887, tried to settle it all by an action in the Federal courts. Justice Harlan was one of the famous men who heard the case. The decision was overwhelming for the city's claims; yet there remained enough controversy to spill over into the succeeding century.

"We seek only to maintain our vested rights," politely argued the railroad attorneys in each debate.

"This is an instructive lesson concerning the lawlessness, rapacity, and fraud of railroad corporations," cried such organizations as the Illinois Monopoly League.

The fact that worried the public was that the railroad, besides having purchased the land for its yards and terminals near the river, had its tracks permanently across the poor sort of park which the State had given the city—ancestor of the Grant Park of to-day—and which the city chose to turn over to the South Park Board. And, worse than that, the I. C. had bought up riparian rights from Twelfth Street to Fifty-first.

It was this latter property that formed the great bone of contention when, in 1909-12, the big men of the Chicago Plan and the Commercial Club turned in earnest to the lake-front development, and when a site for the Field Museum was at stake. The present account may seem



BALCONY OF A SKY-HIGH CLUB

Story of a Prodigious "Front Yard"

voluminous, but it is ten thousand times less voluminous than the record. A triple agreement was finally reached between the Illinois Central, the South Park Board, and the city. It met with violent attack from citizens who thought the railroad got too much. Civic-minded protesters—they included Lessing Rosenthal, Allen B. Pond, Charles E. Merriam, and others of the City Club—argued across a table with men just as civic-minded, including Charles H. Wacker the genial, who feared the whole project would blow up. John Barton Payne and Charles L. Hutchinson, of the South Park Board, lent able counsel.

A modified settlement granting the railroad less land, followed, but it was 1919 before the fate of the lake-front was determined. After a few hundred more delays, disappointments, and committee meetings, all was ironed out, largely owing to the efforts of Walter L. Fisher, Bion J. Arnold, John F. Wallace, and others of the Railway Terminal Commission. The electrification of the railroad which had hurled so much soot was decreed, and in a few years its trains ran silently and smokelessly along the shore. The Field Museum got the site where its seven-million-dollar building now stands, and the road promised to build a monumental station in the same region.

4

Let the reader be patient, seeing here a trifling sketch of a problem that occupied some of the best brains in Chicago for two generations or more. And then let him get clear the story of what one man, Montgomery Ward, did to assure the park-wise character of the lake-front. The story has been told and retold, but as often forgotten.

Chicago: A Portrait

There was a time, by no means of antiquity, when a photograph of that bright, proud-looking man with the generous mustache would almost excite a hiss from a reader of the newspaper that printed it. Cartoons of him appeared, representing him as a bulldog with tusks, watching over a bone—the lake-front. He was blocking progress. He was being judge and jury about the right to put buildings there. He was accused of arrant stubbornness. But what he was really doing was to insist that the Government was in earnest when it placed upon a map of the land east of Michigan Avenue the words, "Public ground; forever to remain vacant of buildings."

The city, which had accepted the grant under those conditions, became the chief violator. Not only did it dump refuse, dirty snow from the streets, and even dead animals, upon the park domain, but it permitted certain buildings. These included an armory of which old Chicagoans still speak with affection, old Battery D, and the hideous but amusing Exposition Building. There were also railroad and express sheds; and, as Mr. Ward sharply complained, circuses pitched their tents, and the menageries turned the park into a nuisance. A baseball field, highly popular though it was, added no beauty.

Finally, in 1890, the mail-order merchant exploded. He obtained a permanent injunction. It stood several tests, including suit brought over the plan of a State commission including Frank O. Lowden, General William Sooy-Smith and Colonel E. R. Bliss, to build a hundred-thousand-dollar armory. Mr. Ward waived his watch-dog rights in 1892-93 to permit the building of the Art Institute. About twenty years later rose the question of the Field Museum.

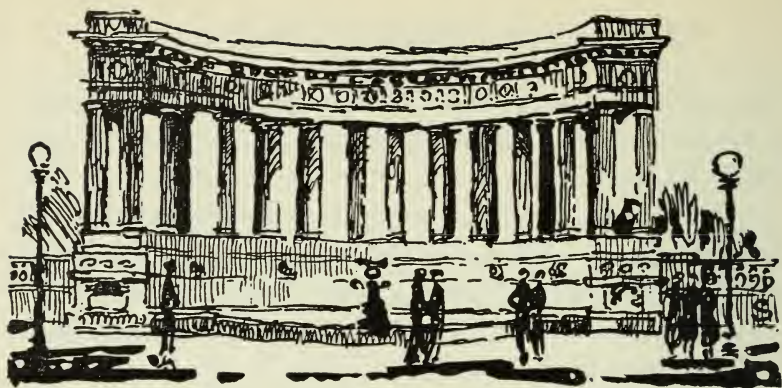
Story of a Prodigious "Front Yard"

The public was keen to see it on the lake-front. Appeals were made to Mr. Ward to honor the memory of Mr. Field. He replied:

"Nobody had a higher respect or admiration for Mr. Field during his lifetime, or for his generosity in donating a large sum of money for a museum, than I have, but—"

And he harked back to the letter of the grant, which said, "forever free of buildings."

This was only a short time before Mr. Ward died. His decision compelled the builders of the museum to put it farther south and east than it might have stood. It occupies a large space on made land. But no one has cause to regret this. And, nowadays, those who realize what the park might have been without Mr. Ward's protection will believe, with one who wrote his obituary, that "he fought for the people, not the millionaires."



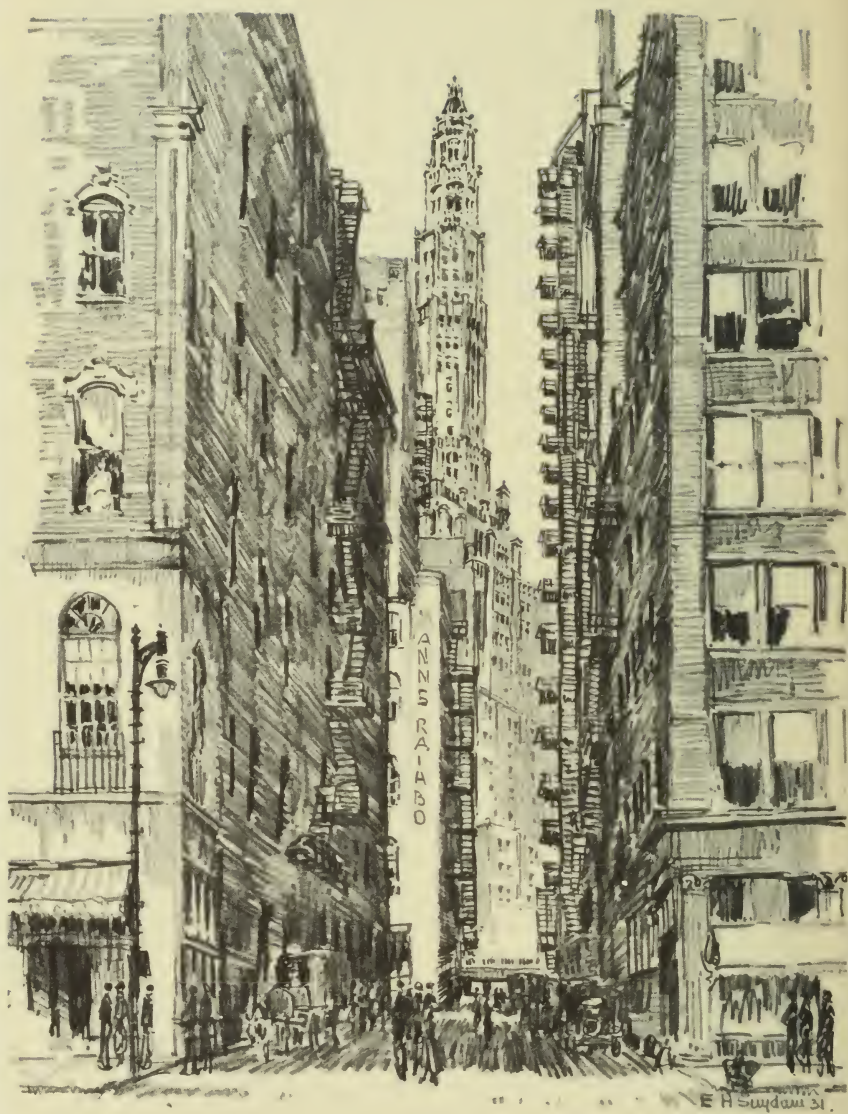
Chapter XXV

THE FORTY-SIX PUBLIC LIBRARIES

I

“FOR the people.” The Public Library is one place where that well-worn and sometimes empty phrase comes to life. One may use it, without much reservation, about any of the institutions occupying or bordering the lake-front. Their methods have been shaped to reach people of all conditions, even those beyond the Stockyards or surrounding Hull House. But the Public Library, immense and sedate on its half-square adjoining a busy crossing of Michigan Avenue, is closer to the swarms than the other great buildings. It is invaded by multitudes who can hardly spare car-fare to get to it. And it is the administrative center for forty-five other libraries, the branches, some of which are miles distant.

A Saturday afternoon in the main building is as expressive of the movements, the seekings, of a vast population as the shopping scene on State Street. The rooms are crammed; the attendants are swamped. At the circulation desks is a line resembling that at the ticket window of a



LITTLE STREET OF SHADOWS

The Forty-six Public Libraries

theater. In the reference room every seat at the score of desks is taken; there is standing-room only in front of the railing where books are issued. These volumes come up in elevators and are passed out by armfuls. Queer-looking books; queer-looking people, many of them. More than a few are shabby. There are gaunt faces, sad ones, studious ones, worried ones, but many happy ones. They read everything, from the history of the Mormons to the science of raising short-horned cattle. The students, who form the great majority on Saturdays, are cramming. In a room behind, among the card-catalogues, people jerk the drawers in and out and delve among the cards. There are attendants, under Miss Caroline Elliott, who help, who know where everything is. Often to these attendants, nearly as much as to the school-teachers, is due a good report-card.

To the Italian Renaissance reading-room, and to the collection of newspaper files downstairs, flock hundreds of men whose intentness makes the order "Silence" almost unnecessary. Their humility, as well as their appearance, is often touching. On a lower floor, under a gorgeous ceiling, stands many a waif to whom his home paper, here open to him without a cent to pay, is a break in his loneliness. In winter, of course, many men come in simply to get warm. Does the Public Library cross-examine them, spy on them, hint that they should move on? No. It is *free*. It is patient; and it minds its own business.

More than 500,000 readers of newspapers were recorded during 1930. There were 266,000 who read periodicals. The reference room gave access to more than 300,000 volumes, and that figure was nearly matched in special departments of reference.

Chicago: A Portrait

The total circulation of books from the central building and all branches during 1930 was 13,915,333. It is worth noting that in that same year 78,661 volumes were reported as worn out!

2

In such figures there is pictured, just as much as in teeming streets and in the occupation of miles of vacant land, the growth of the city. Prophets who in 1840 dared to predict a population of one hundred thousand, and those who in the seventies were laughed at when they spoke of millions, would hardly have gone so far as to forecast that fourteen million books would ever go into the hands of the people, for nothing.

This is a development of not quite sixty years; or, if one prefers to go back to the ancestor of the library, it is ninety. Back there let us go, since the official, tax-supported library is really the descendant of an 1841 father. When all is traced, one arrives at the very same group responsible for other infant institutions. And a name already familiar crops up, that of Walter L. Newberry.

In the town, not yet city, that is slowly filling with young couples daring to invade the midlands, there is a reading-circle. The pioneers exchange books they have brought with them, or those they can get from home, by slow carriers. They give their society the handsome name of Lyceum, and acquire three hundred volumes. Things move fast in the new town, and by 1841 there is a public hall called the Saloon (with no reference to beverages). In it is formed the Young Men's Association. An association must have an election, and this is great fun. The

The Forty-six Public Libraries

members, whether waggishly or solemnly we do not know, put up five tickets, called "lawyers," "respectable," "wholehog," "opposition," and "regular." The man elected president, presumably on the regular ticket or at least the respectable one, is Mr. Newberry. The reading-room for which he is responsible, this man who will leave millions of dollars, is opened over the barber-shop of John Johnson the negro.

Despite a thousand things to do, and keeping roofs over their heads, the pioneers of culture proceed ambitiously. Membership costs three dollars a year; an item in those days. To get more funds, the group has the enterprise to bring to little Chicago such New England poetry kings as Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes, to lecture. In 1861, Wendell Phillips comes to speak on slavery, and such heat is aroused that heads are nearly broken. But this pays.

The Young Men's Association is not the same as the Young Men's Christian Association (1858). In fact, the former, with nearly thirty thousand volumes, is unwilling to combine with the latter, which has six thousand. Such issues in the simple city are enough to rouse warm emotions, especially in a live group like the Young Men's Association. One reads (in the admirable historical sketch written by Carl B. Roden, the present librarian) that in 1871 "an election, resulting in victory for the annexation ticket headed by Marshall Field, was declared void because of the employment of alleged questionable methods of securing votes." It should be foot-noted, as is so often done for candidates in bigger fights, that the ballot-box-stuffing was done without the winner's knowledge.

Now comes the successor of the Young Men's Associa-

Chicago: A Portrait

tion, the Chicago Library Association, and also arrives the Great Fire, which devours in its flames every book of the collection, and most of the hopes. The Historical Society, the Y.M.C.A., the Academy of Sciences, and others lose their libraries. Chicago is virtually bookless, as well as half homeless. In the midst of the poverty of leading people, there starts up a devoted soul, to whom a library is everything, Thomas D. Louthier by name. And there is another, the guardian of the collection first formed, John Robson.

The books are gone, the Library Association has collapsed, men are too despairing or too busy to think about libraries. Robson goes home to his native England. But there is a faint hope. Luther and Robson think that the latter may be able to obtain a new set of British patent reports, which were highly esteemed by users of the burned collection. Meantime, a Londoner named A. H. Burgess has stirred up Thomas Hughes, now nearly fifty, a member of Parliament, and for fifteen years celebrated as author of "Tom Brown." Hughes's chivalry is touched, and he starts a movement among Anglo-Americans in London. John Robson comes just in time. He has authority from Mayor Medill for transactions. The thing goes like wildfire in England.

Thus, the visitor to Chicago's Public Library may now read, in a treasured few volumes, the label:

Presented to
The City of Chicago
Towards the formation of a free library after the great fire of 1871
As a mark of English sympathy
By
Her Majesty the Queen, Victoria.

The Forty-six Public Libraries

The list of donors that followed this august name included many others not so often recalled. Thomas Carlyle sent what he termed "a poor contribution of a copy of my books." Disraeli sent his, with a satirical note aimed at the piracy of British writings in the United States. Mr. Gladstone, John Murray and the other publishers, Herbert Spencer, William Tyndall, Alfred Tennyson, were among the renowned contributors. The queen autographed and sent a life of the prince consort.

Only a handful of these precious volumes are to-day to be found. With the most amazing carelessness, as it now seems, many were given out to readers indiscriminately, were handled and mishandled, and within a short period joined the sad company of books worn out.

However, like heroes who save lives and then perish, they inspired Chicago to complete its plan for a free, tax-supported library. Citizens "always there" backed the move; men like Marshall Field, Cyrus McCormick, L. Z. Leiter, N. K. Fairbank, Isaac N. Arnold; others less celebrated now, such as C. C. P. Holden, Henry Greenebaum, George Schneider, and Julius Rosenthal.

Thomas Hoyne, famed attorney since 1840, headed the first library board. The books from England began to arrive early in 1872. And then all that was needed was a place for them.

3

The story of housing the library could be headed, "From Water Tank to Palace, in Twenty-five Years." That water-tank, as mentioned previously, was a reservoir which stood back of the original Rookery, home of pigeons and

Chicago: A Portrait

politicians. The books occupied shelves in that curious circular structure, and the reading-room was in the temporary city hall; the two being connected by an outside staircase. William B. Wickersham was put in charge. He was not less quaintly located than the old woman who lived in a shoe, and in hot weather, at least, he must have been almost as uncomfortable.

Various places served for quarters after the water-tank was abandoned. The library, grown to forty thousand within the first years, boarded round in downtown buildings. It remained for eleven years at Lake and Dearborn streets, then moved in 1886 to an upper floor of the grandiose City Hall and County Building, a freak structure bedizened with marble pillars. Within sound of the stentorian city council of the period, the library grew and served until the present building was opened in October, 1897.

Tremendous effort had been lavished upon it, and no end of money. Its white Carrara marble shone to the eye, and the green-and-gold mosaic-work was called at the time "the most extensive piece of wall mosaic undertaken since the decoration of the cathedral at Monreale, Sicily, in the thirteenth century." It cost about two million dollars to house the library so splendidly and spaciously. The building is now, as Mr. Roden says, taxed to the utmost. And there is a curious fact about it, which he notes in passing: The main entrances are at the north and south ends, instead of on the great boulevard. This was insisted on by abutting property-owners before they would consent to the dedication of the site, old Dearborn Park, to the purpose. They thought Washington and Madison streets would always be the great arteries, not Michigan Avenue.

The Forty-six Public Libraries

Events leading up to the erection of the building ran through more than fifteen years. It was not until 1890 that the site was definitely assigned to library purposes, and then, owing to a previous commitment to the Soldiers' Home, it was agreed that a memorial hall, honoring veterans of the Civil War, should be included and leased to the veterans for fifty years. The G.A.R. has had its quarters there ever since, together with a valuable historical collection.

4

To the three Thomases—Thomas Hughes, Thomas Louther, and Thomas Hoyne—honor is paid for their interest in the library in slim days, but to William F. Poole goes the major credit for founding the present collection. Mr. Poole, a Yale graduate and a worker in Boston and Cincinnati libraries, conceived of the formation of a comprehensive index to periodicals. He held patiently to this purpose, and brought it to Chicago with him when made librarian of the collection—still in its water-tank. In the course of preparing his great index, he brought in an extraordinary array of American and British periodicals, still one of the chief features. But Mr. Poole had another passion, for American history. He built that part of the collection, notably items concerning exploration of the Northwest Territory, to great strength. He was interested also in Shakespeare. To his acquisitions have been added many, until now the library possesses seventy-seven editions of Shakespeare's works, and a good department devoted to Elizabethan drama by various authors.

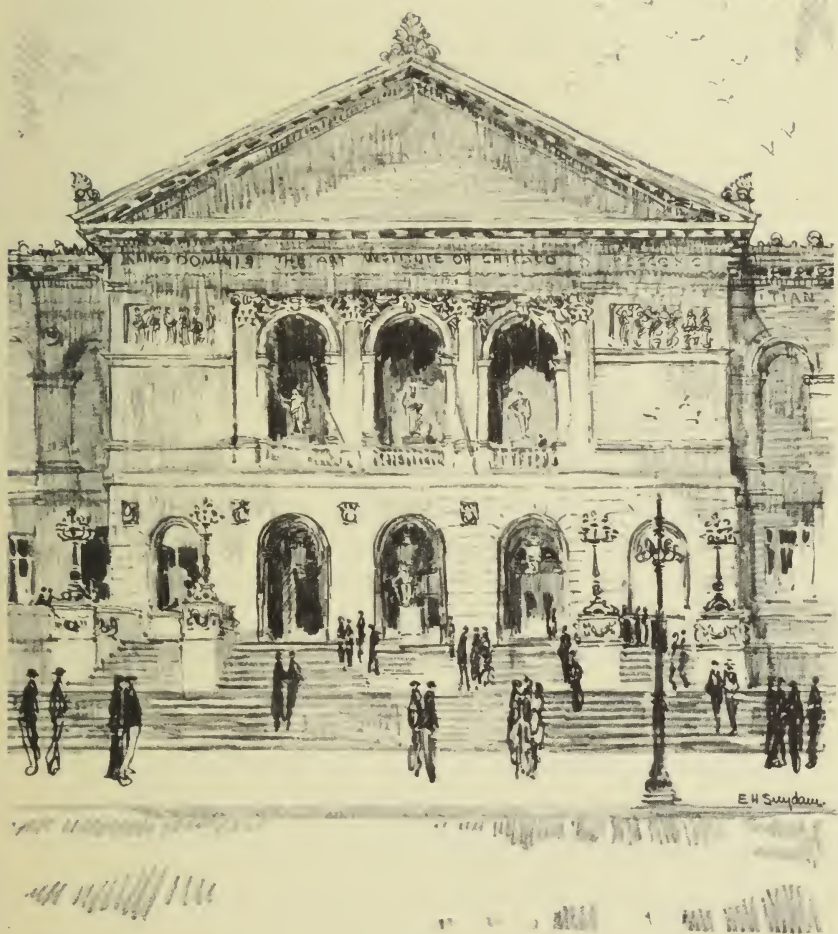
When Mr. Poole went to the Newberry Library in 1887,

Chicago: A Portrait

he was succeeded by one of his lieutenants, Frederick H. Hild. The present building is considered his monument. Before his term ended, in 1909, there came to the front the demand for giving people, especially those far away, a better chance at books. Henry E. Legler came down from Wisconsin as librarian. His strenuous, and killing, efforts increased the circulation by nearly a hundred per cent in two years. Branch libraries and stations were pushed into many parts of the city, into places of the greatest need, but into "nice" residence districts, too. Two years after Mr. Legler's coming, Mrs. T. B. Blackstone gave the city the beautiful branch building, an "Ionic jewel," in Kenwood. Elsewhere, stores and other structures had to be used. The staff caught fire from Mr. Legler, and books streamed into localities where they had been almost inaccessible. In 1917, Mr. Legler died in harness, and Carl B. Roden, who had been with the library ever since he started as a page, was elected to the high office.

One may now find the forty-five branches, and a number of sub-branches, operating within five zones, each with its central, or regional, building. One may go to the farther West Side and find the Henry E. Legler Regional Building, dating from 1920. He may travel to the Lawndale district, and admire a handsome structure erected on a lot given by Julius Rosenwald; in it is a separate room for books in foreign languages, and what people could more appreciate this than the people of Lawndale? At Lincoln and Wilson avenues, west of the swarming uptown section, is the modernistic and convenient regional building named for Mr. Hild.

A good many of the branches still are housed in cramped



ENTRANCE OF THE ART INSTITUTE



The Forty-six Public Libraries

rooms; some are in park field houses, not too accessible in winter. There are popular ones in the great high schools. One is in Hull House, where it serves Greeks, Italians, Mexicans, and others; another in Chicago Commons. The county hospital has one used by thousands. In regions of the "young marrieds," such as Sauganash, Tuley Park, and other places, books are just as popular.

5

Go out of the Washington Street entrance, past the beneficent room of the blind, and between rows of newspaper readers unconscious of marble and mosaics. Cross the street.

There is another library, the Crerar, housed since 1921 in its business-like building on the corner of "the avenue." It is the gift to Chicago of a man who, though he had his oddities, remembered that he owed something to his city. He had made a fortune in railway supplies. This fortune, with its bequests to public works, he willed in such a manner as to cause, like the Newberry will, a contest by certain heirs. The reasons are obscure, but John Crerar, who died a bachelor, kept a curious silence about his father's people, a silence which extended to his very last utterance. Hence the contest.

However, by 1894, five years after Mr. Crerar's death, the case had ended in the courts, and the trustees could organize the library he had endowed. He had expressly stated it should be designed "to create and sustain a healthy moral and Christian sentiment. . . . I mean that dirty French novels and all skeptical trash and works of questionable moral tone shall never be found in this library."

Chicago: A Portrait

There was no danger of this, since it was on the cards that the Crerar should become a reference library of scientific and technical literature. It has been developed strictly on that basis. The medical collection, which includes the library of Dr. Nicholas Senn, is large and thoroughly adapted to the explorations in that field of medical men hungry for the latest. Social students, economists, bankers, engineers, go to the Crerar confident that, despite constant additions to knowledge in those fields, the Crerar will know about them. And so do workers in natural sciences, physical science, and applied sciences.

Dr. Clement W. Andrews, the first librarian, who died in 1927, laid foundations of the good-sized collection—over five hundred thousand books and four hundred thousand pamphlets—and the work has been carried on since 1928 by Dr. J. Christian Bay as librarian. Much toil has gone into perfecting indexes and catalogues and into keeping a great variety of periodicals strictly up to date. Anything worth while is usually in the Crerar a week after publication. Dr. Bay has a keen young assistant, Randall French, who labors at a sort of engineering problem himself—that of shaving the time in which an applicant may get his book, after he turns in his slip. The record now is three and a half minutes!

European libraries please copy.



Chapter XXVI

AT THE SIGN OF THE BRONZE LIONS

I

UNTIL a few years ago there could be seen coming out of the building with the bronze lions or mingling with painters and others in the easy comradeship of the Cliffdwellers Club, a man nearing seventy whom everybody honored.

He had something of the look of an English gentleman, and a little that of a bishop. But he had lived in Chicago all his life, except four years of boyhood, and he was a banker. Chicagoan he was, through and through. He had attended the Jones School when there were trees around it. He had been a pupil in the Chicago High School when it was the only one in town, and when everybody gladly

Chicago: A Portrait

sent children to study under George Howland in that building of the fifties which hangs on in dire surroundings.

His name was Hutchinson, and he was the son of "B. P.," the famous packer, banker, and grain-trader; the one who ran the corner. Although Charles inclined toward college, his father wanted him in the business. So the young man yielded, and carved a financial career of his own; but he was faithful to his special interests, among which was a profound feeling for art. This was perhaps not really more powerful than his impulse toward religion and charity. However, in the art field he became a connoisseur, and when he was very young he helped to found (1878-79) the institution that became the Art Institute. He was elected its president in 1882, and never ceased to hold the office until he died, in 1924.

Forty-two years president! No wonder it is he who is mentioned in the same breath with the institute. If it were the custom of the country to erect statues of founders in front of public buildings, Mr. Hutchinson's lineaments—well portrayed, in the gallery bearing his name, by the Gari Melchers portrait—would be out in front, alongside or instead of the replica of the Houdon Washington. And the statue, could it speak, might remark, as Mr. Hutchinson once did in a speech:

"The State has a right to demand from a man not only a part of his money, but also a tithe of his thought, his time, and his life. Everybody should put into the city in which he lives as much as he gets out of it."

Institutions, Mr. Hutchinson believed, are for the people—all of them. So he would be happy could he be present to see a larger and larger number of the multitude climb-

At the Sign of the Bronze Lions

ing the broad steps. He would approve of the fact, which a writer once patly expressed, that the institute is "grimy from contact with the city's business, that its galleries rock with the passing of trains beneath them," because these imply that the strength of the place "comes from hundreds of thousands of contacts with the life of the city."

2

There it stands, the first of the public cultural buildings erected east of Michigan Avenue; modestly looking up at the sky-scrappers but surpassing them in purpose. The names of celebrated artists are carved on its outer walls, and marks of countless feet are printed on its staircases. It has a hoary look, but, having been a World's Fair child, it dates only from 1893. And the institute's antecedent building, long occupied by the Chicago Club, is itself less than fifty years old.

As development went on, the present institute was extended out over the Illinois Central tracks, in a long wing like the down stroke of the letter T. That is the Hutchinson wing. It has a neighbor that includes a charming court, with a severe garden not a bit disturbed by the proximity of traffic. This was presented by Mr. and Mrs. George McKinlock, who chose to remember here also the soldier son in whose memory they gave McKinlock Campus to Northwestern University. Another important wing was presented by Robert Allerton, son of the financier Samuel W. Allerton, in memory of his mother. These are only three notable memorials in a place which exhibits, wherever one turns, the contributions of people who rejoiced in helping to fill the buildings with treasures. A good many repre-

Chicago: A Portrait

sent works of art that had adorned family homesteads. Others are the result of the activity of Chicagoans, old or young, as collectors. They took this way of putting "into the city something of what they had got out of it."

One of Mr. Hutchinson's very early friends, working and delighting with him in appreciation of art, was Martin A. Ryerson. Mr. Ryerson, who is still one of the bulwarks of the institute, has used his leisure in exploring not only the subject of painting but that of the Oriental arts, ceramics, beautiful printing; and his collections have proved his unusual taste and insight. He has loaned nearly all of them to the institute. But before that he gave it what to studious art-lovers is one of its chief attractions, the library. This collection, convenient to the main entrance, was established about thirty years ago. It now contains nearly twenty-five thousand items, including various valuable publications and color reproductions.

Mr. Ryerson too might with justice have a statue; but no one would be less likely to permit it.

Two other leading features tie up the institute with the intellectual life of the city. One is the Burnham Library of Architecture, for which the designer of the Chicago Plan left fifty thousand dollars in his will. It includes not only the usual works standard in the profession, but many beautiful things, and rarities such as the collection brought together by Fontaine, architect for Napoleon I. The other feature is the small, charming, partly subterranean Goodman Theater. Its real name is the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Memorial, given by Mr. and Mrs. William O. Goodman in memory of their son—like young McKinlock, a victim of the World War. The unique structure, dedicated

At the Sign of the Bronze Lions

in 1925, and supplemented later by a little studio theater, is connected, physically and in management, with the institute. For several years a stock company presented plays, for the most part with a non-commercial design; but this phase of the work was suspended when times got too bad. However, the institute kept on with the school of acting, stage-production, etc., which was one reason for operating the theater.

3

To many thousands the building that faces Adams Street is "a place to see pictures"; and so it is. These people, besides having to be reminded that the work of a very large school—and much besides—goes on inside those walls, little realize how much they can see there. The institute, it is said, presents more exhibitions during a year than any other art museum. It has ten galleries for temporary exhibitions, and they are filled all the time. The layman attempting to see them all soon gets beyond his depth; the expert in any field will, sooner or later during a twelvemonth, be made thoroughly happy. And the remark may be dropped in, timidly enough, that it appears that various rebel movements in art, in cross-fire Chicago, are fading out because "if you want the ultra-moderns, you can find them in the Institute."

It is "the place to see pictures," and to many it is the home of "The Song of the Lark" and of the huge gilt-framed "Assumption of the Virgin," by El Greco (a gift of Mrs. Albert A. Sprague I, presented in memory of her husband). In the same room with the "Assumption" are others by El Greco, and also characteristic works of Goya

Chicago: A Portrait

and Velasquez. The Spanish collection was acquired many years ago, for the most part, and impresses even Spaniards. But a great many visitors, these days, scorn "The Song of the Lark" and the "Vidette," are tired also of El Greco, and hunt modern French art. If they are mild-spirited enough to keep on enjoying Corot, Millet, Breton, Raffaëlli, Manet, Monet, Renoir, they may find good examples in such collections as those named for Henry Field and Mrs. Potter Palmer. Those who prefer the later painters, including what a conservative calls the freaks, turn principally, among the permanent galleries, to the collection established by Frederic Clay Bartlett, himself a mural painter of note, in memory of his wife. Here are found Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Picasso, Seurat, and others.

It is the Henry Field gallery that contains "The Song of the Lark." In the Palmer collection, part of it bequeathed by Mrs. Palmer herself and part given by her sons, is the noteworthy Corot "Orpheus Saluting the Light." On the other hand, the Bartlett gallery contains such works as the Cézanne "Basket of Apples," and the stunning Seurat "Sunday Afternoon on La Grande Jatte."

A story is told occasionally of the way the mural painter and his wife obtained this Seurat masterpiece.

They entered a small café in Paris and chanced upon a picture that smote them almost dumb. It was "La Grande Jatte." The woman shop-owner, with that love for what one owns which is characteristic of the French, could not be interested in parting with the picture that had been hers so long. Later, however, her son was ordered south by a doctor, and her funds were low. Word of this reached the Bartletts, and so without delay Mrs. Bartlett revisited

At the Sign of the Bronze Lions

the café. There followed a polite dickering between the eager American collector and the reluctant Frenchwoman. A bargain was struck at twenty-five thousand dollars. It is said that the institute recently refused an offer of four hundred thousand dollars! . . . Art collectors, or even other folk who often visit France, can fill in side-lights of the story for themselves.

Many people prefer to enter first the collection of Dutch masters Charles L. Hutchinson gathered together. There are fine Rembrandts here, among them the "Girl at the Open Half-door," which has more than doubled in value since the early day when Mr. Hutchinson acquired it. Here too are good examples of Rubens, Hobbema, Jan Steen, and others. The two connoisseur-friends, Hutchinson and Ryerson, obtained the group, with help from the prosperous pocket-books of Marshall Field and Sidney A. Kent.

The late Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, who gave the bronze lions (by Kemeys), donated the fine collection named in memory of her first husband, Henry Field. It has Barbizon examples which are equaled in interest by the nineteenth-century French works found in the Albert A. Munger collection, bequeathed in 1898. More French and Dutch artists are conspicuous in the gallery where hang the works presented to the institute by the widow of W. W. Kimball, pianomaker, and where also there are Turners, Gainsboroughs, Romneys, and favorite works by Reynolds, Lawrence, and others. The Byron L. Smith and Wallace L. De Wolf collections offer American portraits and American landscapes respectively. The Walter H. Schulze gallery, also containing the work of Americans, constitutes still another gift to the

Chicago: A Portrait

institute in memory of a young Chicagoan who died in the World War, on Armistice Day.

A collection especially fascinating to many is the large group of paintings by George Inness; the best Inness collection in the world, it is contended without much denial. Edward B. Butler, the merchant who fought in various ways to bring beauty to Chicago, and who was no poor hand with the paint-brush himself, spent more than twenty years completing the collection, which, a long time before his death, he turned over to the institute. Mr. Butler was one of the group—who now mourn him—who encouraged American artists through founding, in 1910, the Friends of American Art.

4

Now for the Art School!

Its origins were earlier than those of the museum itself. One goes back, indeed, until he comes across the name of a super-active pioneer Chicagoan named Leonard Volk. This man, a struggling sculptor in the fifties, built a reputation through fiery effort, made busts of Lincoln, Henry Clay, and many others, designed the Douglas Monument in Chicago, and toiled hard to make a living. He was a friend of G. P. A. Healy, and apparently joined with William B. Ogden in persuading that noted painter to visit Chicago when art was scarce in the twenty-year-old city. The stay of Mr. Healy is always mentioned, and very justly, as important in the growth of art interest on the frontier. He was a great European; knew glittering salons; painted King Louis Philippe.

An anecdote, not too often told, obtrudes itself. It

At the Sign of the Bronze Lions

appears that when Healy went to the palace for his first study of Louis, he prowled around the monarch and waved his palette-knife in what an attendant thought to be a suspicious manner.

The attendant watched the artist for a few seconds, then seized him, and—there is no telling what an excited French official might have done. The king, however, smiled, calmed his aide, and said, "But Monsieur is American."

Even at that period, the explanation for eccentricity sufficed.

Returning to Mr. Volk: He organized a fine-arts exposition in 1857, got friends to buy paintings from Healy, had an association chartered to open a public gallery—which seems to have collapsed with the Civil War—and with the overflow of his energy, which was extraordinary, taught art classes. We find this school operating as the Chicago Academy of Design, and located in the famous Crosby Opera House, which the gallant Colonel Schuyler Crosby built and in which he sank much money. The Great Fire and the financial panic of 1873 gave Volk and his academy a heavy blow. The school struggled on, but finally collapsed. In 1878-79 it was reopened, with the help of some of those heroes who rebuilt a ruined city; and it was this academy—not a museum at all, evidently—which became the parent of the present Art Institute, and especially of its school.

It is the school which is cited as among biggest things. Its enrolment is, really and truly, larger than any other of the kind. Through it has been developed much of the warm intimacy between the Art Institute and the city's youth; it has alumni by the thousands who love the old building on the lake-front because there they first took up

Chicago: A Portrait

palette and brush. It offers courses in a great variety of subjects. If the average person supposes that this school of art teaches nothing but painting or sculpture, he should know that it goes into such fields as interior decoration, textile-decoration, anatomy, weaving, pottery, advertising design, architectural elements, and many more.

The students are in evidence all over the big building. One comes upon them everywhere, soberly copying the old masters, or, with an absorption equal to that of fanatics in the Louvre, sketching McKinlock Court or the main staircase. A lively lot, too, are they.

5

The art school is primarily for people who intend to take up art seriously. But there is a further educational effort reaching thousands who may never do more than learn to like the right things. Many of them are children. A few years ago Mrs. Anna Louise Raymond—whose name will be met with again—established a fund which pays for lectures given to school pupils. They have listened, in the huge school assemblies held throughout Cook County, to the vivid and enthusiastic talker, Dudley Crafts Watson. He also lectures in many other parts of the country, often in communities where art interest is only getting a start. Under the Raymond fund he speaks regularly in the institute to pupils who have been picked by their teachers.

"Be original, creative artists," says Watson to these breathless audiences. "Come here and find out, from the masters, how it is done, and then do it yourself."

Tramp, tramp, go the feet of boys and girls in their teens, or younger still, up and down the faded stairways,

At the Sign of the Bronze Lions

many entering the children's museum—the gift to them of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Worcester. For more than twenty-five years the schools have been sending down eighth-graders to take a voyage amid beauty. Many come from districts where nothing but ugliness ever is seen.

"The children walk up the broad palatial steps," one of the teachers wrote. "They pass the great Kemeys lions. They salute the George Washington statue with one voice. Then they enter the building. The expanse and splendor and distance of opportunity bursts upon them in every direction. . . . Never again will life be quite the same."

There was found one day, roaming absently among the statues and admiring the St. Gaudens "pilgrim," a little boy who looked hungry and who manifestly was alone. He was vague when they questioned him, and a little scared, and couldn't speak English very well. But they got out of him at last that, having once been brought to this amazing place, he had been bound to return; had watched his chance and had run away from home, to visit the Art Institute! Whether the guards or the police were the more astonished is a question.

Extension work has revolutionized the institute since it started. And the list of other special activities reaches a length beyond opportunity to tell of it. There are lectures—artists like Kenyon Cox, Alphonse Mucha, Joseph Pennell, are among those who have appeared—on history of art. There is a department of museum instruction. There is a newer but flourishing school of industrial art. And the public, which gets so much already, is forever crowding Fullerton Hall for this or that event.

All this has piled up problems for the management,

Chicago: A Portrait

and possibly prevented raising the museum side of the enterprise to first rank. The Art Institute is not over-rich. It gets, nominally, a little tax money for maintenance, but hasn't been getting enough. Certainly, however, neither Robert B. Harshe, the present director, nor the board of trustees, would curtail the various extension activities—least of all, the work for children.

6

Art interest in Chicago branches away from the institute in such directions as the Arts Club and Chicago Galleries Association exhibits; it is found also in private collections like that of Max Epstein (who gave a million dollars to the University of Chicago for an art-center building) and of many others. But that does not prevent the institute from being the admitted center of it all, and the chief beneficiary. The principal art patrons are either members of the institute board or former members or generous contributors.

At a desk in the building, nearly every morning, is seen Frank G. Logan, whose time of recent years has nearly all been given to the institute. He has earned the affectionately humorous name of "perpetual vice-president." He and Mrs. Logan have been donors of note. Others out of a great many whose names count are Julius Rosenwald, Charles H. Worcester, Arthur T. Aldis, Percy B. Eckhart, Walter Brewster, Miss Kate Buckingham, and Chauncey McCormick; and, of course, Mr. Ryerson and Potter Palmer, president of the Institute since the death of Mr. Hutchinson. Other builders have been William M. R. French, director for thirty-three years; Newton H.

At the Sign of the Bronze Lions

Carpenter and George W. Eggers; and Mr. Harshe, director since 1921, and responsible for much widening of the institute's horizon. All those prominent in the institute to-day glory in the fact that it has 17,500 members, of all classes.

A group that had its origin a good while ago and does a special service is the Antiquarian Society. Organized as the Decorative Art Society, as far back as 1878, it illustrates how early the impulse for collecting examples of beauty grew up in Chicago. Mrs. Chauncey McCormick is now president. The members, all women, devote the society's funds to enriching the institute, and the array of period furniture, sculpture, and textiles in the Hutchinson wing is their contribution. Other variety in "the place to see pictures" is furnished by the interesting collection of Oriental art; the Japanese prints and luster-ware collected by Clarence Buckingham and his sisters, Kate and Maud; the Egyptian collection; the Japanese art works presented by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nickerson in 1900; and the potteries and china in the Amelia Blanks collection and in the hall named for Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus.

It was a great day when "society" met in the new Art Institute of 1893 for the first annual reception. As the "Chicago Times" described that event, "a large proportion of the representative people of Chicago" were there to see the "rare paintings, bronzes, statuary."

Continuing, the inspired writer cried:

Mingled with these realizations of an artist's dream were stately palms, seemingly bending their majestic forms in adoration, and tropical plants paid their tribute to nature subservient to man.

The view on entering the main hall was extremely beautiful.

Chicago: A Portrait

Gleaming from amid banks of green were marble figures, lifelike in their beauty, and stretching out on either side as far as the eye could reach were all the dearly loved creatures of mythology reproduced in marble, bronze and plaster so naturally that the tempting smile of Hebe and the threatening eyes of Mars seemed to discredit the fact that they lived only in fancy, while over the entire scene, completing the enchanting effect, came the soft strains of music.

And so it is still at the annual reception; but newspaper writing has changed.

7

Few enough of the million people who pass the threshold of the "old" building each year ever see all that is in it. Other millions gaze at its greenish lions or its ornamental cornices and perhaps remark, "Why don't they clean the place?" It costs money, for one thing; and for another, a proposal to scrub the smoke-stained exterior usually brings protests, "Oh, leave it as it is!" Certainly a white, new-looking Art Institute would be a dubious change on the lake-front. It would be as shocking as if some edict were to banish the pigeons strutting and fluttering in the circular plaza at the south end of the building.

Let the haughty sky-scrappers sneer! Chicago must have some glory that is drab.



Chapter XXVII

A WHOLE CITY OF MUSICIANS

I

WHEN twilight comes signaling a Sunday evening of winter, it is worth while to walk slowly up Michigan Avenue, savoring its quality.

Should one begin the stroll pretty well to the south, say at the cross-street wherein the venerable Chicago Woman's Club has put up its building in modern style, one comes into a zone of quiet. This is simply the mood of lower Michigan Avenue, where sidewalks are broad and nearly empty, the mighty park tranquil, the feeling of all outdoors refreshing. The Logan statue on its knoll is like a black rider coming over a hill. Beyond a wall, trains are passing, unseen and noiseless.

Northward, the avenue fills and glitters. It rises in a slope of cars, people, twin rows of dwindling lights, until,

Chicago: A Portrait

a mile or so beyond, the colors of sky-scraper peaks and beacons gleam red, green, or blue, with puffs of luminous smoke curling about them.

Not quite midway of this promenade, the crowds become very thick. The Art Institute is receiving them and disgorging them; the crush near Adams Street is intense. Later, the Sunday Evening Club will draw its throngs. But in the main, at this hour, the swirl of people is composed of music-lovers. This is Recital Street, if you will. This is the boulevard of the music student and the concert-goer, a Rialto of the orchestra and the solo artist. It used to begin where the Auditorium discharged its opera-cloaks and tall hats, and tenors stood twirling their mustaches at the entrance of the Congress Hotel. Now it may be said to start at the Fine Arts Building and extend to Orchestra Hall, across from which stands the sculptured memorial to Theodore Thomas.

Although opera has quit the Auditorium, this locality is still the melodic center of Chicago. The larger music schools are distant only a step; so are most of the places where instruments, scores, sheet music, phonograph records are sold. And business is brisk!

2

When a writer attempts to picture in a few pages some of the great music activity and interest that have developed in Chicago, he had best select some one aspect of the subject and harp on that. Perhaps it will harmonize with what has been emphasized in regard to the Public Library and the Art Institute to play up the popularization of music.

A Whole City of Musicians

Not the popularization of programs, but the extension of musical knowledge. At this point, it is a temptation to use a publicity phrase such as "Chicago leads the world." But it is more accurate, as well as more courteous, to say that the city has far surpassed its own earlier record in bringing music to the people. It has succeeded, during the twenty-five years that Orchestra Hall has been standing, in entirely converting most citizens to the enjoyment—or at the very least, the toleration—of classics which used to bore a good many of them. By steadily pounding away at programs that once were considered caviar, the symphony orchestra and concert promoters have "sold" that type of music very widely. Artists who play or sing on Recital Street can venture much farther than before into the realm of modern compositions. Stravinsky can be played without evoking a murmur. Scriabin is no longer queer, save to the thinning ranks of conservatives. Schoenberg does not excite nearly so many smiles. Honegger is accepted. Ravel is standard. Respighi is familiar.

Up to perhaps ten years ago, it would hardly have been the thing to put "The Fire Bird" on an orchestra program for children, even had there been such a concert at all. A little earlier, it is recalled, hisses greeted the rendition of a Debussy number. Still earlier, the rude man of affairs probably would have walked out on the "Siegfried" forest music; and up to 1900 or thereabouts, there were fewer men who could stand Wagner than there were those like the man who listened to a long act of "Tristan" and finally grumbled, "Say, when do they bring on the girls?"

But the important point is that, more and more within the last quarter-century, the opportunity, the easy way, of

Chicago: A Portrait

hearing good music, has been thrown open to people in general. This was where the old idea, a dual misconception, that classical creations were dull and that it was hard to get a chance to hear them, gradually broke down. As the thing often has been expressed, music ceased to be aristocratic and became democratic. In Chicago it is so easy to find that it is almost communistic.

The history is exactly the same as in the field of reading and that of seeing the fine arts. The Public Library threw off the notion that it merely had a fine collection which people should come and see; it branched out into every corner of the city, and sent books there. The Art Institute became not only a museum but an extension course. The symphony orchestra, the choral societies, the promoters of recitals, cannot, naturally, send their offerings in trucks to remote districts; but each year they bring into their radius more people. The lay workers for music have organized many new groups, such as the Business Men's Orchestra, the Women's Symphony Orchestra, the People's Symphony Orchestra. And, with the march of the city into outlying regions and suburbs, new orchestral ventures have come to those places; the greatest artists of piano, violin, and song perform for thousands in community or school halls; oratorios are given at the end of the car line.

3

When one mentions choral singing, he is back once more in Chicago's past. That was almost the first music Chicago heard. People of the little city of the forties, drawn together in the evenings because of a dearth of



HOME OF THE CIVIC OPERA

A Whole City of Musicians

amusements (or at least those considered decent) had their Chicago Musical Society and their Mozart Society. Leaders in the latter were Frank and Jules Lombard, of whom Jules became a noted singer of Civil War favorites. The fifties brought the Chicago Musical Union, in the same period as the Philharmonic Society, Julius Dyhrenfurth, and Hans Balatka. Choral singing became the rage. The Mendelssohn Society and the Beethoven Society were formed, the former with Adolph Dohn and the latter with Carl Wolfsohn. Of equal fame was the Germania Maennerchor, which lived long and honorably, and the Concordia Maennerchor, its rival.

In the seventies came the most famous of Chicago's choruses, the Apollo Club. Its birthplace was an old church below the burned district on Wabash Avenue, over whose front door at the time was the sign, "Lyon & Healy." In the audience room, with its ancient pews, a few choral enthusiasts met and decided that since everything was gone, it was time to start something else. Two of these men were Silas Pratt and George P. Upton—the latter the city's chief music critic in early years and for many that followed. The group tried out their voices, and a little later an organization was formed with thirty-three members. Adolph Dohn became director, but was succeeded in a short time by William L. Tomlins, whose name is as much identified with the Apollo Club as Theodore Thomas's is with the symphony orchestra.

Tomlins turned the club from a Maennerchor into a mixed chorus. The performances, it is recorded, were at first attended mainly by society people. However—and it meant something as an early effort to broaden the appeal

Chicago: A Portrait

of music in Chicago—in the eighties the Apollo Club was giving “wage-earners’ concerts.” Admission charges were as low as fifteen cents, and the circle of the club’s popularity grew wider. Its annual “Messiah” became the great musical event of the year. It sang at the opening of Central Music Hall, and it was bound to figure as it did in the brilliant dedication of the Auditorium. Mr. Tomlins laid down the baton, and Harrison Wild took it up. Wild died a few years ago, and then a day came when the club’s continuance was endangered. At latest accounts it was in the balance.

What had happened was not that choral singing had become unpopular. It was *too* popular. The art had been laid hold of by scores of live organizers, by personnel-managers in big business, and by the schools. Choruses developed in industrial “cities,” in the Stockyards, electric works, public utility companies. Religious groups developed, like the Sunday Evening Club choir and the Paulist Choristers. The senior high schools—Chicago has twenty-six of these—went in for choral work with enthusiasm. The young folks took it up with every appearance of loving it.

“I heard the Senn High School chorus lately,” remarks a music critic. “These boys and girls, over four hundred of them, sing Bach and what not, from memory and unaccompanied. I call that wonderful.”

Doubtless it is. So is the fact that a club classed as political, the Hamilton, gets together singers who can present the classics pretty expertly. Yet the father was certainly the Apollo Club, whose life has spanned decades going back before the era of Theodore Thomas, but not

A Whole City of Musicians

quite as far back as the early efforts of Julius Dyhrenfurth. When Dyhrenfurth pioneered, Chicago was happy to hear a comic song and chorus, and a Chicago waltz, composed for the occasion. Beethoven hit the rough city with a thump in 1853, when the Germania Orchestra performed the Second Symphony. Chicago could not enjoy it. Came another musical John the Baptist, named Henry Ahner, to organize a light-guard band. It became an orchestra, and discovered for the frontier city the "Fidelio" overture and bits of "Midsummer Night's Dream." In 1860, Hans Balatka launched the Philharmonic Society and wobbled through bad seasons; while another plucky European, Julius Unger, carried on during the dreadful Civil War and Great Fire days.

4

All this was finally put in the background by the arrival of Theodore Thomas, who had visited Chicago as a violinist as early as 1856, and who, war-horse that he was, sniffed a challenge to battle.

First bringing from New York his orchestra to play, in the face of general indifference, most of the Beethoven symphonies, he moved definitely to Chicago at a time when offering the new music was comparable with starting a suburb in a forest. With the shrewd help of George Benedict Carpenter, he began in 1877, those summer-night concerts which echoed under the lofty girders of the north end of the Exposition Building. It was then Chicago heard for the first time, probably, selections from "Lohengrin" (a work then thirty years old), the Raff "Lenore" march, the "Pilgrim's Chorus." The Ring operas had been pro-

Chicago: A Portrait

duced; but the time had not arrived when Chicago could listen intelligently, by radio if not otherwise, to the "Götterdämmerung" finale.

The Exposition Building, shaken by heavy trains and with dubious acoustics, was not a wonderful place for concerts, even if the auditors could listen seated among tubs of palms and with heady drinks in front of them. But Thomas kept on there until 1890, when he moved into the Auditorium and found a friend in the able manager, Milward Adams. The Auditorium was not perfect as a concert-hall, either, much as people admired it, and much as they were thrilled by hearing its organ played by Clarence Eddy and William Middelschulte. People could not get used to hearing symphonic music in such a place. Yet ten years before Thomas left it for Orchestra Hall, in 1904, he had seen such a revolution in musical taste that he wrote, more enthusiastically than usual for him:

"Our audience has learned that the master works of the great composers contain more good for brain and soul than the prettiest waltzes that ever were penned . . . that Beethoven and Wagner will warm and thrill the whole nature."

The interest in choral work was emphatically shown by the fact that the largest audiences, excepting those attending the concerts when Paderewski appeared as soloist, were drawn by performances of the Ninth Symphony.

Thomas, aging Wagner enthusiast, was entering the greatest phase of his life and at the same time nearing the end of it. As the young century came in, he had behind him a solid group (the Chicago Orchestral Association) whose members, as he said, "year after year paid deficits

A Whole City of Musicians

without a murmur," and who "never asked me to lower artistic standards." They included N. K. Fairbank, E. B. McCagg, A. C. Bartlett, C. D. Hamill, and a man who worked so steadily and unselfishly to build the organization that he has been called the father of it: Charles Norman Fay. And there was a secretary, member of a Chicago "first family," and an idealist: Philo A. Otis.

For thirteen years Thomas raised his baton in the Auditorium; then came the movement to give his orchestra a home of its own. Daniel H. Burnham, John J. Glessner, Bryan Lathrop, and others succeeded in acquiring the site, and the trustees went to the public for a fund. The public, in that same Chicago which had once gone to sleep hearing Beethoven, came forward, more than eight thousand strong, with the major part of a fund of \$750,000. And so at the end of 1904, Thomas, nearing seventy, had his own building on Michigan Avenue. It suffered from exasperating delays. The old man anxiously watched it grow, and winced when people said it was imperfect. At the head of his worshiping men, he dedicated in December this Orchestra Hall, whose plaster back-stage was still wet, whose rooms, some of them, were disagreeable because of lime dust and drafts. "Better late than never," said Thomas; and in less than a month, from influenza which became pneumonia, he was dead.

5

It was not the end. It was only the beginning of a new epoch. The "Siegfried" funeral march was played for the veteran, and a blond young man came forward from among the viola-players to take command. This was Frederick

Chicago: A Portrait

Stock, who had been a violinist in the municipal orchestra of Cologne, Germany. Thomas went there in 1895, and Stock played for him; the great conductor was pleased. So the German youth packed his slim baggage and came to the United States. The violin ranks were full. Stock mastered the viola, and had achieved the place of assistant conductor when death removed his chief; so he became acting conductor.

A big responsibility confronted the orchestra board, and it is no wonder that these men hesitated. Yet in the light of Mr. Stock's present renown, it is surprising to recall—the memory being confirmed by the conscientious records of Philo Otis—that the committee for selection of Thomas's successor thought first of engaging a conductor from Europe. They asked Stock for delay, so that they might go abroad and try to obtain Mottl, Weingartner, or Richter.

"If we cannot secure any of these three, you, Mr. Stock, shall be conductor," said they.

He assented to this in the sporting spirit that is one of his qualities. The Europeans could not be persuaded, and Stock was appointed. Not a month of that autumn season had passed before Mr. Otis was noting, "Great enthusiasm over Stock, the man of the hour."

The new conductor, devoted to carrying on the tradition of Thomas, whom he called "a man to whom it had been given to deliver a great message," took up the baton at a time when musical taste was changing rapidly. He charged into the tough situation with the spirit of a winner. Soon he had the orchestra in hand and had won the full confidence of his guarantors. He began to respond more

A Whole City of Musicians

and more to the demands of a Chicago which wanted music spread as widely as the offerings of a mail-order house. After he had been about nine years on the job, there were begun in a small way the popular concerts, encouraged by the City Club and the Civic Music Association. The latter helped in the task of bringing audiences in through distributing to various civic and commercial agencies blocks of tickets, which it was hoped would be sold. This scheme worked, but the need for it lessened. The popular series, which consisted at first of only four concerts a year, grew to sixteen, and attracted forty thousand patrons annually. And the programs, as people became more and more inclined to accept them, moved from a safe experience with old standards to the more venturesome territory of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune."

Then, in 1919, came still another extension, the children's concerts. These were conceived by the orchestra's business managers, Frederick J. Wessels and Henry E. Voegeli, the former of whom retired some years ago. Clyde M. Carr, then president of the board of trustees, backed the idea strongly, and so did Mr. Stock, who always relished more work. The idea flourished. It brought thirty thousand new and glowing patrons to Orchestra Hall; rows of fresh faces which delighted, and still delight, Mr. Stock and his assistant, Eric DeLamarter.

In the meantime the education of expert symphony-players became a system through the formation of the Civic Orchestra, a training-school for orchestra men engaging still more of the time of those two energetic conductors. The symphony enterprise had become a big com-

Chicago: A Portrait

plex business, challenging the capacities not only of baton-wielders but of the trustee group headed, of late years, by Charles H. Hamill.

It is a hard climb to the upper balconies of Orchestra Hall. It is often a scramble for seats. The place is neither so luxurious nor so comfortable as many a movie palace. But do they care, those swarms ravenous for music? To many of them, who cross the city from places where nothing but the meager life is ever known, where a fifty-cent piece looks like a full moon and the cost of milk is a tragedy, the "pop" concert is an ascent to the stars rather than a journey up narrow stairways. The discharge of one of those *matinée* audiences, fevered with what it has heard, faces flaming with an emotion transmitted from one exotic race to another, a lobby crackling with dialects and with Americanisms as well, an outbreak here and there of some amateur critic—that is one of the sights most vividly Chicagoan.

Counting "pops" and children's days, the orchestra draws nearly three hundred thousand a year; and it may be added that Recital Street is visited by probably five hundred thousand. Let not such vaunted figures, however, outweigh the fact that the symphony orchestra, purely in artistic achievement, is one of the leaders in the country.

6

Across the Loop, in the quarters over whose architectural merits opinions clash, grand opera entered in 1929 what might be called a decisive test of whether that art can be made democratic. The occupation of the tall building, whose rented space is counted on some day to relieve

A Whole City of Musicians

friends of opera from paying off deficits, meant definitely that this was a business proposition. Samuel Insull, head of public utilities, had become president of the Civic Opera Company in 1922. He said candidly that he intended to cut down deficits. There had been horrible examples. The year before, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick, who had assumed the burden of an organization badly discouraged, paid off debts of no less than \$1,100,000. Mary Garden, as director, had been permitted to go ahead with one of the most brilliant but also most costly seasons on record.

The new management cut down the next year's deficit to \$290,000. But that was not all of the program. "Mr. Insull," writes Edward Moore in his book "Forty Years of Opera in Chicago," "was always of the firm opinion that opera, its enjoyments and advantages, should by no means be confined to one particular class or group of classes. He greatly preferred to think of its effect on the community as a whole."

Accordingly, though assailed by complaints that favorite stars were being extinguished, that the spirit of the thing was too commercial, Mr. Insull and his associates strode on along the road to prosperity, if possible, solvency anyway. By salesmanship methods frankly involving high pressure, and with unconcealed use of battalions belonging to other Insull interests, the list of guarantors was increased from a few hundred aristocrats to a democratic swarm of more than three thousand. At first it was sought to stimulate interest in opera through Sunday-evening, low-price performances for employees of different commercial institutions. And later the Civic Music Association, boost-

Chicago: A Portrait

ing on all sides, helped in the work of finding supporters throughout the city and suburbs.

When the new opera-house was built, some of its features leaned surprisingly in the direction of democracy. Discarded were all traces of the eighteenth-century opera palaces of Europe. There was no resemblance to that pre-fire Chicago Opera House, Crosby's, with proscenium boxes draped in crimson and gold, and Aurora's chariot sailing the clouds. Not a decorative feature of the Auditorium was reproduced at 20 Wacker Drive. The horse-shoe of boxes became a thing of the past; and whatever had been the unwritten rules about evening dress were considered buried.

Opera was given in seasons elongated to eleven weeks, plus a tour. Novelties were not shut out, nor many prophets left unhonored. But it was found, after several years of democratization, that the new public would pay in the greatest numbers to hear "Il Trovatore," "Aïda," and "La Traviata." And the public which had acclaimed "Salome," and wanted "Louise" several times repeated, seemed not well pleased. Nevertheless, the continued growth of the enterprise was demonstrated when, in 1930-31, there were given at home and on tour one hundred and forty-two performances of thirty-three different operas. Forty-one of them were in German, thirty-two in French, and sixty-eight in Italian.

At the same time, the Ravinia Opera Company was producing, year after year, on the North Shore less than an hour's ride from Chicago, summer opera from June to September. To this pavilion in a park came from Chicago and the shore good crowds of patrons who found there

A Whole City of Musicians

virtually the only summer music near the city. Artists, largely from the Metropolitan, returned, June after June, learned to know their audiences and came to be known in return. This was in a degree a democratization of opera, but it was more a philanthropy on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Eckstein. The former, having wealth and considerable leisure, employed a mind both artistic and executive in managing, almost single-handed, the repertory, casting, and business operation. He had an advantage over the "big opera" in that he did not have to meet expenses unless he cared to, and in that he could abbreviate scores without unduly shocking the fastidious. Also, his park, in the summer nights, lent romance even when performances were not up to Ravinia standard—though few failed of this. After many summers of scanning inadequate receipts, and worrying about weather forecasts, he showed no sign of hauling down his flag.

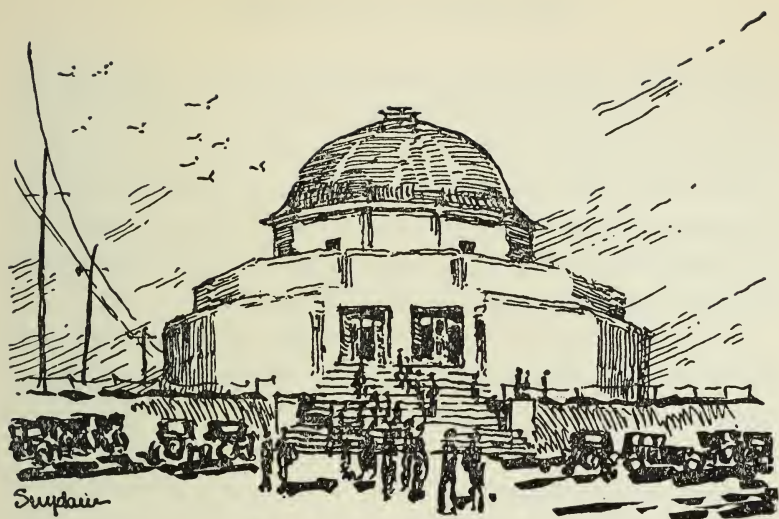
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A larger canvas is needed to portray that really impressive spectacle, "Music in Chicago." At one end of the scene stand the professionals and sophisticates; the opera technicians; the virtuosi; the composers, like John Alden Carpenter, Leo Sowerby, Arne Oldberg, Adolph Weidig, Frederick Stock, and others. But occupying the greater part of the scene are the thousands who work, in virtually every locality and town of metropolitan Chicago, building music education. The circles widen every year, with a continual sprouting of orchestras, study groups, community singers. Public schools have their music departments, supervised by J. Lewis Browne and given fatherly support by

Chicago: A Portrait

Superintendent William J. Bogan; the senior high schools have not only choral clubs but orchestras ranging in size from forty to one hundred players. The children are ever in the minds not only of local organizers but of the most erudite doctors of music. Hear Felix Borowski tell of his pleasure in conducting the Children's Choruses, composed of boys and girls who come largely from homes where English is seldom spoken except by the younger generation!

If the fastidious ear cannot always approve the pitch or the attack managed by one of these amateur groups, at least the imagination warms as it sees the movement of a population toward learning and performance.



Chapter XXVIII

FOUNTAINS; STATUES; FISH

I

THE lake-front again. . . . The sward, laid upon a bed Nature did not furnish. . . . The distances, seeming greater each time one comes back, dwarfing to specks both men and vehicles. . . . Marble temples, low-lying in the silver-gray haze.

So enormous is it all that many of the embellishments seem scattered, as if the links of some plan had been broken. A peristyle, with its back to Randolph Street, confronts the strip of park which is all the railroad yards permit at that point. A little farther south, against the wall, Alexander Hamilton, in bronze, stands alone and unaccounted for. Beyond the Art Institute, where two

Chicago: A Portrait

boulevards cross to the made land, there has been erected at each entrance from Michigan Avenue a pair of heavy sculptured pylons, and before one pair there is a flourish in the form of a kind of plaza, with a special driveway. Lonely as the pylons, the heroic Indian riders sculptured by Mestrovich face each other rather in the posture of medieval knights about to break a lance.

A short distance away, eastward, Lincoln sits with bowed head, isolated and little in that synthetic prairie. Within sight is an ornament that is no relation of his, though beautiful—the Buckingham Fountain. Nearly a mile farther, along boulevards built for a public motor-mad, are three buildings which revert to the classic: the Field Museum, the Shedd Aquarium, and the Adler Planetarium.

Some critics feel uneasy about these contrasts, these varying styles, but not the crowds. They are proud.

2

Nearly everything established on that soil has arrived within a decade. Each constructed object has a story. Especially memorable is the tale of the arm-chair Lincoln.

In 1889, when John Crerar died, he left as part of his embattled testament a bequest of one hundred thousand dollars for a statue of the emancipator-president. Nothing could be done by the trustees of the estate until 1897, but in that year St. Gaudens, having just finished his Grant Park Logan, and ambitious to fashion a finer Lincoln figure than he had yet done, accepted the commission offered him. Work began in the famous studio at Cornish, New Hampshire. St. Gaudens called in Stanford White to sketch the

Fountains; Statues; Fish

architectural setting, and after much labor produced a satisfactory model for the statue. But one evening in 1904, while he and his son Homer sat in a New York theater, fire attacked the Cornish studio building. People who rushed to the scene could do little; some of them even dragged to safety such articles as the iron stove, leaving sculptured treasures to die in the flames. The work of four years was lost, the Lincoln model included.

Resuming his work despite all, the great artist finished the statue in 1907, the year after Stanford White was killed by Harry Thaw, and the same year in which St. Gaudens himself died. Not only did he fail to see his completed work unveiled, but the mantle of death concealed from him an ignominious fate that pursued the statue for nearly twenty years.

During these years, while big buildings went up, the Chicago Plan took form, the city trembled with the march of new projects, St. Gaudens's statesman in the arm-chair awaited his pedestal. In fact, the chef-d'œuvre was in storage! The slow process of the city toward completion had not kept pace even with the deliberate sculptor. A legend grew up that there was a row over the question of which way the statue should face. It was reported that St. Gaudens, wanting his statue to face south—as all sculptors do—had left binding instructions, and that the park board was determined it should face eastward. But the simple truth was, the lake-front site was not ready.

Anyhow, in the shadow of the park storehouse, far on the South Side, seated Lincoln sat, now and then eyed by some visitor who was in the secret, and once taken out to be exhibited in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The ironic

Chicago: A Portrait

situation continued, with occasional outbursts in the newspapers. On one occasion Lorado Taft told of the World's Fair statue of Columbus which for ten years after 1893 lay on its back in the same storehouse, and at last, friendless, was melted up. But the Lincoln statue had friends; and finally, after much newspaper hubbub, the park board acted and the statue got its share of land. It faces south.

This impressive work ennobles a lake-front which Lincoln never saw, because it was not there when he lived. The contemplative face looks down a vista of made land that extends as far as the statue of Douglas at Thirty-fifth Street, and much farther. The classic chair, with its occupant, rests on a semicircular platform one hundred and fifty-three feet in diameter, and with a tall tripod of marble on each side. It is said that St. Gaudens intended, with the setting designed by White, to express the sense of aloneness which was so marked in Lincoln's nature; he wanted to make "a gaunt Lincoln in a gaunt official chair." And that is what Grant Park has.

3

The people whose philanthropy runs to statuary and fountains in parks must submit to one form of the inevitable: that the pleasure-seekers shall be mostly in ignorance of donors, and of those in whose honor beautiful things are created. Thus, if some Grant Park devotee stands before Lorado Taft's "Fountain of the Great Lakes," which lies at the south front of the Art Institute, he is likely to miss the inscription telling that this is the B. F. Ferguson Fountain; and few persons inquire who Mr. Ferguson was. Well, he was simply a quiet, industrious



GATEWAY TO SOLDIER FIELD

Fountains; Statues; Fish

soul who passed his life making money in the lumber business. As he grew old and felt inclined to retire, he made the grand tour of Europe. The idea came to him that Chicago was poor in statues; and, without any fuss about it, he formed the plan that was realized in his will, to establish a permanent fund from whose income the money for monuments and statues could be drawn.

The origin of the Buckingham Fountain was quite different. Chicago has it because of the three art-loving Buckinghams, a brother and two sisters, who formed an affectionate trio of travelers and collectors of beauty. For years they were together, none of them having marital ties, and in that exceptional comradeship they visited art centers of Europe and the Orient, gathering exquisite objects and putting many where the public could see them.

The brother, Clarence, died in 1913, leaving his estate to his sisters. It was Miss Kate who formed the plan—doubtless recalling hours the family of three had passed in the Versailles gardens—of giving for the lake-front a fountain which would be its best expression of sheer beauty. Presently it was announced that she had turned over to the Art Institute, as custodian, securities worth more than a half-million for construction, and several hundred thousand dollars for maintenance. There was no such delay and argument about this as attended the instalment of the Lincoln statue. The work of designing and planning went ahead, with E. H. Bennett, associate of D. H. Burnham in the Chicago Plan, as architect. And in 1927 the magnificent fountain was dedicated.

Those gushings of white water, which intersect and sport with one another so exquisitely, represent a demon-

Chicago: A Portrait

stration of something ideal, with no stint and no keeping books on the profits. At full strength, the geysers spout thirteen thousand gallons a minute, and the maximum cost of running the electric motors, and paying men to run them, is considerable. But there is no waste of water. It is drawn from the lake, and the same water goes through the jets over and over.

Other details are interesting. For example, an extra-high pressure is needed for the geysers, since on some days lake winds would otherwise hurl the water across the park in spray. The machinery is elaborate. There are seventy-two switches in the motor-room, and nearly seven hundred concealed lights, which on specified summer evenings throw colors upon the streams. There are four minor fountains; and eight bronze sea-horses, sculptured by Loyau, in Paris, lift their heads within the main basin.

At present the fountain looks isolated, but in time to come, when the little trees along the park roads have reached their full growth, the vista will be very different. Even now the sight often halts motorists with a grinding of brakes. "A wicked waste of money," some malcontents said when the plan was first announced. The public now is more often in the mood of the woman office worker who remarked, "When I spend twenty minutes in front of that fountain at noon, I go back to work rested."

4

Far to the southeast, much farther than it seems, there is a rounded object, like an inverted tea-cup, blunt against the sky. This is the Planetarium. Prior to a visit within, one can have no idea what he will see there.

Fountains; Statues; Fish

If one arrives a few minutes tardy for the lecture—this is not recommended—the experience is extra weird. A late comer is personally conducted around the circular corridor, to the lecture hall, and there turned over with a whisper to a guard within. The place is pitch-dark; darker than anything except an abandoned mine gallery.

That unseen interior guard says nothing. He takes one by the elbow. A gentle nudge forward, a pull to the left, a half-turn; the patron, like a blind man, is urged by those hidden fingers to sit down. There is a chair under him. Thank God!

A voice is speaking. It has a slight edge to it, indicating, perhaps, that it does not like late comers. The blackness remains, without a ray of relief. Presently there is seen, up and forward, a spot of light which proves to be in the nose or neck of a strange monster, up-ended in the lecture hall. The monster can turn, and it is heard to click.

While the voice drones on, there begins to appear, low down, a dim illumination, and then comes slowly into view a yellow-red disk, pursued by a star. It moves up on a curve, while a flush appears in its wake. And so the sun also rises, in the Planetarium.

Demonstration of many things follows. There is shown the course of planets, notably of a sickle moon which can be made to whisk across blue space like a leaf driven in a gale. The "sky," which, one has learned, forms the ceiling of this building, is movable. At times it turns rapidly, until the observer has the illusion that the floor is at a slant, and himself with it.

"The sky is moving, not you," from the lecturer. "Keep your feet on the floor."

Chicago: A Portrait

At a certain point, the sky bursts out into a maze of lights. The celestial universe (a representation made out of holes ingeniously fashioned in the canvas sky), including every planet, star-galaxy, and constellation which one can see with the unaided eye, is displayed. The effect is dazzling. It is beyond any scenic effect on the stage. There is a murmur from the spectators, who if they dared would break into the "Ah!" of rocket nights.

The mechanism, it seems, can so control the celestial bodies in their orbits as to show a normal course, or speed up a night's events into less than a minute, or picture the stellar history of several centuries in little more time than it takes to buy a ticket of admission. The magic is contained in that long-necked monster, which is a "Zeiss projector," the invention of Carl Zeiss of Jena.

It all goes back to Germany, where in Munich, in 1903, the director of the Deutsches Museum, Dr. Oscar von Miller, conceived the idea of a theater which should picture the drama of the celestial universe, and strip off its mystery. He induced the head of the Zeiss Optical Works to accomplish this, and the task took twenty years. Several planetariums, following the initial one in Munich, were established. Brilliantly successful though they were, the idea got past the philanthropists of Eastern cities of the United States and it remained for a Chicagoan to give his city the only planetarium in America. He was Max Adler, vice-president of Sears-Roebuck & Company. Before the dome-shaped building, designed by Ernest Grunsfeld, was complete and the intricate machinery ready to start, Mr. Adler had made an outlay of more than a million dollars. But he explained how this was worth while. He said it had

Fountains; Statues; Fish

been sought to establish "a mentor of law, order, and human unity" as revealed in the orderly process of our universe.

That the public was willing to be taught, as well as scientists to see a Zeiss projector work, was shown when during the seven months after the Planetarium was opened, in May, 1930, about six hundred thousand people visited it. Astronomers came, too, interesting themselves deeply in a museum, placed in the corridor, of astronomical instruments whose previous home had been in Amsterdam.

But the most awe-struck patrons of this theater of canvas sky and acrobatic planets are the school-children.

5

They troop back over the bridge to the mainland, these youngsters to whom the lake-front and everything on it are free, and invade the circular structure of white marble, beautifully adorned, that stands just at the turn of the boulevard. Hats fly off as they enter the lofty-ceiled court, glistening white, in the center of which is a pool, a rockery, and turtles on knotty logs. Pericles could hardly have outdone this temple, which is the habitat of fish. And the kids with sweaters and battered shoes, coming from who knows what melancholy cross-streets, have never seen the like.

All around the circle are avenues, like the spokes of a wheel, and there are rows of windows, each of which makes a beautiful and mystic picture. There is the illusion that one is under water, on an ocean bed, where curious weeds or rock debris furnish apartments for creatures quaint, horrible, or exquisitely formed. One sees these things as a

Chicago: A Portrait

diver sees them, but with the shark's nose blunted against the other side of the glass. A greenish light plays among the oblong prisons. At the top of the pool, water comes bubbling in.

It has taken expertness and expense to bring hither, to the edge of Lake Michigan, so many fish who own no relationship to the creatures men catch from the piers. The amazing swimmers from the tropics, from Atlantic and Pacific, from deep beds where pirate bones repose, it may be, have been transported in luxury, under the eyes of men who know them. It takes a special car, quantities of selected foods, and especially gallons upon gallons of sea-water, to keep these rare specimens alive and reasonably happy. A million gallons of water, in tanks guarded like bank treasure.

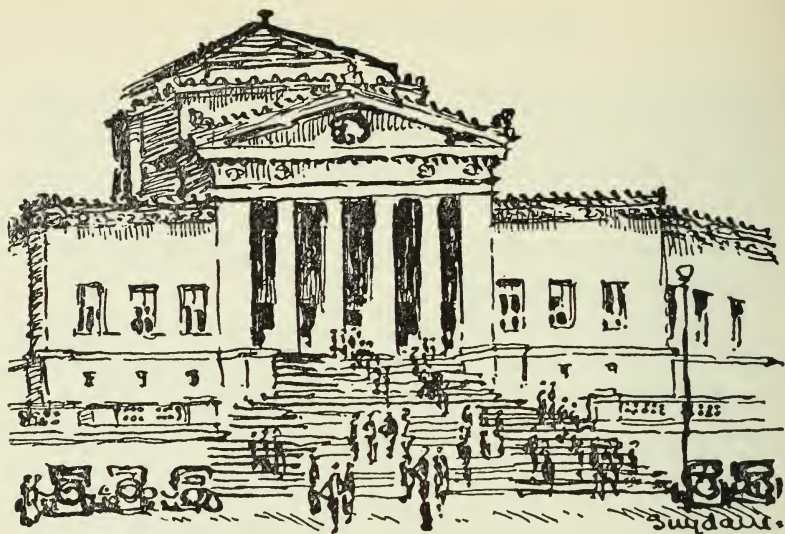
The Shedd Aquarium was not opened until half a year after the Planetarium, but its beginnings were earlier. As long ago as 1915, perhaps even before that, there had been aquarium enthusiasts in Chicago, many of them grouped in the Chicago Aquarium Society. They dreamed of a lake-front fish-temple that would cost half a million. After the World War, about the time when the Field Museum was completed, it came to be agreed that an aquarium should adorn the region; the Association of Commerce, the City Club, and others added their influence. So did the ever helpful Charles L. Hutchinson.

However, the donor was not found until there came forward John G. Shedd, who climbed up the scale in Marshall Field & Company from stock-boy to president, succeeding Marshall Field. It is said that he kept through life the memory of gamy and beautiful fish flashing in the river of

Fountains; Statues; Fish

his early New Hampshire home. In 1925 he gave two million dollars for the aquarium; and in the following year, when another million proved necessary, he gave that. Melvin A. Traylor became president of the board which saw the enterprise through and Walter H. Chute was appointed director of the aquarium.

Mr. Shedd was an art-lover. The aquarium he built is a gallery of lovely scenes, an array of deep-sea poems, as well as a laboratory for the study of an important branch of zoölogy. An elevated position makes the pure marble temple a lookout-point for viewing the lake-front; while a tie of science, as well as of business relationship between the two founders, binds it to the even more splendid building near which it stands.



Chapter XXIX

THE MARBLE MUSEUM

I

DURING the warm months of 1920 a freight-train, called by newspaper writers the "Dinosaur Special," ambled back and forth between Jackson and Grant parks, bearing treasures from the old Field Museum to the new. The Art Palace of the Columbian Exposition was being quitted. It was time.

Standing solitary on the barren new land, with half-traced roads and foot-paths leading to its doors, the gigantic marble temple, white as snow, received the freight. It was a strange spectacle: a headless elephant on a flat-car, great boxes in which the limbs of a Colorado dinosaur lay disposed like cigars in a case, a model of the moon split into over a hundred sections, a champion meteorite, other objects ranging from Indian totem-poles to the skull of a horned lizard

The Marble Museum

—all these and thousands of queer things made the journey before crowds which might have thought an extraordinary circus had come to town. At last, after a month's use of the railroad and after four months' trucking, delivering over twenty thousand cases, boxes, desks, and miscellany, not to speak of glass worth \$750,000, everything had reached its destination, and the new museum building was occupied.

That architectural achievement had been coming to completion for a long time. Written into the Chicago Plan by D. H. Burnham and associates, it had awaited a donor and, because delay in agreeing on the site almost forfeited the bequest as Marshall Field made it, the building nearly missed being born. When it was begun, the \$4,000,000 bequeathed for it (another \$4,000,000 having been given by Mr. Field for endowment) had grown by accretion to \$6,300,000. The task of building was extraordinary. Foundations for a structure covering about eleven acres had to be established on soil never meant for an acropolis. Thousands upon thousands of pilings were sunk; immense quantities of filling went in; concrete enough for half a town was poured. The exterior was incased with more than three hundred thousand cubic yards of marble brought from Georgia. That the total cost was more than \$7,000,000 was no surprise.

There was a public opening in May, 1921. Chicago could hardly believe what had been done for it; nor could it understand what would yet be done for it. The job had absorbed all the time of two armies—the museum staff, with extras, and the building workmen. Only a trifle of damage had been done to the valuable specimens when they were moved. But a little while before the public had been

Chicago: A Portrait

invited to come in, the general of the museum army, Director Frederick J. V. Skiff, had succumbed to illness. So there was sadness along with the triumph.

2

Everything about the museum, whose official name is the Field Museum of Natural History, is gigantic—the building, the purpose, and the work.

The interior of the building, which is as wide as a city block and two blocks long, is an awesome place of lofty halls and endless aisles. Few people are unwise enough to attempt walking the five or six miles of that interior in a day. The rooms are so large that, like the lake-front itself, they dwarf and isolate everything, except the prehistoric. Groups of visitors come down to pygmies. Crowds look like stragglers. Even on big days, there is an effect of lonely state, of emptiness, and therefore of infinite elbow-room. Here are walls of speckless white, silences scarcely broken by voices, and a precision of organization which would well please the founder were he alive.

In the central room, at first called the nave, but soon given the name of Stanley Field Hall, the immensity of the place is brought to the visitor at once. The ceiling stands as high as in a tall cathedral; and it is broken into scores of skylights, done in the Greek pattern of the whole. Twin black elephants stand, in lifelike posture, silhouetted against the snowy background. From their habitat the great wings run east and west, containing the catacombs of animals of many ages and of every type; or the works of art and industry of aboriginal peoples; or specimens of reptiles and fish; or reproductions of temples and cities, or human-

The Marble Museum

like figures in their home environment. On upper floors are other spacious halls, with window displays illustrating the prehistoric or the actual. Here, as in many sections below, are on view painted backgrounds, largely by Charles R. Knight, which greatly enhance interest and beauty. Like the shimmering marines in the Shedd Aquarium, these handsomely colored scenes make the visitor exclaim, "Well, the fine pictures aren't all in the Art Institute!"

One will remember long such a window display as that of a prehistoric forest (Devonian is the name) with its ghoulish growths; or a great mesa, with its effect of magically tinted distance; or the setting of the three-toed horse; or the dream-like—somewhat bad-dream-like—cave in which are found the Neanderthal man and his family. This last group was assembled and perfected after several years of careful scientific study. One needs a long look at the landscape of the carboniferous forest; another at the large presentation of the "water-hole." Some of these one finds behind a canvas, in process of being put together by a combination of artists, taxidermists, and workmen. There is always something new going forward in the Field Museum. Its evolution is as constant as that of nature. And it becomes clear that the growth of it has involved training a battalion of people to whom taxidermy is poetry and working behind those canvases is romance.

If one be permitted to visit the workshop upstairs, he finds some of these experts busy among objects like a plaster menagerie that has been in a railroad accident, or contriving lifelike casts of reptiles or fish, using a celluloid process perfected by this museum alone. Newly arrived skins of wild animals lie about. Here is the tawny hide of

Chicago: A Portrait

a lion; here is his tongue, spiked like a steel hair-brush. Here, in surroundings resembling behind-the-scenes at an opera, are sober-looking men in overalls, who know their job; a type of workmen the city hears little about.

The great array of exhibits, issuing from far lands and from that workshop, is but one side of the work of the museum. A second is exploration, in order that everything to be found that is within one of the four fields of work—anthropology, geology, botany, and zoölogy—may be headed toward the Chicago collection. A third activity is extension work.

It is this last that makes Director Stephen C. Simms, sitting gray and alert at his desk, say: "We are not merely bringing people in to look at relics. We are engaged in education."

And if the museum looks cold and austere at first glance, it is the extension work that proves its warmth.

3

We meet it again, the Chicago effort to reach out to the swarm, especially the children. Just as one sees be vies of school pupils sitting absorbed in a gallery of the Art Institute while a lecture goes on, so, in the profound silence of the museum, one comes across, any day, a file of youngsters being guided from aisle to aisle. And the museum not only draws them in, but goes out to them.

The latter effort was comfortably financed ten years before the new building was ready. One of Chicago's important bankers, Norman W. Harris, became interested in the extension work that had been started on a small scale. Mr. Harris gave a quarter of a million dollars for it, the

The Marble Museum

work was organized in a bigger way, and a special curator was appointed. He was Mr. Simms.

Threading their way through the city traffic, traveling long trunk-line streets to reach remote school buildings, two motor-trucks designed as carefully as ambulances now carry cases of specimens to be set up in the schools. A museum publication says:

At the beginning of the school year two cases apiece are delivered to all the schools. At the end of two weeks these cases are collected and delivered to other schools, while others are left in their place. . . . A school which has a botany and a food case one week may have a zoölogy and a textile case the following week, and a geology and a paper industry case after that.

The trucks average a hundred miles of travel every day. Though their construction guards against damage to the specimens, small accidents will happen, so the trucks have work-benches and tools to enable repairs to be made during the journey from one school to the next. Such is the railroad-like efficiency with which a modern museum works.

Not only are schools served but so also are reformatories, orphan-asylums, Y.M.C.A. centers, settlements, boys' clubs, and library branches. The Public Library, the Art Institute, and other institutions get service on special occasions. And does one imagine that the subjects in those cases are dead things, or remote antiquities? He may glance at a list that includes the growing of tea and the coffee plant; the making of lace; the production of artificial silk from wood; and an array of well-known Midwestern wild flowers. Or, in the geology division, the use of graphite, the making of chinaware, the origin of coal, the making of

Chicago: A Portrait

silver-plated spoons, the making of steel pens and collapsible tubes. Or, in zoölogy, specimens of (mounted) small animals, birds, fish, snakes, turtles, buffalo, moths, butterflies, and bees.

Many of these specimens are built into cases with the natural environment—the glade in which the wild flowers grow or the mine mouth whence coal issues. Beauty is brought to the schools along with natural history. Of course models of prehistoric animals are not left out.

The other important division especially devoted to the children came about considerably later, in 1925. Early in that year died James Nelson Raymond, a capitalist and unobtrusive civic patriot. His widow, a donor both to the University of Chicago and the Art Institute, decided to endow for the museum "school and children's lectureships" with the sum of three hundred thousand dollars. Noting the effect of the gift, she soon increased this amount to five hundred thousand dollars. The foundation became the "James Nelson Raymond and Anna Louise Raymond" division.

It might have been simple, and indeed inexpensive, merely to drag groups of children through the museum halls and point to the cases; but the work became more thorough than that. A plan of coöperation between museum officials and school principals led to a system whereby all this study of natural history could be carried on as a regular part of the school curricula. It was arranged so classes could be brought to the museum during school hours, and the studies there be credited on grades. But none of this was made compulsory.

Little boys and girls of the second grade are the first

The Marble Museum

beneficiaries. In the schools their course may be the life-history of an insect, and in Hall 19 of the museum they will see moths and butterflies, lifelike enough behind the glass. They may be studying a Hiawatha primer, and in the museum find Indian figures busy on their home grounds. They may be given as a school subject "Little People of the Snow" and then go to see the remarkable Eskimo collection in the museum. Then, in later grades, they may advance to the study of people, of flora and fauna, in foreign countries, in the Orient or South America; may take a look at Greek or Roman antiquities, or make long excursions in geography.

Not only public-school children but university students and those in private schools are welcomed to the museum. And in the James Simpson Theater, gift of the successor of Field and Shedd as head of Marshall Field & Company, moving-picture entertainments are given every Saturday morning to audiences averaging 2,500 children.

It is by no means surprising to find that during a recent year whose statistics included lectures in the schools, also provided for by Mrs. Raymond, more than 260,000 children were reached. The traveling cases went to a list of schools that have more than 500,000 pupils. These things could hardly have been possible had not Mrs. Raymond added to her gift when needed, and had not the heirs of Mr. Harris increased largely the fund he gave.

4

So it is seen that the building on Chicago's scientific acropolis houses a school, a university indeed, though it awards no degrees. And like every vigorous university of to-

Chicago: A Portrait

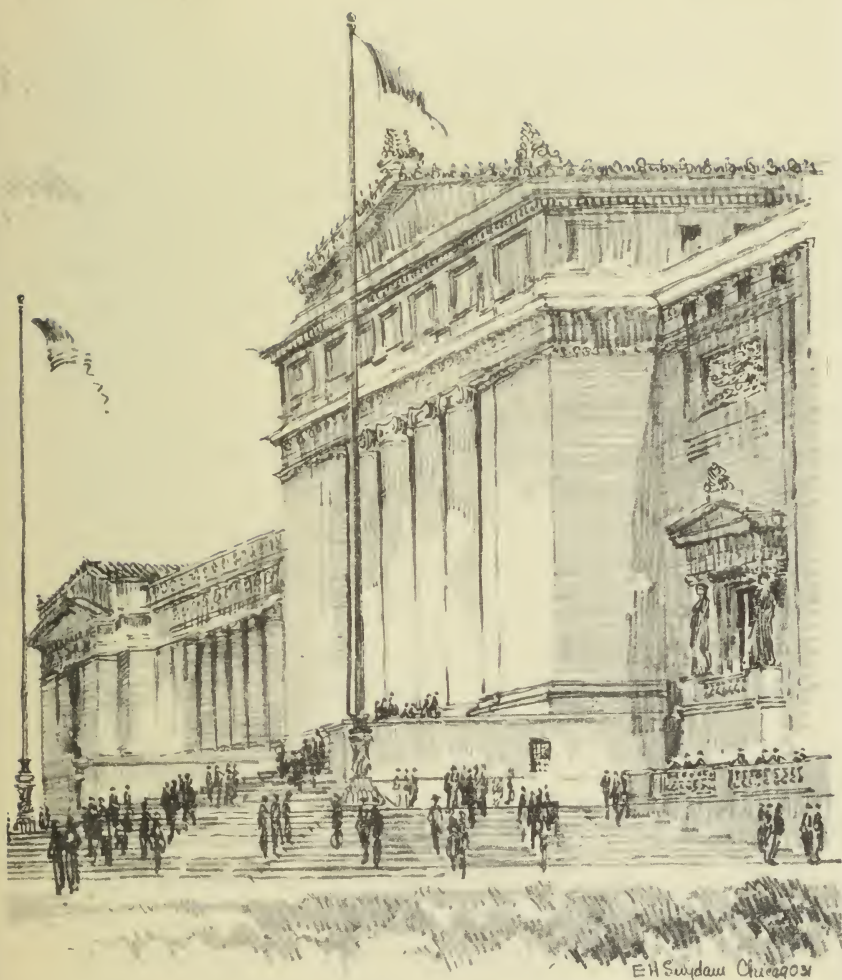
day, it has another side—that of research, discovery, adventure.

One opens at random the annual report for 1930, and reads pages which, but for the reserved literary style, might have come from Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle." A journey that seems to have no great publicity is being described. It was taken by Llewellyn Williams, assistant in wood technology, for the botany division. Mr. Williams went to Pará, Brazil, in March, 1929, and sailed twenty-three hundred miles along the Amazon to Iquitos, Peru. This town "is situated in the heart of a tropical forest, and it proved to be most satisfactory as a base."

Passages coldly stripped of the romantic follow. One learns how Mr. Williams and his party journeyed for five days in canoes "to higher regions of the Nanay river"; how he lived in "hastily erected huts"; how trips were made toward the Jarvary River, "possibly the most unhealthy region in the Amazon basin, notorious for epidemics of beri-beri, yellow fever and malaria." But Mr. Williams evidently escaped these. We find him, in the following months, exploring and collecting in forests along foot-hills of the eastern Andean range. We find him tackling the problem of getting at specimens of tall trees and high-climbing vines, and cutting down a mahogany tree one hundred and eighty feet high.

Then comes a mild descriptive passage:

Through the assistance of Señor Miguel Acosta, of Yurimaguas, porters were secured to carry the equipment, weighing several hundred pounds. A long journey, often in heavy downpours, was begun on foot over rocky and at times muddy paths. After six days of



A GLIMPSE OF THE FIELD MUSEUM

The Marble Museum

trudging through mud, fording streams, making treacherous ascents and descents, the museum party arrived at Tarapato.

Whoever has passed even two days in a jungle can appreciate how emotionless those lines are, considering the subject-matter. So with the following description of experiences weeks later, and miles away:

After a short stay at this place [Moyobamba] Mr. Williams continued his journey westward to Chachapoyas. In places the trail was like a deep, narrow ditch through which the mules carrying the equipment could barely force their way. Only experienced mountain mules could make such rough, precipitous ascents and go down such steep declivities. At times the path was strewn with falling trees and straggling vines. . . .

And after a while the party arrived at Shapaja, "about seventy miles away, on the Huallaga river." A raft was made of trunks of "Topa," a very light wood, held together by transverse pieces and vines. "This raft had to carry all the equipment, specimens and men. After negotiating whirlpools and rapids, the party reached Yurimaguas." And then everything was *redried*, repacked, loaded on a steamer for Iquitos, and the specimens, "numbering several thousand items," were assembled for shipment to the museum.

And yet some people think that a botanist is a man who hunts for anemones in the forest preserve. They may also suppose that a curator spends his life at a desk. But Dr. Berthold Laufer, of anthropology, Dr. B. E. Dahlgren, of botany, Dr. O. C. Farrington, of geology, and Dr. Wilfred H. Osgood, of zoölogy, are in the field a good part of the time, "trudging through mud, fording streams, making treacherous ascents and descents." They at the museum still

Chicago: A Portrait

recall with sorrow how an assistant curator named Paul Jones went to the Philippines and won the confidence of a wild tribe. Something went wrong and the scientist met a dreadful death at the hands of savages he had trusted.

Dr. Farrington was one of the earliest explorers for the museum, undertaking in 1895 a difficult expedition to Mexico. The next year, Dr. D. G. Elliot, then curator of zoölogy, made an expedition to Africa on a scale very large for the period. Some of his best work resulted from that six months' visit to Somaliland and near-by regions and it can be studied to-day in the museum building.

Ambition grew, and wealthy Chicagoans backed the explorers handsomely. Such men as Elmer S. Riggs, George A. Dorsey, and C. F. Millspaugh joined the museum and went far and near. Carl Akeley, early a member of the staff, achieved in 1901 what some call his masterpiece, the "Four Seasons," groups of Virginia deer. The present director, Mr. Simms, made American Indian collections of note. Akeley went to Africa again in 1905 and returned after a year with seventeen tons of natural-history material, including the buffalo in the hall named in his memory. Dr. Laufer collected more than ten thousand objects in China and Tibet.

After the new building was occupied, expeditions on a large scale became continual. At this time Marshall Field III, grandson of the merchant, came into the picture as a contributor to the institution which his grandfather had founded, and of which his uncle, Stanley Field, had been president since 1909. (The first president was Edward E. Ayer and the second H. N. Higinbotham; Mr. Field is the third.) Eight expeditions invaded South America in

The Marble Museum

1922. Also, Fay Cooper-Cole collected in Malaysia; and in the same year there began the great excavations in the ancient city of Kish, Mesopotamia, which are still continuing.

Familiar in recent annals are the expeditions in southern Asia headed by Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt, and financed by Trustees James Simpson and William V. Kelley. The most striking visual evidence of what those expeditions brought back is the window in the museum exhibiting a pair of giant panda, one of which had the distinction of being the first ever shot down by a white man.

Then, there were trips to the arctic by Donald B. McMillen, financially backed by Trustee Frederick H. Rawson, and by John Borden on his own yacht, the *Northern Light*. There were two expeditions to Abyssinia, one led by Dr. Osgood and financed by "The Chicago Daily News," which had important results. And in 1926 Marshall Field III financed a journey to Brazil, headed by Dr. George K. Cherrie. The scientific results of the expedition were impressive.

At Kish, the joint work of Oxford and the Field Museum kept on doggedly. A temple of Nebuchadnezzar was unearthed. Two wooden chariots used probably as early as 3200 B.C. were found, and many other objects were collected, helping to strip away the mystery of pre-Greek civilization in the region.

The museum organized or took part in eighteen expeditions during 1929-30.

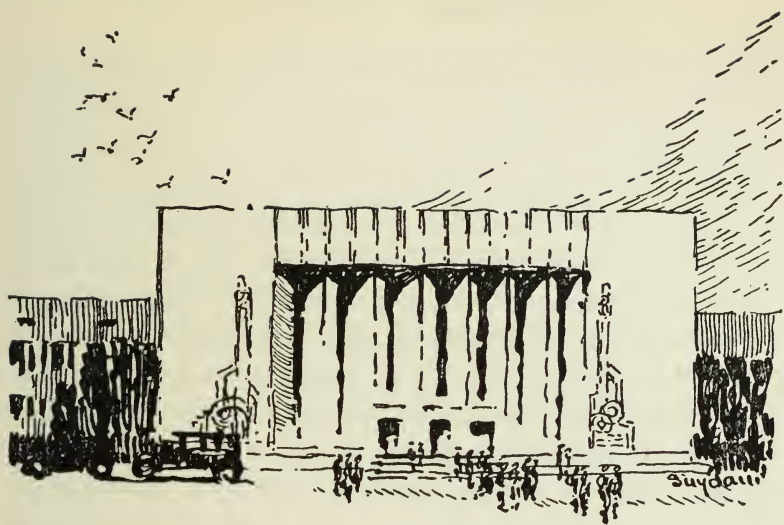
Chicago: A Portrait

that a five-hundred-page book is required to describe even one year of its work, it becomes clear that the Field Museum is not merely a landmark, or a feature of booster pamphlets. It is a scientific force of the first degree. It also has ambition and a future.

Chicago money built and organized it. Chicagoans are its supporters. The Field family, of course, has regarded it as both a sort of heirloom and a splendid responsibility; President Stanley Field is not only a president and a large contributor: he interests himself in everything that happens in the building, in the goings and comings, in workshop and even cafeteria. Yet it would be wholly wrong to picture the museum as a family affair. Any observer may see, placarded over this huge hall or that, such names as those of Edward E. Ayer, Albert W. Harris, Harlow N. Higinbotham, Clarence Buckingham, William V. Kelley, Ernest R. Graham (who designed the building), and Chauncey Keep. In Stanley Field Hall, there is a roster on a brass plate of a score of Chicagoans who contributed a hundred thousand dollars or more.

In addition, the museum has 6,000 members of all classes, nearly half being those who are able to pay but ten dollars a year. The place opens its doors during a twelve-month to 1,300,000 people. On Saturdays and Sundays its majestic front steps are thick with visitors and its doorway is crowded with automobiles, while other visitors gaze at the chaste statue of Pasteur on the western lawn.

It looks like a popular success for science.



Chapter XXX

THE DOMAIN OF COMING WONDERS

I

THE panorama is nearly rounded out. It has pictured both transitory and finished things. Now it goes into a region of beginnings, and the past tense must be abandoned.

It is the spring of 1931. A political party has lost, and so has that half-comic, half-tragic being who was its candidate. In the mayor's chair sits a man of totally different origin, personality, and method. Chicago has been through another ordeal, and, whether cleansed or not, is refreshed. It pulls itself together, as it has done so often. It forgets its colossal errors, its days of windy laughter, and its doubts. More horizons, bolder ones: such is its destination.

Over a good deal of the huge, loose-jointed organism

Chicago: A Portrait

there is a gloom or an inertia that is unnatural. Times are bad in 1931. Taxation and public revenue are in a terrible state. But in many fields the planning is as vigorous as ever. And along the miles bordering the one possession that cannot take wings—beautiful, imperishable Lake Michigan—there is plenty of activity. Far to the north, the expanding park is occupying new grass-grown acres. At the southerly curve of shore, dredges, pile-drivers, and troops of men are laboring to make all trim and safe; they are building more shore, finishing an island. South of the scientific acropolis rise the arresting outlines of new structures which prefigure a big event. Signs are up: "Century of Progress, 1933."

"So it is really coming," says Chicago. "*In two years.*"

For it is 1931, and suddenly, as it begins to seem, the town from which the city grew will be a hundred years old.

2

If, as some people chose to predict, the new World's Fair had failed to materialize at all, it would still have had its value as a goal. So many endeavors, apparently stalemated, were given a strong push when their friends said, "Something must be done by thirty-three." An agreement was reached on the tangled problem of transportation. A subway became assured. The mighty ship-canal enterprise was put into better shape. Straightening of an awkward curve in the river was completed. And one of the principal features of the Chicago Plan was borne triumphant through meshes of legal and jurisdictional detail.

It had been the intention, for many years, not only to unite the North and South sides by means of the two-level

The Domain of Coming Wonders

bridge but also to establish on the very lip of the lake a highroad leaping over the river. That boulevard grew northward through Grant Park until it halted at an industrial wall. It grew southward on the eastern edge of Streeterville until it came to a similar impasse. The two strands remained, cut off, yearning toward each other, so to speak, and the years passed.

But the Idea was never discarded. It was pursued in committee sessions, conferences of lawyers, arguments shied back and forth across tables littered with blue-prints. Once more it was a case of adjusting claims of the city, the park board, the Government, the railroad, and others. The harbor line had to be redefined. Even after all those legalisms were ironed out, the task still seemed mountainous.

One can now look down from any high lakeside window upon the first traces of the dream come true. There is the wide highway running due north from the Field Museum. There is the place where it is marked to turn a corner, and at the same time be linked with Wacker Drive, extended eastward. There is the brink of the river. In the river (in the late spring of 1931) are dredges. The observer can picture quite easily the tall bridge which is about to rise in two leaves whose jaws will go up as high as the eighth story of a building. And north of the river a breach has already been made in a row of warehouses, so that the highway can flow into its companion, and the motorist speed on around curves, emancipated from the throngs and traffic lights of Michigan Avenue.

The crowds which hailed the first work on the old original canal, and those which cheered the dedication of

Chicago: A Portrait

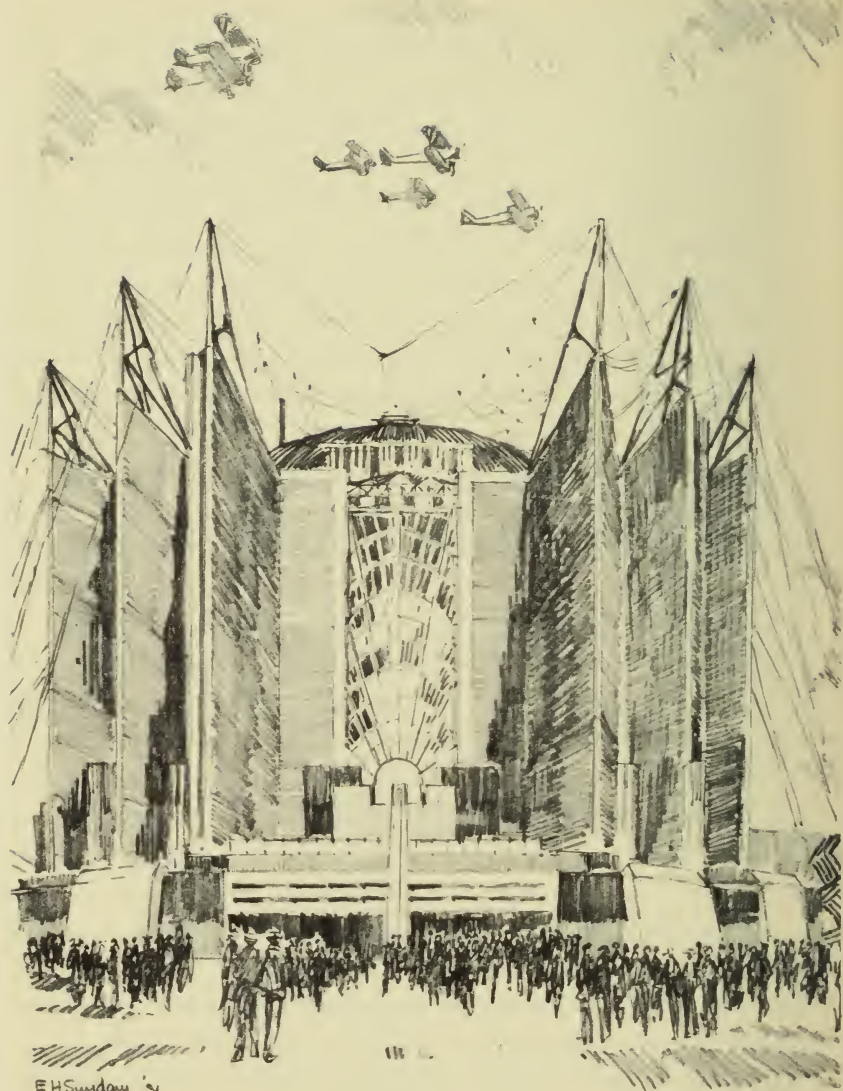
the 1867 water-tower, could hardly have been more proud than those of 1931 who saw the earth churned up for the outer-boulevard link. But in these days of numerous spectacles and achievements the event passed off as a newspaper item. Officialdom was there; presidents of the two parks clasped hands; water-craft sped about the harbor; flags fluttered. The man who felt proudest of all was, possibly, James Simpson, under whom, as head of the Chicago Plan Commission since the death of Charles Wacker, the problem had been vigorously attacked—and solved. But Mr. Simpson's words on the great day gave the credit to everybody. He said:

“Perhaps the outer drive, quite as much as any other single plan of Chicago improvement, demonstrates the effectiveness of Chicago's ‘I Will’ spirit of civic achievement.”

With the outer-boulevard link assured, another phase of the lake-front could be seen. There would come, said the prophets, an easternmost city of tall buildings, on air rights over the network of railroad yards. Already on paper were towers and “biggest” buildings. The old harbor, where in the forties and fifties tiny ships put in, the river on which canoes skated, would mirror polished shafts and countless tiers of windows.

So it seemed that people could foresee a lake-front completed. But in the minds of some it would not really be complete until somewhere along the shore the fleets of airplanes that now alight inland, the carriers of mail and passengers that make Chicago, the railroad center, an aviation center too, could find a landing.

There are more years to come.



"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS" REVEALS ITSELF

The Domain of Coming Wonders

3

However, in this 1931, the most positive evidence of complete conquest of the lake-front is found farther south. There, to quote the saying of to-day, the "World's Fair has already begun." Not only do three or four million people see the sights in the Field Museum and its neighbors but there was built, before the "Century of Progress" was more than a hint, an amphitheater for sports and other spectacles. It is big enough to fit the scheme of the fair.

Europe was bursting out with stadiums after the World War, and good-sized bowls were being hollowed in various parts of America. Chicago "went the limit." Starting on a scale that became clearly too small, it eventually built a stadium not only much larger than the reconstructed arena at Athens but with a greater capacity than those which London, Paris, or Stockholm had achieved. Chicago's arena has seats for seventy thousand people, and it can manage crowds twice that large. It has held well over a hundred thousand, on occasions of prize-fights and football games. The exact dimensions are worth mentioning. The outer part, tall and heavily columned, runs 1,435 feet from north to south, and 700 in width; the field is 1,200 by 300. The name is not "the stadium" but Soldier Field. In 1925 arose the idea to dedicate it to the fighting-men; and on armistice day of that year the dedication was solemnly performed. Not until three years later was the monster work deemed completed.

During those 1920's, the South Park Board never paused in its task of filling in, leveling off, and beautifying the slightly undulating expanse called, because D. H. Burn-

Chicago: A Portrait

ham dreamed it, Burnham Park. Section by section, the highway that runs a few feet from the waves and is called Leif Eriksen Drive, came into being. That work had setbacks. The lake threatened, and its shore had to be fortified with a jagged bulwark of stone. Also, of course, there were arguments, and there was an injunction suit that tied a bow-knot. But it seemed that the city was bound to have this waterside boulevard that stretches south to the curve adorned by tall hotels, with their frontage of landscaped play-space.

A sort of Sahara was casually dropped between the shore and the Illinois Central tracks. People practised golf shots on it, while waiting to see what would happen there. Soon there were events. Behind a fence inclosing part of the desert, appeared quantities of building material. A monster rose, with an array of curious uprights above and around its body, making it look, from a great distance, like a hat-box bordered with crochet needles. "Those are sky-hooks, holding up the dome," explained the architects.

The queer creature grew toward completion and acquired, alongside, a structure like a glorified train-shed. It became bedizened with curious bands of paint. Then Chicago began to understand clearly that the architecture of the "Century of Progress" was going to be "different." An administration building, with arresting outlines and coloring, had already sprung up, under the very eyes of the grave statues on the Grecian museum building. And besides, reverting to the far past, there appeared on the shore a faithful reproduction of the first Fort Dearborn. So the construction work of the fair, as every one could see, spanned the whole distance between the log buildings

The Domain of Coming Wonders

of the primitive city and the daring construction attempted to-day.

4

An ever impatient public waited, as intervening time dwindled, for a full account of what was to come. Naturally, the World's Fair officials could not oblige them. The things to be accomplished outnumbered those decided. Yet, in 1931, the "Century of Progress, 1933," was farther along, and much more definite, than the Columbian Exposition was in 1891. In Jackson Park, that year, the landscaping had been little more than sketched. Fifteen months before the fair was to open, the massive exhibition halls existed only as skeleton shapes. This time the seven-hundred-acre site in Burnham Park was ready more than two years early, a made island of seventy acres was being landscaped, three building enterprises were done, and others promised at once. Moreover, in contrast to the exciting wagers with financial fate made by promoters of 1893, the money question of the "Century of Progress" was settled. The treasury held sundry millions, for which General Charles G. Dawes had obtained pledges during a fast few weeks of work. Industry was being appealed to successfully for support. Foreign nations were coming in. And assurance was given that nothing would be built for which there was not money in hand. There was an efficient working organization, with Rufus Dawes, brother of the general, as president of the board; Major L. R. Lohr as manager; and Daniel Burnham director of works—the post his father had in 1893. These and others worked together for construction at low cost, and for sureness rather

Chicago: A Portrait

than excitement. "Do it with brains," they said to one another, as they conferred in their breeze-blown administration building.

Other policies were settled. The scope of the thing was defined so as to keep it from sprawling into side-shows merely sensuous, and to avoid competitive exhibits, with medals and ribbons. Those prize affairs led to many of the embarrassments of the 1893 fair; anyway, they were too undignified for the directors of a "Century of Progress." These men, and especially Rufus Dawes, looked deep into the meaning of modern industrial life, looked back across Chicago's own history, thought of what the laboratory and the workshop had brought about, and formed the belief that works of genius in science could be pictured as both exciting and beautiful. There was hearty support from the National Research Council, called in to advise. The promoters of this newest exposition brooded upon a century and its achievements, and were ambitious to make people appreciate the harmonies of mathematics or the tremblings of a light-wave or the mighty aisles of star-temples.

Could the "average man," with his kind of imagination, be brought to acknowledge that a laboratory result was a poem? The "Century of Progress" officials dared to experiment with the question. They felt sure that it required only a demonstration practical enough, and dazzling enough, to bury forever the idea that science is dull. So they planned such lures as the Travel and Transport Exhibit, with its huge dome, its reminders of primitive steam locomotion, and its model of an ocean liner.

Chicago, the railroad center, with more than twoscore trunk lines entering it as a terminus, and with ten thou-

The Domain of Coming Wonders

sand miles of track strictly within its borders, always had stirred the imagination and always would. The "Century of Progress" people proposed to show Chicagoans, and all comers, what had occurred, during a century, in the matter of "getting to places." The historic background was unexampled. In 1833 the ox-cart, the box-wagon, the equestrian mailman, the primitive steamer and schooner; in the forties the plank road and the stage-coach; in the fifties the wood-burning engine and the bumpy track; in the eighties the Pullman sleeper and the vestibule connection; to-day, the twenty-hour limited and the transcontinental train de luxe. . . . All in a hundred years!

There was discussion of historical pageants, water carnivals, and events or exhibits picturing the ascent of man. It was decided to have a Mayan temple reproduced, an Indian village, and possibly a group of buildings entitled "Old Europe." Exhibits of progress in housing, in agriculture, and in other practical fields were in the plan.

And what could not be done with the development of electric light, the telephone, the radio, the airplane? In the 1893 fair there was a general thrill over the demonstration of long-distance telephony from New York to Chicago. There was another because people could see, in all its mystery, a central station of electric power—put there by a young man then unknown to the general public, Samuel Insull. Did not the imagination leap in response to such things forty years ago, and would it not respond again to greater ones, even though accustomed to so much?

So the "Century of Progress" people decided on an Electrical Building both big and unique in design. They experimented in their laboratories with striking and beauti-

Chicago: A Portrait

ful effects, like rainbows, like falling water. They showed these to a few people, dazzled them, and said, "It may not be just like that, but you see what can be done."

Tall towers, taller than any, were traced on the tentative sky-line of this most practical of expositions. And to the startled public word went out: "If you think the buildings look queer, wait until you see them all together."

5

Like the classic buildings of 1893, so majestic but so frail, the shadow-shapes of the "Century of Progress" were of a nature to quit their lake-front as fast as they came there. Most of them certainly would go.

But, far down the slopes of Burnham Park, among the trees of earlier landscaping, there would be still adorning Chicago the Museum of Science and Industry. Chicagoans, knowing what the city had done for speed and comfort, could go to the museum to study how it came about, as well as to ponder what inventive men everywhere had done. They would be reminded that in Chicago a Cyrus McCormick emancipated the farmer (and his wife) from much back-breaking labor; that a Hiram Pitts constructed the steam thrasher; a George Pullman made travel at night by rail comparatively a bed of roses; a Gustavus Swift developed the refrigerator car for transportation of meat; in Chicago the automatic telephone got its study and its start; Jenny and Holabird worked out steel construction in buildings; Octave Chanute pioneered in gliders; Elmer Sperry applied electricity to mining machinery; Michelson devised instruments to measure the velocity of light and the dimensions of mighty stars.

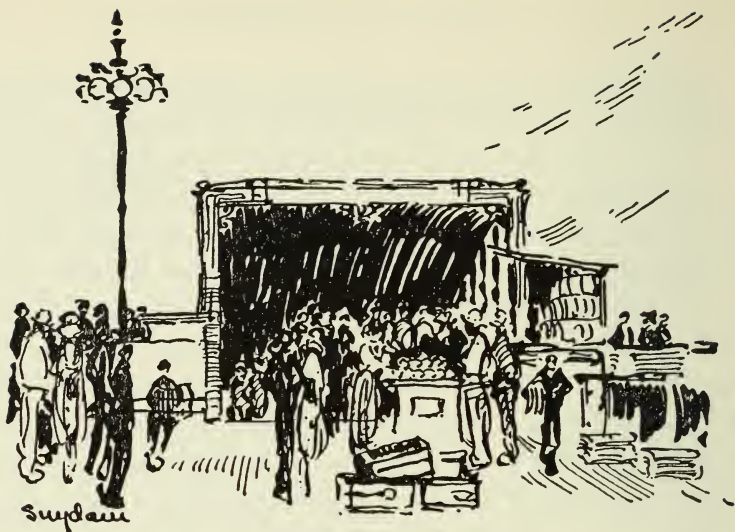
The Domain of Coming Wonders

The labors of such men made it logical that Chicago should have a museum showing how the modern world of tall buildings, speed, and convenience came to be. With a zeal not surpassed by that of the "Century of Progress" scientists, the museum army was busy, as 1931 moved along, constructing hundreds of machinery models, from which would be made objects as various as mogul locomotives, Indian canoes, airplanes, Conestoga wagons, skyscraper elevators, steamships. The processes of building giant bridges and long roads, of profiting by forests, of making foodstuffs and textiles, were included. The basement of the marble temple was being made ready for an exhibit of a coal-mine, with real mules, cars, tracks. "Even the damp smells will be reproduced," it was heralded.

6

And so, whether stocks went up or down, the spirit of 1931 on Chicago's lake-front was, "Do it anyway; do it with brains." Triumphant adornment of that splendid shore had been partly realized, but it would continue until finished. There would be a permanent World's Fair. From El Greco to the Zeiss projector, and from the robin-fish to the dinosaur, and from Neanderthal man to the mogul engine—that would be the range.

But ever most poetic, most mystic, most historic of all would be Lake Michigan itself.



Chapter XXXI

"HE"—THE CITY

I

THE afternoon is fine. Sun and a light wind are working together. That huge sky is full of cirrus masses, rolling toward the south.

With but one hand on the wheel, the taxi-driver takes it easy, skimming the border of the lake, over which gulls are circling. Turning, he calls to his passenger:

"Now, where'd you say to go? . . . Hope we find what you want . . ."

He grows still more talkative; needs no invitation, for such is the way of the Chicago taxi-man.

"If you don't move fast, the thing you think is some place just ain't there. . . . He changes so fast."



MICHIGAN AVENUE PEAKS

“He” — The City

“He?”

“The town.”

So the city is “he.” It is somebody, and not to be spoken of, like other cities we know, as feminine. A big-boy city, growing mature but with young arteries. “He” has a personality; he ought to have, when sitting for a portrait.

2

If there were a “Who’s Who” of cities, Chicago would fill out a questionnaire more verbosely than is the custom; something like this:

Born twice: As a town, August 10, 1833; as a city, March 4, 1837.

Son of the United States and the State of Illinois.

Early life one of extreme hardship; worked furiously through adolescence; sometimes could hardly call a dollar his own. Built a house and founded a fortune, without aid from rich relatives.

Studied during spare time and, while carrying on a growing business, acquired some degree of learning, appreciation of arts, and religious zeal.

Had such rapid success in business that, during early life, he neglected his dooryard, allowed his house to stand in a morass, and was careless about sewage, drinking water, and the like. But, aroused to this, he raised his house and lot bodily. Within forty years he had conquered insanitary conditions, and he and his family were in excellent health.

In 1871 he was burned out. Nearly all his business and investments were destroyed; his house with them. He scarcely paused to survey the ruins, but set to work rebuild-

Chicago: A Portrait

ing. And his new home was considered vastly better than the first one.

As he reached what appeared to be his prime, he became well known as a virile, broad-shouldered, rather careless but hospitable soul, who permitted all sorts of people to crowd his domain. Within his fences, the woes and quarrels of those people were many, and loudly expressed. He laughed and said, "Let every man speak his mind." He liked stentorian talk and a lively fight. But at the worst of times, he would step in and compose order.

Grown triumphantly rich, and having in his nature a love of beautiful things as well as material prowess, he built an exposition to which the world came. He began again rebuilding his entire property, using a careful plan for landscaping. He had invented a new way of constructing tall buildings, and he had learned the right use to make of his water frontage. Also, having gathered treasures of art, literature, and science, he began to exhibit them more widely. So people who came to visit him were often much astonished.

One of the great of the earth, a generous and vigorous soul, he confessed serious faults. He had never learned thoroughly to govern his family, nor even himself. His thoughtless hospitality permitted thieves, murderers, and plotters to come in. Getting them out again was a duty he seemed slow to recognize. But at last there were signs that this genial giant was making ready for a wholesale eviction.

Although having lived almost to his hundredth year, he was not old. Like mythical men of antiquity, he promised to live on, and to develop, through more centuries. And there were prophets who said that he would become not only big and powerful but also self-disciplined and wise.

“He” — The City

3

What seem to be, from one point of view, important features of that “person” Chicago, have been pictured in the present work, though it is a sketch rather than a finished portrait. Little attention has been given to the blemish—crime. That blemish, magnified and widely discussed by critics, is like a cyst on a face; a growth which the owner, when sitting for his picture, is too honest to hide. But when all the lineaments are seen, that spot becomes relatively trivial.

It is not surprising that a world fond of melodrama, and full of it, has greatly enjoyed the spectacle of a few men creating more thrills than 3,400,000 others could provide. Too bad that groups of back-room plotters, ambushers, and cheap murderers have been represented as Robin Hoods, but let it go. That is the fate of realism; it becomes romantic. However, one may believe that the huge crude canvases, splashed with raw color, portraying troops of killers using machine-guns, and diamond-ringed hoodlums, and headless corpses, will go out of fashion, like some of the ambitious early paintings of Napoleon’s battles. In fact and literature both, other subjects may come to seem dramatic.

So far as Chicago is concerned, one can, in normal times, watch a daily movement of people which is much more thrilling and vastly larger than anything twenty-six public enemies can control. He can see a million and three quarters of men and women, boys and girls, rise every morning, go through the hours of work, and scatter homeward at evening. He can see them freighted to their tasks in car-loads on elevated or steam trains, or hustled here and there on

Chicago: A Portrait

surface cars, or packing both levels of motor-buses, while tens of thousands drive in their own automobiles, over some of the 3,700 miles of streets. Within a year, he will count 90,000,000 riders on steam trains, 1,500,000,000 on street-cars, 190,000,000 on the L.

This hunt for the "drama of the normal" will discover the bray of factory whistles, and see mighty gates open, soon after dawn, to swarms who work with their hands or run machines. It will find, in manufacture, in salesmanship, in trade occupations or unskilled labor, nearly 1,000,000 people busy. It will enumerate, among those who rise in the elevators of sky-scrapers, or work at desks all over the city, many thousands more. To keep in motion the trains or cars that convey the hosts of workers, 90,000 men are employed. Practically the same number follow professions. If there be drama in statistics, think of those; and add that the "person" Chicago, has become rich in real estate to the extent of about \$7,500,000,000, and has put in the savings banks more than \$660,000,000.* "He" buys food and clothing, each year, at the rate of hundreds of thousands of dollars. "He" earns an annual wage averaging \$1,650.

It is impressive, perhaps, if not "dramatic," that in school buildings scattered throughout the city 500,000 children, from first to eighth grade, are studying; and it means something that there are not nearly enough places in which they may study. The city grows too fast. Too fast! There are more than 90,000 young people who have reached high-school stage; so that even the enormous buildings of that sort, looming up on all sides, are not enough, and new ones

* The reader will understand that the statistics appearing in this chapter are round numbers, and that some of them vary according to economic conditions.

“He” — The City

are capturing land in regions where a few years ago no high school at all was necessary. Several senior high schools enroll more than 5,000; a number of others, 3,000.

Furthermore, in both grade and high schools there is so much going on that no one could picture it all, even in a book. A big school is organized like a city; it provides diversion as well as teaching; it has become practical, helps the pupils learn how to live, teaches the boys how to be able citizens and the girls how to be housewives. Also, in a city that loves to invent things and make things run, there have to be five technical high schools (one for girls) enrolling in day and night classes more than 30,000.

In this Chicago which, some people appear to think, spends its time either shooting or being shot at, are nine universities, the same number of theological seminaries, seven law schools, five medical colleges, five schools of commerce, and three dental colleges. Two of the universities enjoy an “A” rating in teaching and research. On four campuses there is a population totaling more than 40,000 students. It is figured that about 100,000 young people, out of those you see tripping along the streets, are studying music; and another 5,000 or 10,000 are studying art.

This “home of the hoodlum” is also the home of 2,000,000 people who belong to, or go to, churches of all faiths.

What the Chicagoan has built, in organization, in preparation for a better future, in public institutions, is hardly more impressive than what he has done to put a roof over his head. He has a preference for a house, rather than a flat. One sixth of the people have already managed to live in single-family dwellings. A million or more oc-

Chicago: A Portrait

cupy two-flat apartments, finding more seclusion than in the big hives where live the rest. But in this residue are many thousands who will move to houses when they can manage it.

Women go into business or other jobs when there is need and opportunity, but at present there is, in the grand total of workers, only one woman employed to every three men. The majority of employed women are scarcely grown to maturity, and only in downtown offices does the number of them approach the total of men.

Neither work nor any other factor is very discouraging to marriages, which far outnumber the deaths—in what is called a dangerous city. Nor do its perils deter the arrival each year of 50,000 to 60,000 eager though querulous incipient Chicagoans, the new-born infants.

4

The workers, the hundreds of thousands "keeping hours," perhaps governed by time-clocks, find diversion to an extent that is astonishing. The city began a long time ago seeking to counteract the effect of intense labor and close confinement. Recreation has become an enterprise of first rank. It is organized. It enlists so many people, with restrictions so few, that play has become one of the successes of a democratic community.

To a large extent it is open-air sport; the theater and the dance-halls, though thronged, do not draw as many devotees as the outdoors. First came the parks, then came the discovery of the lake. The parks, as the city and its transportation grew, came within easy range. On those play-spots grew up a serious effort to make athletes. At

“He” — The City

present, under municipal charge, 200,000 young people, during a year, get athletic instruction. Of that number, about 3,000 become eligible to enter athletic meets. Other thousands—or some of the same—use public skating-ponds.

Swimmers are being developed to an extent that makes Chicago nearly amphibious. Not merely do thousands dip their toes into water at some shallow beach; there are still other thousands of real swimmers, who venture well out into the lake; who in cold seasons can, if they like, be mermen or mermaids in the park natatoriums. There are nearly thirty miles of beaches along Lake Michigan, in “greater Chicago.” Forty years ago there were two. Yachting and motor-boating result in big fleets and big harbors. Seaplanes flit among them. Such is the waterside in an inland city.

The Chicago area is spotted with baseball fields, tennis-courts, and golf-courses. All these attract enough to populate a city. But the Scotch game, especially, has taken people by storm. A half-hour, an hour from the region of offices and factories, the golfer can find more than two hundred courses, the majority of them public or semi-public. About one fifth of the entire population of the city, according to figures kept in parks or elsewhere, plays the game during the year.

Yes, Chicago, despite a climate that is really genial only about five months in twelve, takes to the open air. Nor does it, on every Sunday, merely whirl along highways, seated in automobiles. Besides indulging in the active sports mentioned, the Chicagoan rides horseback, on 175 miles of riding-track. . . . Somehow, that seems surprising.

Chicago: A Portrait

5

Seeking work, play, or education, Youth invades Chicago, just as it always has. The city's opportunities, its excitements, even its threats, no doubt, utter messages which Youth cannot resist. It is the center of a region fecund in the young and strong. From this Midwest, more than from any other, at present, come the new people.

They love Chicago's restlessness, its vivid symbols of changes, the startling contrasts of its scene. They examine it and know the zest of finding hovels within a half-mile of glossy towers or smart shops; of finding lofty "coöps" thrust upward among brown-stone antiques; of traveling along streets that begin in the country and suddenly plunge among huddles of surly plants; of seeing a playground or a little carnival tent under the pall of a gas-house; of confronting faces of all nations, and so many of them black, brown, or yellow; of discovering Indian relics at the edge of a concrete highway; of watching blind violinists play, unheard, amid the fanfare of a boulevard; of joining in the parade of the Street of Bazaars, with one there who is "Blind and Alone"; of riding to work on trains which, one moment, plunge among slums, the next, ride high above parkways; of seeing a modern moon rise behind a Greek Temple.

What quick blood of youth would not respond to such a spectacle, such a world of inconsistency, freedom, and blunt speech? Young men see the city pushing on to some sort of completion, which may never be attained. If not, all the better. There would be something lost from a finished Chicago. Let it be forever tearing down and building up. That is what Youth prefers.

“He” — The City

6

Two voices from the past:

First, that of Mark Beaubien, the innkeeper, the ferryman, the jolly fiddler, who wrote, exultantly, if ungrammatically:

“I arrived in Chicago in the year of 1826 from Detroit. Came with my family by team; no road, only an Indian trail. I had to hire an Indian to show me the road to Chicago. I camped outdoors and bought a log house from Jim Kinzie. They was no town lay’d out; didn’t expect no town. When they lay’d out the town, my house lay’d out in the street. When they lay’d out the town I bought two lots, where I built the old Sauganash, the first frame house in Chicago.”

The second voice, that of Louis Sullivan, artist and dreamer, who arrived in Chicago in the seventies, to be an architect:

“The train neared the city; it broke into the city. . . . It reached its terminal. Louis tramped the platform, stopped, looked toward the city . . . looked at the sky; and as one alone, stamped his feet, raised his head, and cried, in full voice: ‘THIS IS THE PLACE FOR ME.’ ”

INDEX

- Academy of Music, 58
 Academy of Sciences, 268
 Adams, Milward, 324
 Addams, Jane, 161, 255
 Adler, Max, 340
 Adler Planetarium, 339
 Ahner, Henry, 323
 Akeley, Carl, 354
 Aldis, Arthur T., 314
 Alhambra Theater, 58
 Allerton, Robert, 305
 Allerton, Samuel, 81
 "Alley L," 78
 American Meat Packers' Institute, 138
 Anarchists of 1886, 162-164
 Anderson, Margaret, 103
 Andrews, Clement W., 302
 Antiquarian Society, 315
 Apollo Club, 321
 Apollo Theater (former), 25
 Archer Avenue, 142-151
 Archer, Col. William, 144, 145
 Argyle Park, 204, 217
 Armour Institute, 82
 Armour, J. Ogden, 81
 Armour & Company, 135
 Armour, P. D., 69, 230
 Arnold, Bion J., 289
 Arnold, Isaac N., 102, 234, 297
 Art Institute, 303-316
 Astor, John Jacob, 249
 Atwood, Charles B., 129
 Auditorium, The, 17, 18, 324
 Austin, 173
 Ayer, Edward E., 125, 241
 Balatka, Hans, 321
 Ballard, Everett Guy, 25
 Bank Deposits, 372
 Baptist Theological Seminary, 109
 Barnes, Mrs. Cecil, 248
 Barnett, F. L., 85
 Barnett, Ida Wells, 85
 Bartlett, A. C., 81, 325
 Bartlett, Frederic Clay, 308
 Barton, W. A., 206
 Bates, Eli, 266
 Battery D, 290
 Bay, J. Christian, 302
 Beaubien, Jean Baptiste, 285
 Beaubien, Mark, 36, 377
 Beecher, Henry Ward, 55
 Beman, S. S., 19
 Bendix, Vincent, 249
 Bennett, Arnold, 132
 Bennett, E. H., 337
 Beveridge, John, 212
 Billings, Dr. Frank, 278
 Black Hawk War, 37
 Black Partridge, 194
 Blackstone, Mrs. T. B., 300
 Blaine, Mrs. Emmons, 248
 Blatchford, E. W., 239
 Blue Island Avenue, 161
 Board of Trade, 64-72
 Bogan, William J., 332
 Boise, James R., 114
 Bonbright, Daniel, 212
 Books, Circulation of, 293-294
 Booth, Sherman, 278
 Borden, John, 355
 Borglum, Gutzon, 267
 Borovsky, Karol Havlicek, statue of 185
 Borowski, Felix, 332
 Boston Store, 54
 Botsford, Jabez, 210
 Boulevard Link Bridge, 32
 Bourget, Paul, 132
 Bowen, Mrs. Joseph T., 254-256, 261
 Bowen, Chauncey T., 117
 Boyington, W. W., 272
 Boyle, John J., 266
 Bradley, William H., 239
 Breasted, James H., 96
 Bremer, Fredrika, 232
 Brewster, Walter, 314
 Bross, William, 15
 Brown, William H., 269
 Browne, J. Lewis, 331
 Bryan, I. J., 259

Index

- Bubbly Creek, 139-140
 Buckingham, Clarence, 315, 337
 Buckingham, Kate, 315, 337
 Buckingham, Maud, 315
 Buckingham fountain, 337
 Buena Park, 214
 Burbank, Elbridge, 242
 Burnham, D. H., 67, 124, 197, 209
 Burnham, D. H. (II), 205, 363
 Burton, Ernest D., 95
 Bush Temple, 233
 Business Men's Orchestra, 320
 Butler, Edward B., 81, 197, 310
 Butler, Pierce, 242

 Caldwell, Billy, 193-195
 Calumet, Lake, 106; River, 106
 Carlson, Anton J., 99
 Carpenter, George Benedict, 55
 Carpenter, George B., 244
 Carpenter, John Alden, 331
 Carpenter, Newton H., 314
 Carson Pirie Scott & Co., 54
 Carson, Sam, 53
 Casino Club, 253
 Caton, Judge John D., 35
 Central Manufacturing District, 155
 Central Music Hall, 55-56
 Century of Progress, 358, 362-365
 Cermak, A. J., 201
 Chalmers, William J., 169
 Chamberlin, Everett, 211
 Chamberlin, T. C., 98
 Chanute, Octave, 366
 Chapel, University of Chicago, 96
 Chappell, Fred A., 146
 Chatfield-Taylor, H. C., 170
 Cherrie, George K., 355
 Chesbrough, Ellis S., 272
 Chicago Athletic Club, 21
 Chicago Avenue Police Station, 233
 Chicago Club, 305
 Chicago Commercial Club, 197, 288
 Chicago Commons, 190
 Chicago Historical Society, 269
 Chicago & Northwestern Railway, 43
 Chicago Orchestral Association, 324
 Chicago Plan, 32, 42, 288
 Chicago Public Library, 84, 292-301
 Chicago river, 34-45
 Chicago Theological Seminary, 94
 Chicago Woman's Club, 317
 Chinatown, 151; "City hall," 152
 Chute, Walter H., 343

 City Club, 327
 Civic Music Association, 327, 329
 Civic Opera, 328-330
 Civic Opera Building, 44
 Claffin, Tennessee, 25
 Clark, George Rogers, 226
 Clarke, George R., 117
 Clearing, 155
 Cleaver, Charles, 101
 Cobb, Henry Ives, 240
 Cobb, Silas B., 93
 Columbia Theater, 58
 Columbus Park, 174
 Columbus Memorial Building, 55
 Concordia Maennerchor, 321
 Continental Illinois Bank, 16, 72
 Cook County Hospital, 170
 Cook, Frederick F., 233
 Cooley, Lyman E., 212
 Cooper-Cole, Fay, 355
 Cooper, Frank, 54
 Cornell, Paul, 102, 117
 Cottlow, Augusta, 266
 Couch, Ira, 264
 Coulter, John M., 98
 Cox, Kenyon, 313
 Crane, Charles R., 79
 Crane Co., 166
 Crawford, James, 37
 Crerar, John, 334; library, 301-302
 Crime, 371
 Criterion Theater, 58
 Crosby, Gen. Schuyler, 311
 Crunelle, Leonard, 80
 Cudahy, John, 80
 Culver, Helen, 95, 161

 Dohn, Adolf, 321
 Daily News, building, 45; Sanita-
 rium, 269
 Daly, Augustin, 58
 Dauphin Park, 204
 Davis, Abel, 201, 278
 Davis, Jefferson, 106
 Davis, Will J., 58, 59
 Dawes, Charles G., 140, 209, 243
 Dawes, Rufus, 363, 364
 Death Corner, 232
 Deering, Charles, 274
 Deering, William, 212
 De Koven, John, 244
 De Lamar, J. R., 19
 DeLamarter, Eric, 327
 Deneen, Charles S., 278

Index

Dennis, Charles H., 214
 De Paul University, 229
 De Priest, Oscar, 85
 DeWolf, Wallace, 309
 Desplaines Street Police Station, 162
 Des Plaines River, 38, 44
 Dill Pickle Club, 244
 Disciples House, 94
 Diversey, Michael, 227, 228
 Dixon, Arthur, 80
 Dorsey, George A., 354
 Douglas, Camp, 101
 Douglas Park, 180-184
 Douglas, Stephen A., 91; Monument, 101
 Drake, John B., 73
 Drexel, A. J., 119, 121
 Dunham, Mary Virginia, 14, 15
 Dunne, Finley Peter, 147
 Dyche, William A., 276; Stadium, 274
 Dyhrenfurth, Julius, 321

Eastland disaster, 38, 39
 Eckhart, B. A., 183, 251
 Eckhart, Percy B., 314
 Eckstein, Louis, 331
 Eddy, Clarence, 17
 Edgewater, 215
 Edgewater Beach Hotel, 253
 Egan, William B., 102, 145
 Eggers, Geo. W., 315
 Elks' Memorial, 227
 Elliott, Caroline, 293
 Elliott, D. G., 354
 Elmhurst, 206
 Ely, Richard T., 279
 Employment, 372
 Englewood, 107
 Epstein, Max, 314
 Eriksen, Leif, Statue of, 185
 Evans, Dr. John, 73, 210
 Evanston, 205, 209-212
 Exposition Building, 324

Fair, The, 25, 54
 Fairbank, Mrs. Kellogg, 248
 Fairbank, N. K., 26, 297
 Farrington, O. C., 353
 Farwell, John V., 52, 261, 272
 Farwell, John V., Jr., 197
 Fay, Charles N., 325
 Federal Building, 62
 Federal Reserve Bank, 72

Ferguson, B. F., 336
 Field, Eugene, 213; Memorial, 267
 Field, Henry, 308
 Field, Marshall, 30, 52-53, 92, 125, 297
 Field Museum, 126, 289, 344-356
 Field, Stanley, 346, 354, 356
 Fisher, Walter L., 289
 Foreman, Henry G., 197, 198
 Forest Preserves, 192-201
 Forgan, James B., 73
 Fort Dearborn, 4, 35, 42; Massacre of, 5
 Fortnightly Club, 253
 Fountain of Time, 122
 Fourth Presbyterian Church, 253
 Fox, Philip, 279
 French, Daniel C., 127
 French, Randall, 302
 French, William R., 314
 Friday Club, 253
 Frohman, Daniel, 58
 Frost, Edwin B., 99
 Fullerton, Alexander, 227
 Furniture Mart, 32, 43

Gage, Lyman J., 196
 Galena-Chicago Union Railway, 44
 Gamble, William, 212
 Garden, Mary, 329
 Garfield Park, 180-184
 Garrett Biblical Institute, 274
 Gary, Elbert H., 277
 Gassette, Norman T., 57
 Gates, F. T., 92
 Germania Maennerchor, 321
 Glencoe, 208
 Glessner, John J., 325
 Goerling, Felix, 184
 Gold Coast, 230, 246-257
 Goodhue, Bertram, 96
 Goodman, William O., 306
 Goodrich, Grant, 210
 Goodspeed, Thomas W., 92, 126
 Graham, E. R., 356
 Grand Crossing, 103
 Grand Opera House, 58
 Grand Pacific Hotel, 16, 73
 Grant, Gen., 51; Monument, 267
 Grant Park, 12
 Great Fire, 159
 "Great Lakes" fountain, 336
 Green, O. B., 268
 Green Bay Road, 207, 216

Index

Greenebaum, Henry E., 179, 297
 Gresham, Walter Q., 81
 Gross Park, 204
 Gross, S. E., 203
 Grosse Point, 209
 Gunsaulus, Rev. F. W., 81, 315
 Gurnee, Walter, 287

Hadley, Herbert, 278
 Halsted Street, 155, 226
 Hamill, C. D., 325
 Hamill, C. H., 328
 Hamill, Ernest A., 73
 Hand, Johnny, 171
 Harmon, Paddy, 166
 Harper, William R., 92, 113
 Harris, A. W., 274
 Harris, Norman W., 348
 Harrison, Benjamin, 17
 Harrison, Carter H. (I), 163, 169, 186
 Harrison, Carter H. (II), 169
 Harshe, Robert B., 314
 Haskell, Frederick, 74
 Hatfield, James T., 278
 Hay, Helen Scott, 278
 Haymarket Statue, 186
 Haymarket Theater, 58
 Head, Franklin H., 240
 Healy, G. P. A., 310
 Heidelmeier, Max, 28
 Henderson, David, 58
 Henson, P. S., 79
 Herskovits, Melville, 279
 Higgins, Van H., 102
 High, George H., 251
 Highland Park, 208
 Higinbotham, H. N., 80
 Hinman, Clark T., 210
 Hirsch, Emil G., 78
 Hitt, Isaac R., 179
 Holabird, John A., 66
 Holabird, William, 20
 Holden, C. C. P., 179, 297
 Holy Name Cathedral, 245
 Honoré, H. H., 31, 80, 168
 Hooker, George, 196
 Hooley's Theater, 57
 Houghteling, James L., 245
 Hoyne, Thomas, 297
 Hoyt, William M., 244
 Hubbard, Gurdon S., 249
 Hudson, Grace, 242
 Hughes, Thomas, 296
 Hughitt, Marvin, 81

Hulbert, E. B., 74
 Hulbert, Eri B., 114
 Hull, Charles J., 95, 161
 Hull House, 160-161
 Humboldt Park, 180-184
 Hurd, Harvey B., 212, 278
 Hutchins, Robert M., 95
 Hutchinson, B. P., 67
 Hutchinson, Charles L., 95, 289, 303-305, 342
 Hyde Park, 103

Illinois Athletic Club, 21
 Illinois Central Railroad, 286
 Illinois Merchants Trust Co., 72
 Illinois Trust & Savings Bank, 73
 Ingersoll, "Bob," 51
 Insull, Samuel, 19, 329
 International Harvester Co., 161
 Iroquois Theater, 57, 59
 Irving Park, 217
 Isham, E. S., 272
 Isham, Dr. Ralph, 244

Jackson Hall, 63
 Jackson Park, 91, 123-125
 Jenney, W. L. B., 20, 63, 179
 Jensen, Jens, 182-184
 Jewett, John N., 264
 Johnson, Herrick, 229
 Johnson, John, 295
 Johnston, Samuel, 266
 Joliet, Louis, 144
 Jones, Fernando, 81
 Judah, Noble B., 278
 Judd, Norman B., 102
 Judson, Harry Pratt, 95
 Juvenile Protective Association, 256

Keeler, Leonard, 279
 Keene, Thomas, 58
 Keep, Frederick A., 244
 Keith, Edson, 81
 Keith, Elbridge, 81
 Kelley, William V., 355
 Kendall, Arthur I., 279
 Kenilworth, 208
 Kennicott, John, 102
 Kennicott, Ransom, 201
 Kenniston, David, 267
 Kent, Sidney A., 137
 Kenwood, 102
 Kerfoot, William D., 244
 Kettlestrings, Joseph and Betty, 206

Index

- Kimball, W. W., 309
 King, Charles Bird, 242
 Kinzie, John, 43
 Kipling, Rudyard, 51, 132
 Kirkland, Joseph, 121
 Kohlsaat, Herman H., 81
 Kosciusko, Statue of, 185

Lady Elgin, wreck of the, 212
 Laemmle, Carl, 157
 Laflin, Mathew, 268
 Lake Forest, 207
 Lake Front, 281-290
 Lake Shore Drive, 251, 261
 Lake View, 215
 Lane, Albert G., 233
 Langtry, Lily, 58
 Larrabee, Charles, 255
 Lathrop, Bryan, 325
 Laufer, Berthold, 353
 Lawson, Iver, 262
 Lawson, Victor F., 233
 Lee, T. G., 135
 Legler, Henry E., 300
 Lehmann, E. J., 25, 54
 Leiter, Joseph, 69
 Leiter, L. Z., 30, 52, 272, 297
 Leland Hotel, 20
 Leonard, A. G., 139
 Lewis Institute, 166
 Lewis, W. Lee, 280
 Lill, William, 229
 Lillie, Frank R., 99
 Lincoln, Abraham, 211, 261; Wig-
 wam, 42; Monument in Lincoln
 Park, 266; "Rail-splitter Statue,"
 185; "Seated Lincoln," 335-336
 Lincoln Park, 30, 258-270
 Lindbergh Light, 33
 Little Hell, 231
 Loeb, Jacques, 98
 Logan, Frank G., 314
 Logan Square, 187
 Logan, Gen., 51; Statue, 317
 Lohr, L. R., 363
 London Guarantee Building, 42
 Louthier, Thomas, 296
 Lowden, Frank O., 140, 278
 Lowell, James Russell, 55
 Loyola University, 216
 Luckhardt, Arno, 99
 Lombard, Frank and Jules, 321
 Lunt, Orrington, 210; library, 274
 Lytton, Henry C., 54

 MacChesney, N. W., 276
 MacLeish, Andrew, 53
 MacVeagh, Franklin, 240
 Mandel Brothers, 54
 Marcossou, Isaac, 68
 Marquette, Father, 175
 Marshall Field & Company, 17, 43
 Martin, Dr. Franklin H., 278
 Martin, Horace H., 242
 Mason, Max, 95
 Mason, Roswell, 286
 Masonic Temple, 56-57
 Matthews, Shailer, 95
 Maxwell Street Market, 158
 Mayer, Mrs. Levy, 276
 Maywood, 206
 McCagg, Ezra B., 262
 McClellan, Geo. B., 102
 McClurg, Gen. A. C., 240
 McCormick, Mrs. Chauncey, 315
 McCormick, Cyrus (I), 162, 229
 McCormick, Harold F., 248
 McCormick, Mrs. Rockefeller, 200,
 248, 251
 McCutcheon, John T., 200
 McDonald, Mike, 170
 McDowell, Mary, 135, 136
 McKenna, John J., 147-148
 McKinlock Campus, 276
 McKinlock, Mr. and Mrs. G., 276, 305
 McMillen, Donald B., 355
 McVicker, James H., 58, 80, 229
 McVicker's Theater, 58
 Medical Center, 170
 Medill, Joseph, 66, 148, 266; School
 of Journalism, 277
 Medinah Athletic Club, 32
 Meeker, Mrs. A. B. (quoted), 21
 Melchers, Gari, 304
 Merchandise Mart, 43
 Merriam, Charles E., 205, 289
 Michelson, A. A., 98
 Michigan Central Railway, 16
 Middleton, George, 80
 Midway Plaisance, 91, 120
 Miles, Gen. Nelson A., 267
 Miller, Samuel, 43
 Milliman, Jacob, 260
 Millsbaugh, C. F., 354
 Milwaukee Avenue, 180, 189
 Mitchell, John J., 73-74, 95
 Monadnock Block, 61
 Moody, Dwight L., 233, 261
 Moore, Edward, 329

Index

- Morgan Park, 110
 Morris, E. H., 85
 Morton, "Nails," 157
 Moulton, F. R., 98
 Mowrer, Ernest R., 222
 Moy, Frank, 152
 Mucha, Alphonse, 313
 Mulford, Col. E. H., 209
 Munger, Albert A., 309
 Museum of Science and Industry, 128-129, 366
 Myrick Tavern, 101, 133

 National Research Council, 364
 Navy Pier, 12, 282
 Nef, J. U., 98
 Nelson, Andrew, 262
 Nelson, Swain, 262
 Netcher, Charles, 54
 Newberry Library, 236-243
 Newberry, W. L., 236, 294
 Newberry, Walter C., 240
 New England Congregational Church, 244
 Niles Center, 225
 Nordica, Mme. Lillian, 19
 Northrup, Geo. W., 114
 North Shore, The, 207
 North Side Turner Hall, 233
 Norton, John, 65
 Northwestern University, 32, 210, 273-280
 Noyes, Henry S., 212

 Oakley, Horace, 240
 Oak Park, 205, 206
 Ogden, Mahlon D., 234
 Ogden, William B., 84, 227, 228, 234
 "Old Armory" Police Station, 77
 Oldberg, Arne, 331
 Olivet Baptist Church, 85
 O'Leary House, 159
 Olmstead and Vaux, 120
 Onahan, W. J., 230
 Orchestra Hall, 318, 325
 Osgood, Wilfred H., 353
 Otis, Joseph E., 74
 Otis, Philo A., 325
 Quilmette, Anton, 209

 Pacific Garden Mission, 117
 Paderewski, 55, 324
 Page, Mrs. Thomas Nelson, 309
 Palmer House, 50-52

 Palmer, Potter, 26, 31, 49, 248
 Palmer, Mrs. Potter, 31, 308
 Palmer, Potter, Jr., 52, 314
 Palmolive Building, 33, 273
 Passavant Hospital, 276
 Patten, James A., 70, 212, 274
 Patti, Adelina, 17, 55
 Payne, John Barton, 289
 Peabody, Francis B., 244
 Pearce, J. Irving, 117
 Peck, Ferdinand W., 16, 17, 18, 80
 Peck, P. F. W., 15, 16, 72
 Pennell, Joseph, 313
 People's Symphony Orchestra, 320
 Perkins, Dwight H., 197
 Pilgrim Baptist Church, 85
 Pinkerton, William A., 169
 "Pioneer," The, 44
 Pirie, J. T., 53
 Pointe de Sable, 84
 Pond, Allen B., 196
 Poole, William H., 239, 299
 Population, 205, 220
 Powers, Harry, 58
 Prairie Avenue, 81
 Pratt, Silas, 321
 Presbyterian Seminary, 228
 Prindiville, John, 37
 Produce Market, 156
 Pullman, George M., 18, 19, 81

 Quadrangle Club, 99
 Queen Victoria, 296
 Quigley Memorial, 273
 Quinn Chapel, 86

 Racquet Club, 253
 Randolph, Isham, 38, 40
 Ravinia Opera Company, 330
 Rawson, F. H., 355
 Raymond, Anna Louise, 312, 350
 Ream, Norman B., 81
 Rebisso, L. T., 267
 Recreations, 374-375
 Rehm, Jacob, 262
 Reinberg, Peter, 198-200
 Reuter, Fritz, Statue of, 185
 Reynolds Brothers, 74
 Richardson, H. H., 17
 Richelieu Hotel, 20
 Riverside, 206
 Robinson, Alexander, 194, 196
 Robson, John, 296
 Rockefeller, John D., Sr., 92

Index

Roden, Carl B., 295, 300
 Rogers, Henry Wade, 275
 Rogers, James Gamble, 275
 Rogers, Philip, 215
 Rogers Park, 215
 Rohl-Smith, Carl, 82
 Rookery Building, 64, 66
 Root, John, 20, 56
 Root, John W., 66
 Rosenthal, Julius, 297
 Rosenthal, Lessing, 289
 Rosenwald, Julius, 86, 128, 300, 314
 Riggs, Elmer S., 354
 Roosevelt, Kermit, 355
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 355
 Rostand, Edmund, 204
 Ryerson, Edward L., 240
 Ryerson, Joseph T., 287
 Ryerson, Martin A., (I), 266
 Ryerson, Martin A., (II), 93, 306

Saddle and Cycle Club, 253
 Sandburg, Carl, 191
 Sanitary District Canal, 38, 40, 41
 Sauers, Charles G., 201
 Scammon, J. Young, 15, 94, 117
 Schiller Theater, 57
 Schlesinger & Mayer, 54
 Schneider, George, 297
 Schools, 372
 Schulze, Walter H., 309
 Scott, George, 53
 Scott, Robert, 53
 Scott, Stephen, 209
 Scott, Walter Dill, 275
 Scott, Gen. Winfield, 37
 Sears, Roebuck & Co., 166
 Seipp, Mrs. Conrad, 80
 Selfridge, Harry G., 54
 Senn High School Chorus, 322
 Senn, Dr. Nicholas, 302
 Shau-bo-nee, 194
 Shedd Aquarium, 341
 Sheffield, Joseph, 229
 Shepard, Henry M., 79
 Sheridan, Gen., 51; Statue, 267
 Sheridan Road, 212, 216
 Sherman, Gen., 51
 Sherman, Hotel, 57
 Sherman, John B., 133
 Shorey, Daniel, 93
 Shumway, Philip R., 276
 Siegel, Henry, 54
 "Signal of Peace" Statue, 259

Sikes, George C., 196
 Simpson, James, 351, 360
 Simms, Stephen C., 348
 Sinclair, Upton, 138
 Skiff, F. J. V., 346
 Skinner, Mark, 236
 Skokie Marsh, 199
 Small, Albion W., 196
 Smith, Byron L., 81
 Smith, Orson, 73
 Smyth, John M., 166
 Snyderdacker, Joseph G., 19
 Soldier Field, 361
 South Chicago, 105
 Sowerby, Leo, 331
 Spencer, Edward, 212
 Sperry, Elmer, 366
 Spoor, John A., 139
 Sprague, Albert A., 81
 Stagg, A. A., 127
 Starr, Ellen Gates, 161
 St. Chrysostom's, 253
 St. Gaudens, Augustus, 266, 334
 St. James Episcopal Church, 234, 245
 Stock, Frederick, 325-326
 Stockton, Gen. Joseph, 262
 Stockyards, Union, 130-141; Stock-
 yards & Transit Co., 133; Com-
 munity Council, 134; National
 Bank, 139; Inn, 139
 Stone, H. O., 250
 Storrs, John, 65
 Stratford Hotel, 20
 Streeter, George W., 23-29
 Streeter, Maria, 27
 Streeterville, 28, 49, 271
 Strombach, Carl, 265
 Strong, W. E., 234
 Sullivan, Capt. Dennis, 37
 Sullivan, Louis, 17, 54, 377
 Sunday Evening Club, 318
 Swett, Leonard, 102
 Swift, G. F., 137
 Swift & Company, 134, 136
 Swing, David, 55, 229
 Tacoma Building, 63
 Taft, Lorado, 122, 128, 336
 Tallmadge, Thomas, 17
 Tamagno, 17
 Tavern Club, 281
 Taylor, Graham, 190, 196
 Terrace Row, 15
 "The Alarm" Statue, 266

Index

- Thomas, Theodore, 125, 243, 323-324
 Thompson, James, 59
 Thompson, Slason, 213
 Tomlins, William L., 321
 Tooker, Dr. R. N., 244
 Touhy, P. L., 215
 Tower Building, 14
 "Towertown," 230
 Traylor, Melvin A., 74, 343
 Tree, Lambert, 240, 266, 267
 Tribune Building, 32
 Turner, John B., 262
 Twain, Mark, 51
- Unger, Julius, 323
 Union Club, 235
 Union League Club, 62
 Union Park, 118, 170
 Union Station, 45
 U. S. Marine Hospital, 215
 University Club, 21
 University of Chicago, 91-101;
 Settlement, 135
 Upton, George P., 321
 Uptown, 222
 Urban League, 86
 Utley, George B., 243
- "Valley," The, 155
 Van Osdel, John M., 36, 234
 Van Zandt, Nina, 164-166
 Voegeli, Henry E., 327
 Volk, Leonard, 101, 310
 Von Humboldt Statue, 184
- Wacker, Charles H., 42
 Wacker Drive, 42, 289
 Walker, Geo. C., 108, 117
 Wallace, John F., 289
 Waller, Robert A., 214
 Walsh, John R., 74
 Walsh, William, 37
 Ward, Estelle, 274
 Ward, Mrs. Joseph T., 60
 Ward, Montgomery, 14, 289-291
 Ward, Mrs. Montgomery, 276
 Washington, George, Statue, 80
 Washington Park, 80, 121; Race-track, 122; "Bug Club," 122
 Washington Square, 234, 238
 Watertower, The, 271
- Watson, Dudley Crafts, 312
 Weidig, Adolph, 331
 Wells, Capt. William, 232
 Wentworth, John, 36, 49, 63, 149, 269
 Wessels, Frederick J., 327
 Western Electric Company, 38, 39, 166
 Western Theological Seminary, 274
 Wetmore, Frank, 74
 White, Stanford, 334
 Whitman, C. O., 98
 Wickersham, William B., 298
 Wickes, Thomas H., 78
 Wieboldt Foundation, 277
 Wigmore, John H., 277
 Wild, Harrison, 322
 Willard, E. S., 58
 Willard, Frances E., 211
 Williams, Llewellyn, 352
 Wilmette, 208
 Wilson, Howard, 135
 Wilson, John P., 240
 Wilson, Capt. Joseph, 37
 Wilson, Judge J. M., 120
 Wilson, Thomas E., 138
 Wilson Avenue District, 220-221
 Wing, John M., 242
 Winnetka, 208
 Wolf Point, 43
 Woman's Temple, 63
 Women's Symphony Orchestra, 320
 Woodlawn, 107
 Worcester, Charles H., 313
 World's Columbian Exposition, 8, 31, 123-125
 Wright, E. H., 85
 Wright, John Stephen, 192, 286
 Wrigley Building, 32
- Yerkes, Charles T., 80; Observatory, 99
 Young Men's Association, 239, 294
 Y. M. C. A. (Chinese), 153; (colored), 86; Lawson Memorial, 233; Date of Birth, 295
 Y. W. C. A., 86
- Zeisler, Fannie Bloomfield, 266
 Zeublin, Charles, 196
 Ziegfeld, Florenz, Jr., 19
 Zoo; Lincoln Park, 268; McCormick, 200
 Zorbaugh, Harvey W., 230





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